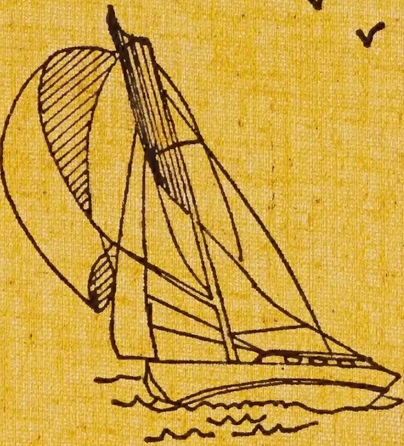
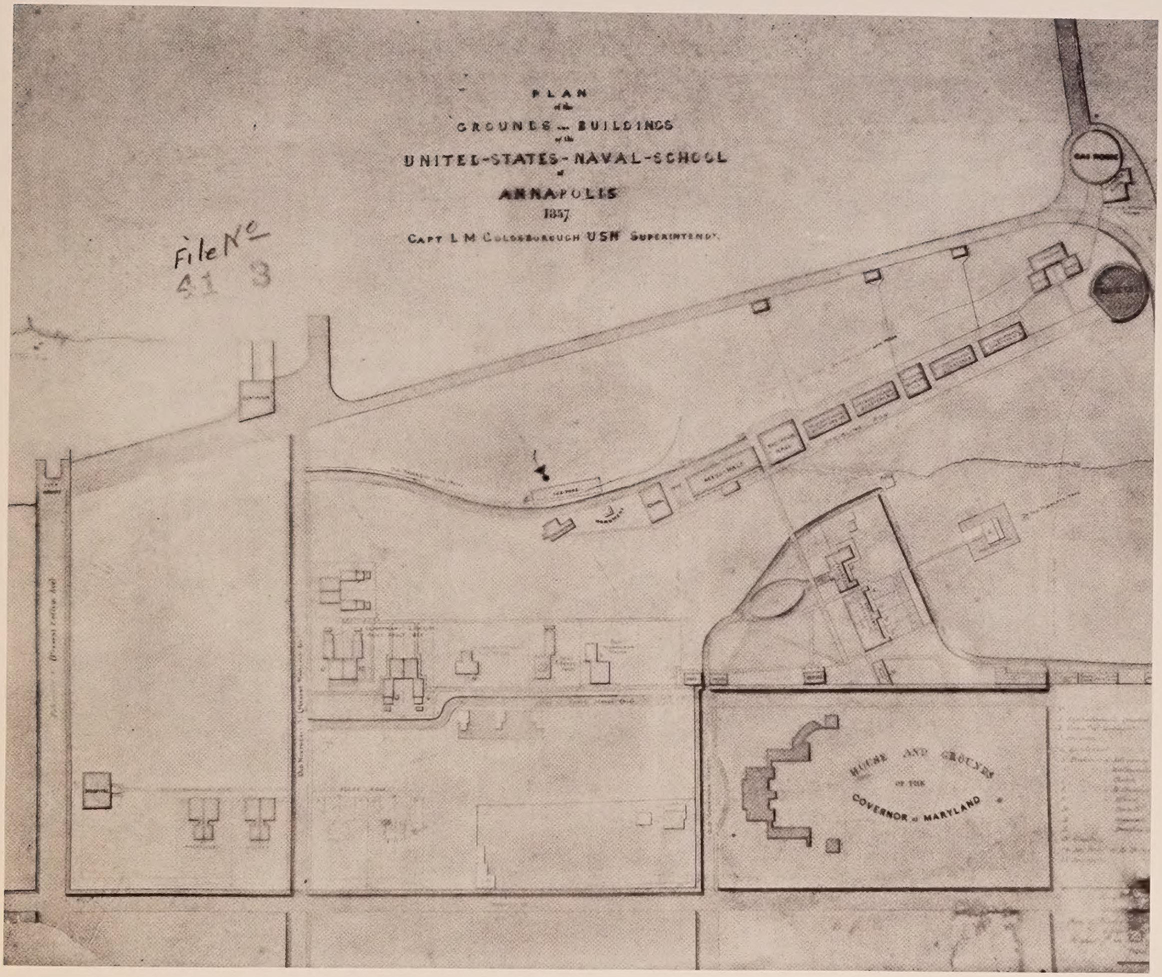
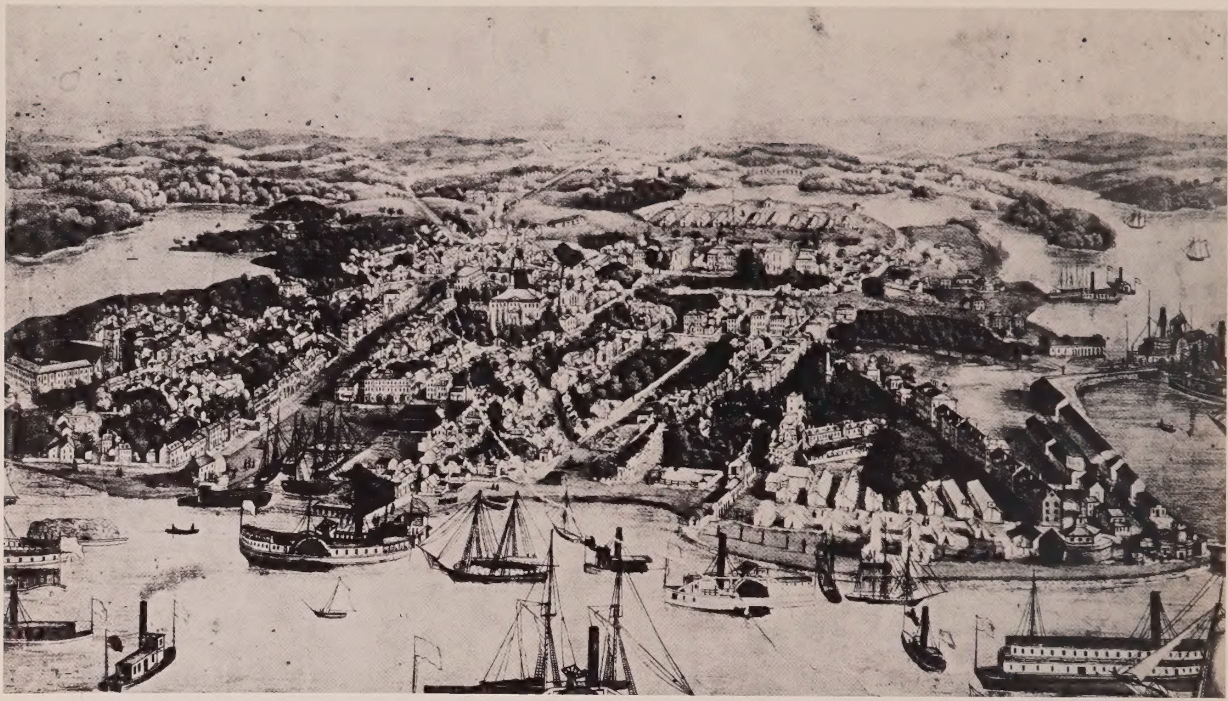
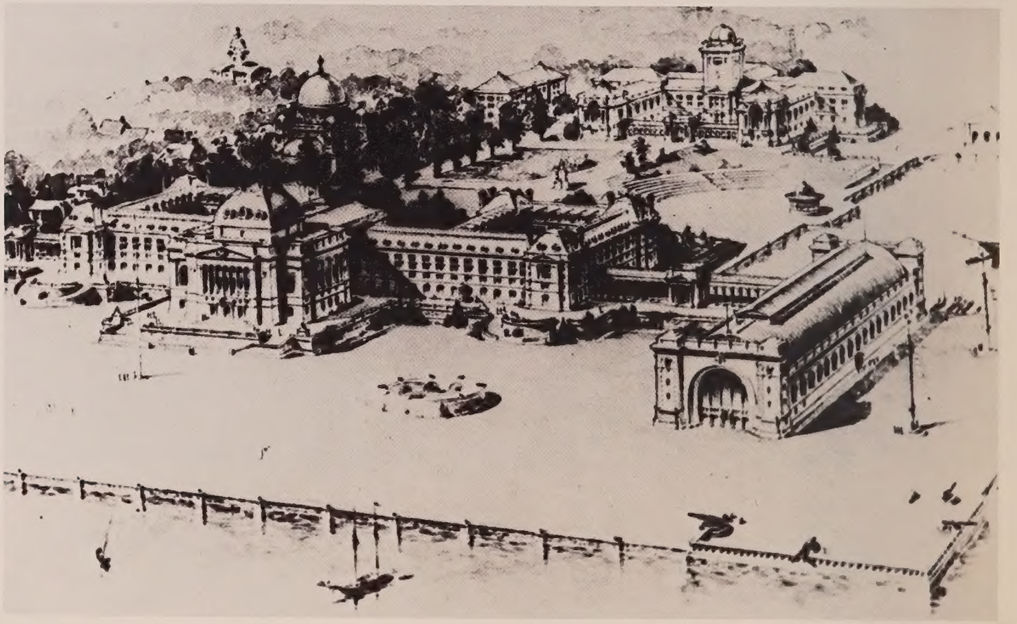
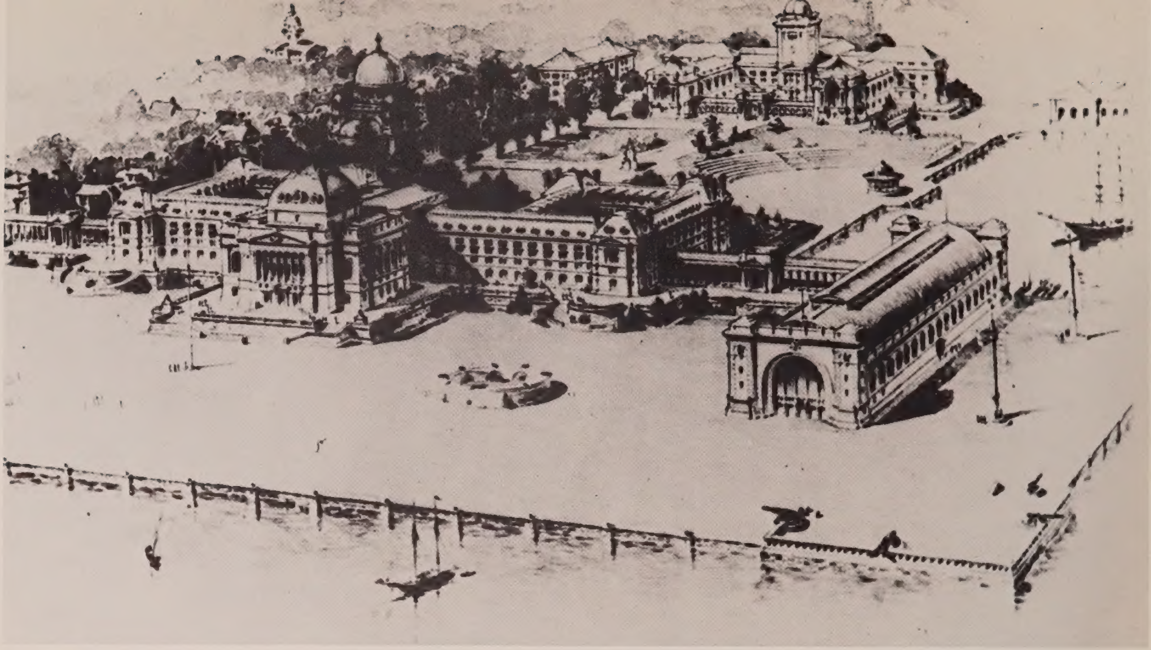


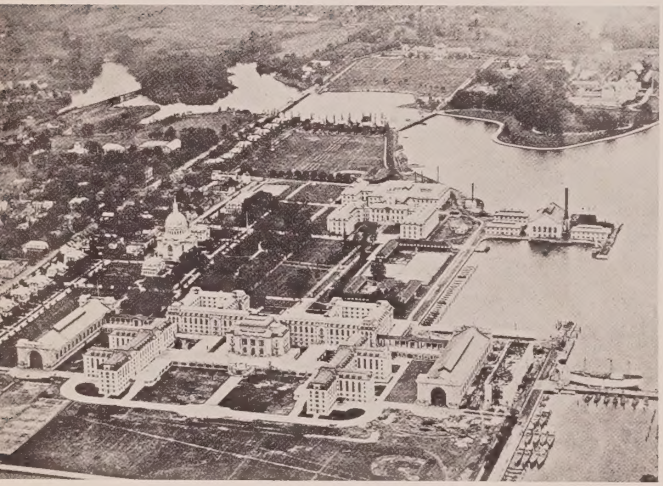
1977 LUCKY BAG

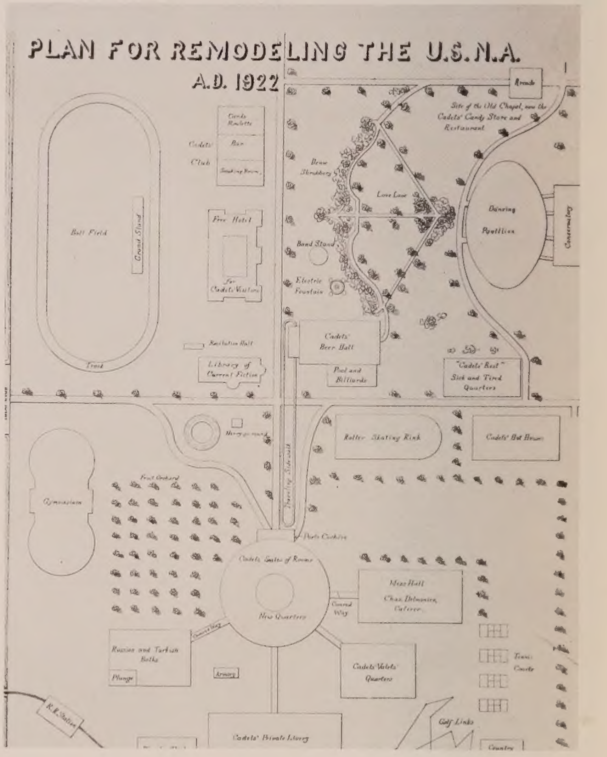

PLAN
of the
GROUNDS and BUILDINGS
of the
UNITED-STATES-NAVAL-SCHOOL
at
ANNAPOLIS
1857
CAPT L M GOLDSBOROUGH USN SUPERINTENDT
File No
41 3
MESS HALL
HOUSE AND GROUNDS
OF THE
GOVERNOR of MARYLAND

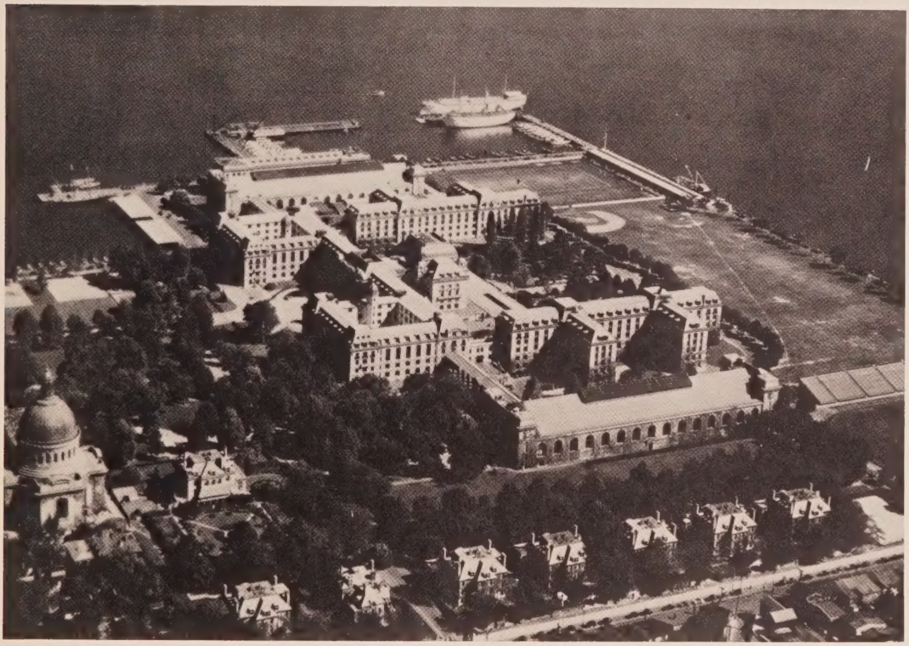









PLAN FOR REMODELING THE U.S.N.A.
A.D. 1922
Arcade
Site of the Old Chapel, now the Cadets' Candy Store and Restaurant
Cards Roulette
Bar
Cadets' Club
Smoking Room
Ball Field
Grand Stand
Track
Free Hotel for Cadets' Visitors
Recitation Hall
Library of Current Fiction
Dense Shrubbery
Love Lane
Band Stand
Electric Fountain
Dancing Pavillion
Conservatory
Cadets' Beer Hall
Pool and Billiards
"Cadets' Rest" Sick and Tired Quarters
Merry-go-round
Traveling Sidewalk
Roller Skating Rink
Cadets' Hot House
Fruit Orchard
Gymnasium
Porte Cochère
Cadets' Suites of Rooms
New Quarters
Covered Way
Mess Hall Chas. Delmonico, Caterer
Covered Way
Russian and Turkish Baths
Plunge
Armory
Cadets' Valets' Quarters
Tennis Courts
R.R. Station
Cadets' Private Livery
Golf Links
Country



THE

BRIGADE OF MIDSHIPMEN

OF THE

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

PRESENTS THE

1977 LUCKY BAG

EDITORS

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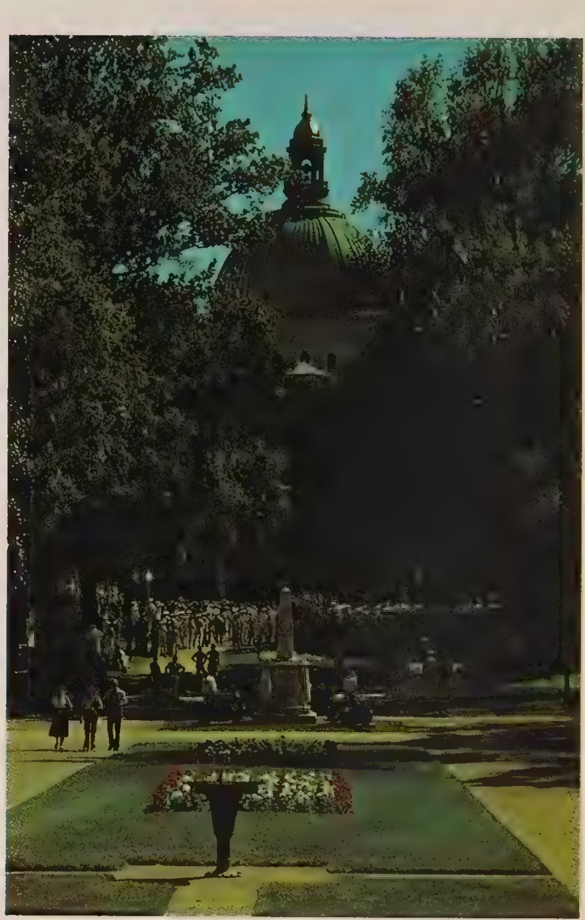
RICHARD L. TAYLOR

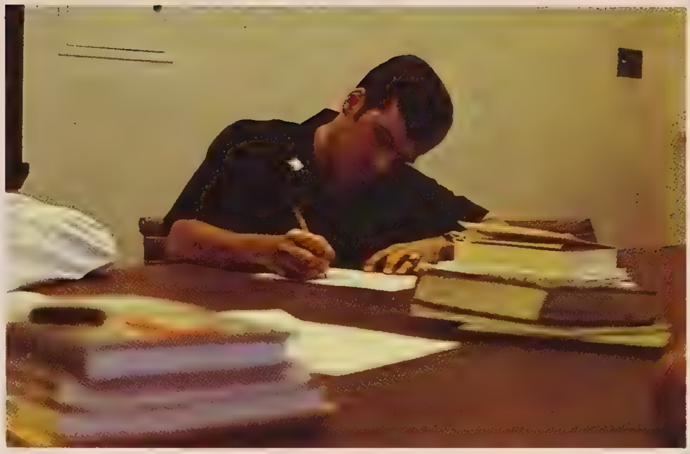
MANAGING EDITOR

MICHAEL SCHMIDT

BUSINESS MANAGER

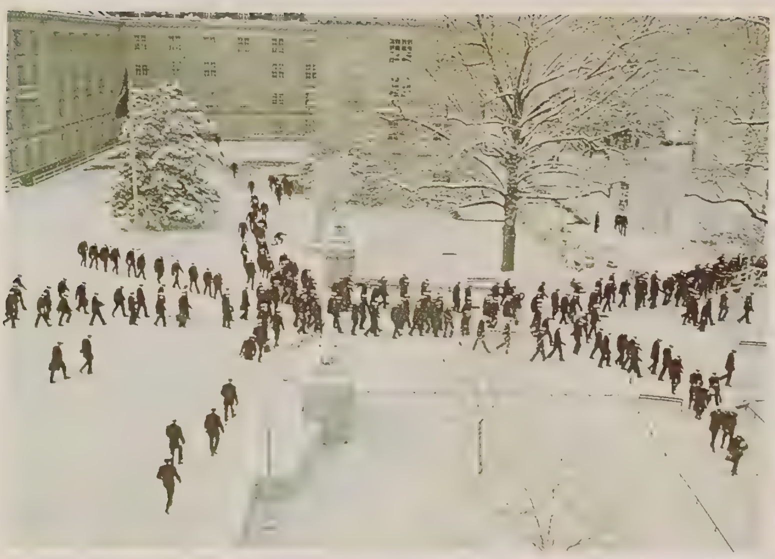
ROBERT V. BURNETTE





11

BEAT
ARMY



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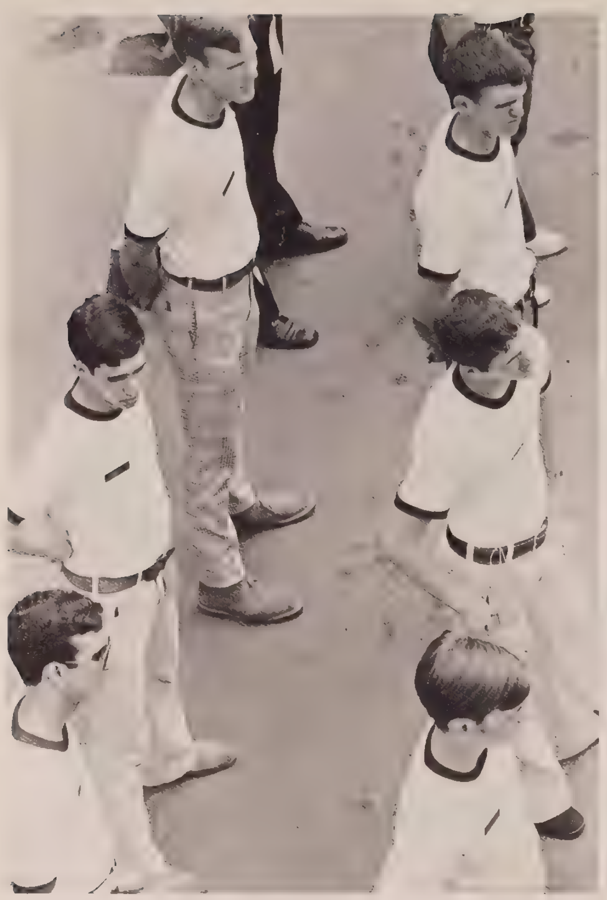
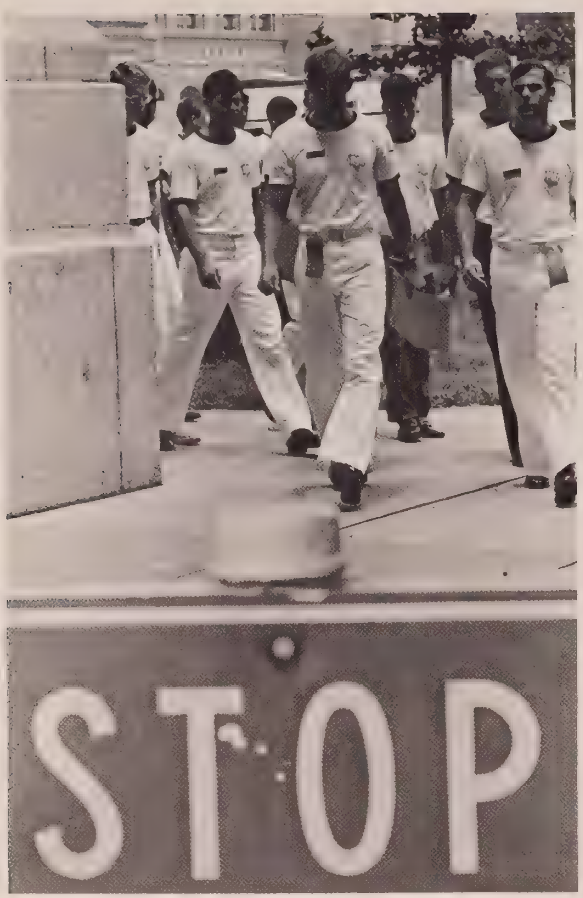
12000
Wilson

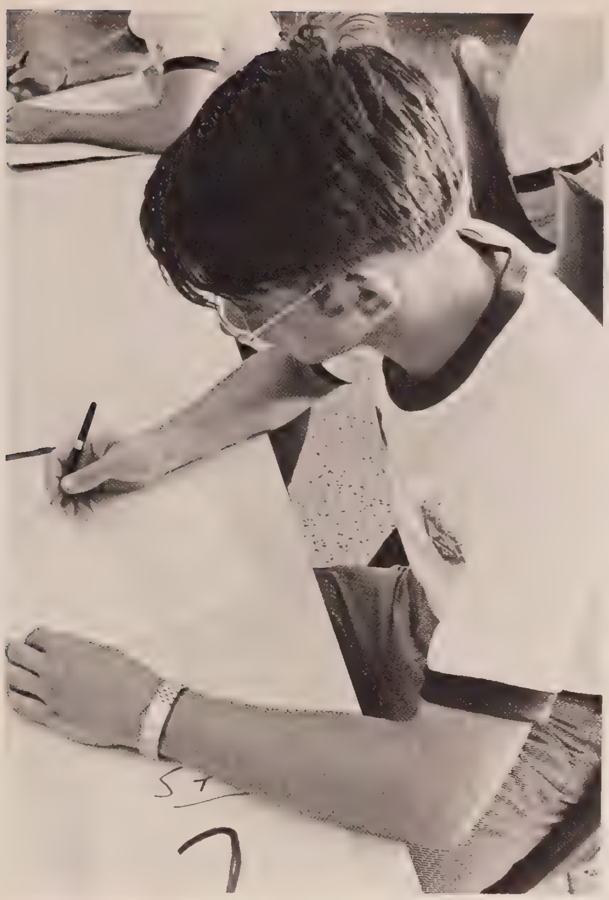
BOOKER '77

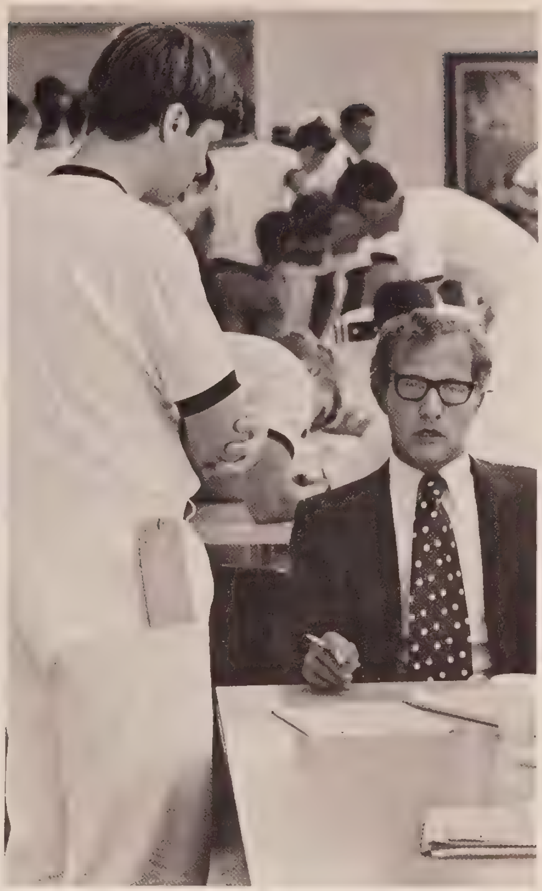
THOMAS '77
PATTERSON '77

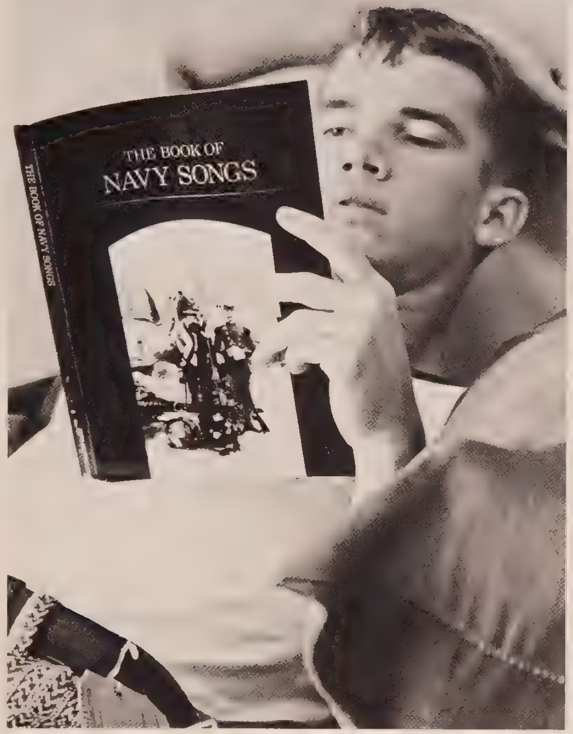


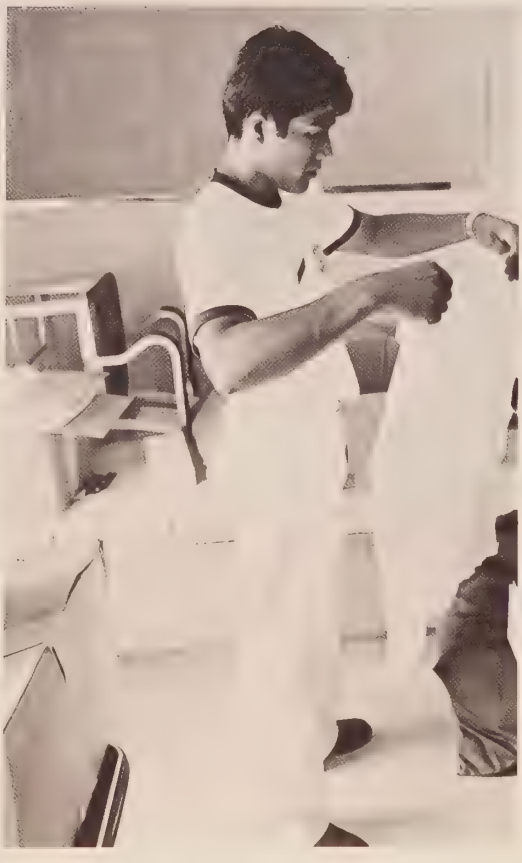
WOODS '77


STOP

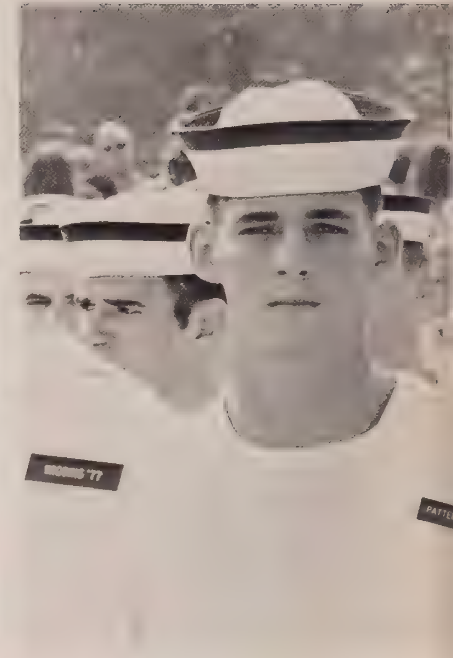


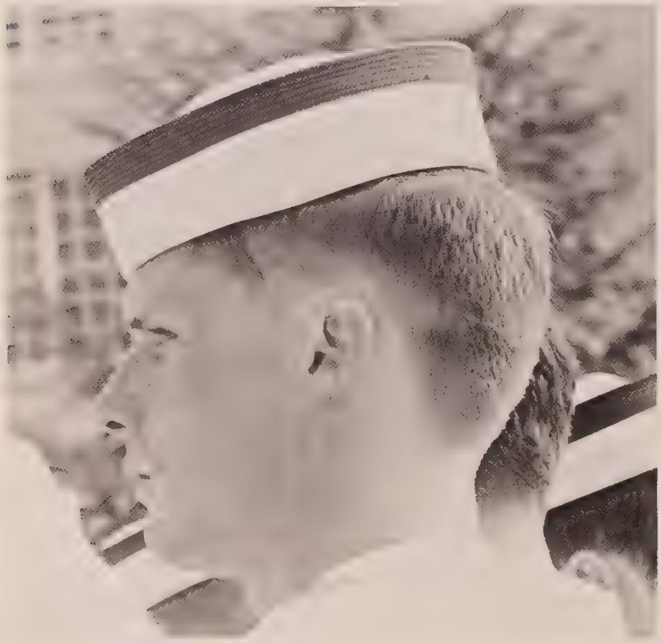



THE BOOK OF
NAVY SONGS
THE BOOK OF NAVY SONGS

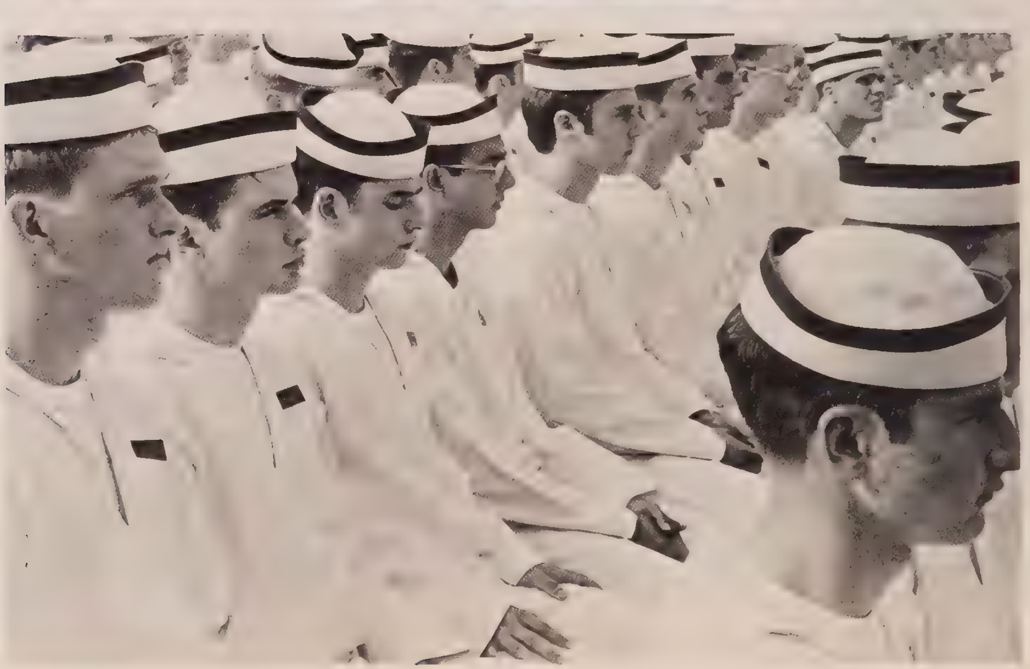


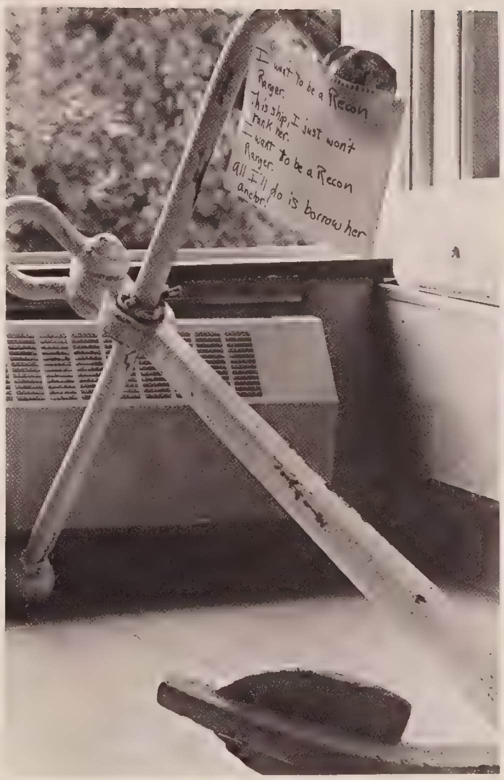
ARMENTROUT '77
WOOD '77


'77
PATTE

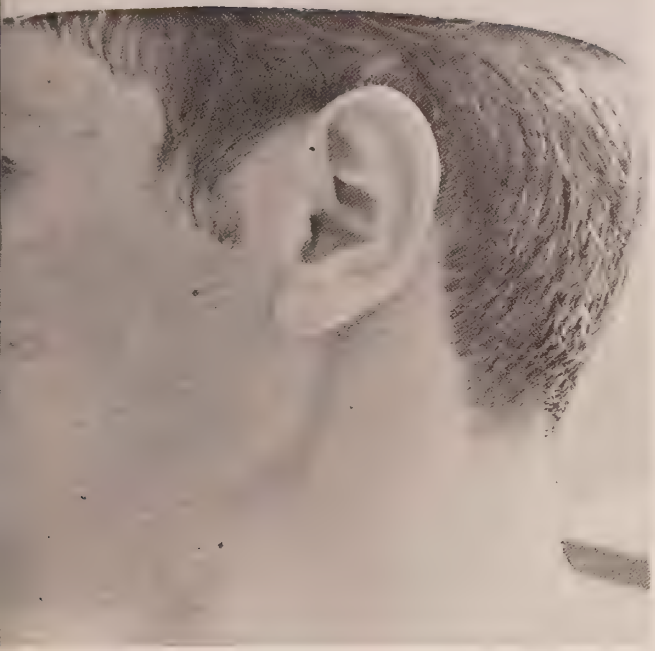


HOUSEHOLDER '77
COGGINS '77

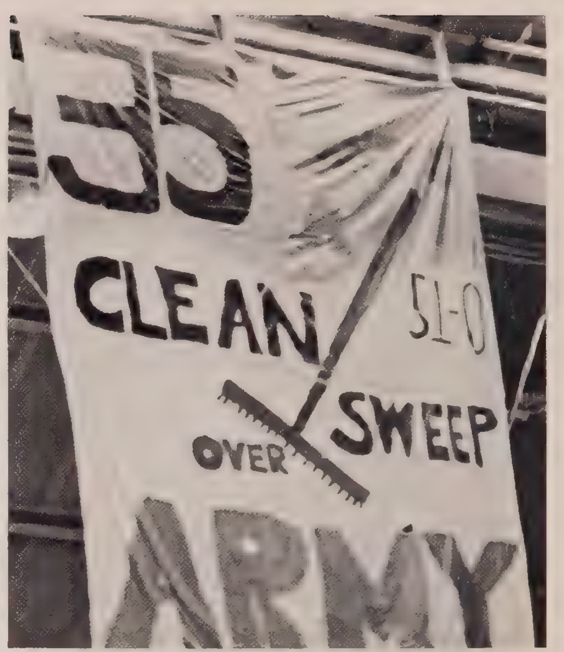



I want to be a Recon
Ranger.
This ship, I just won't
rank her.
I want to be a Recon
Ranger.
All I'll do is borrow her
anchor!

PLYLER '77
WOLF '77



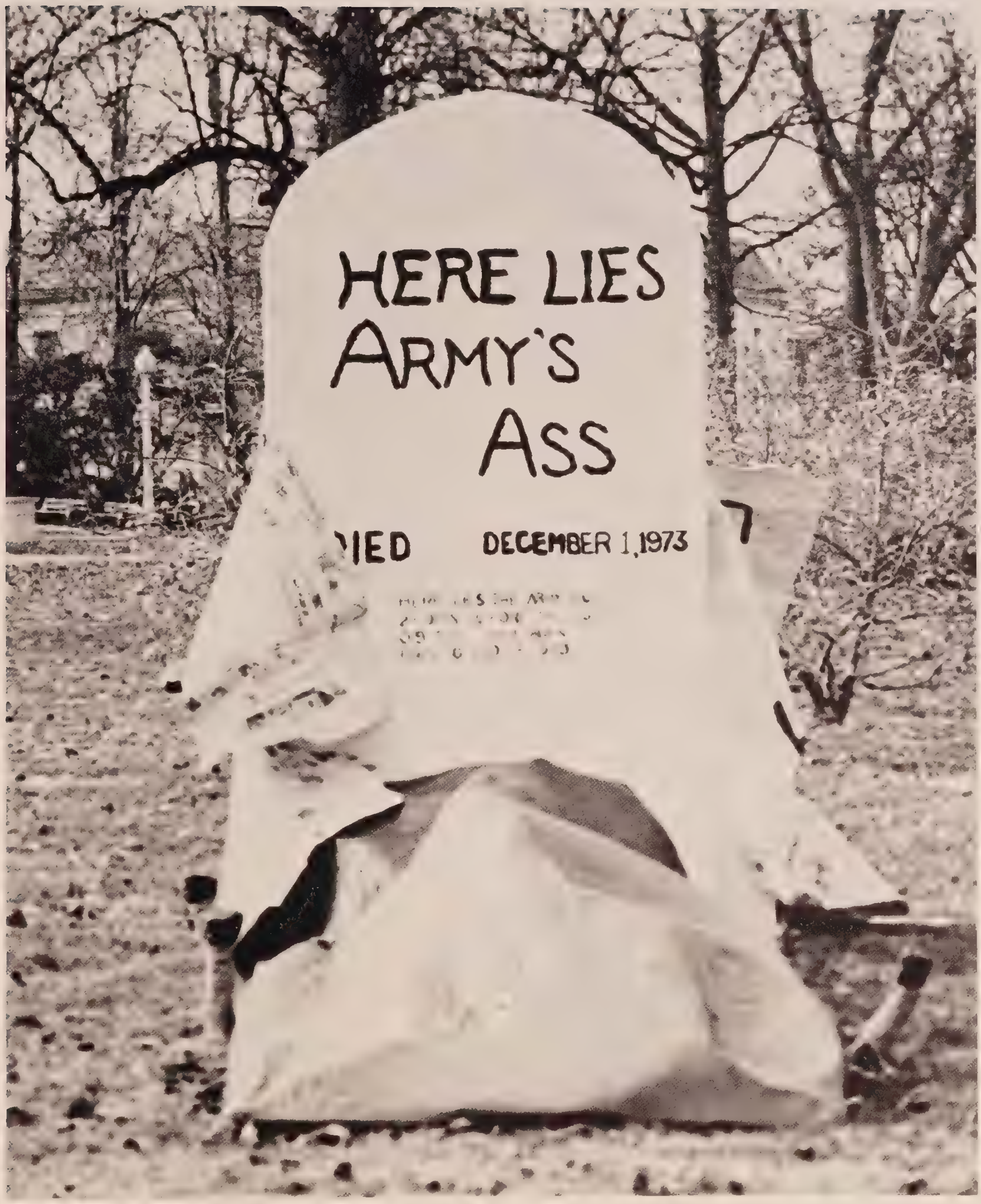
FOR PROHIBITION
NAVY


55
CLEAN
51-0
SWEEP
OVER
ARMY

NAV
77
S

MISS NAVY

Y


HERE LIES
ARMY'S
ASS
DIED DECEMBER 1,1973

15

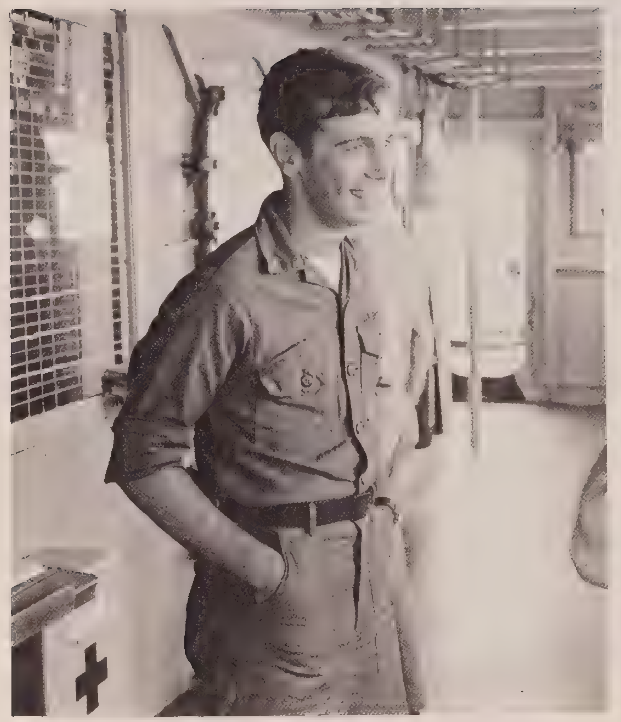
LPD-

LPD-

LPD

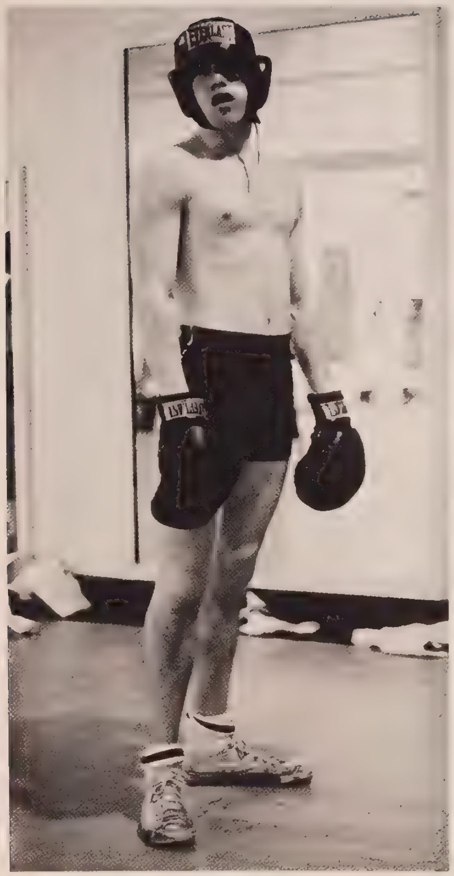
003

BOVRI

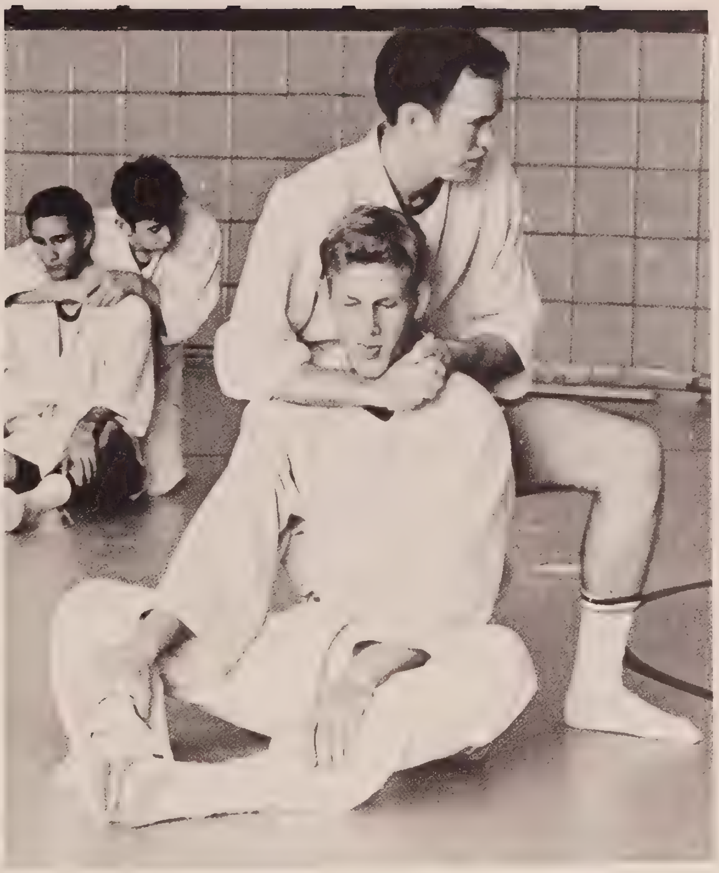


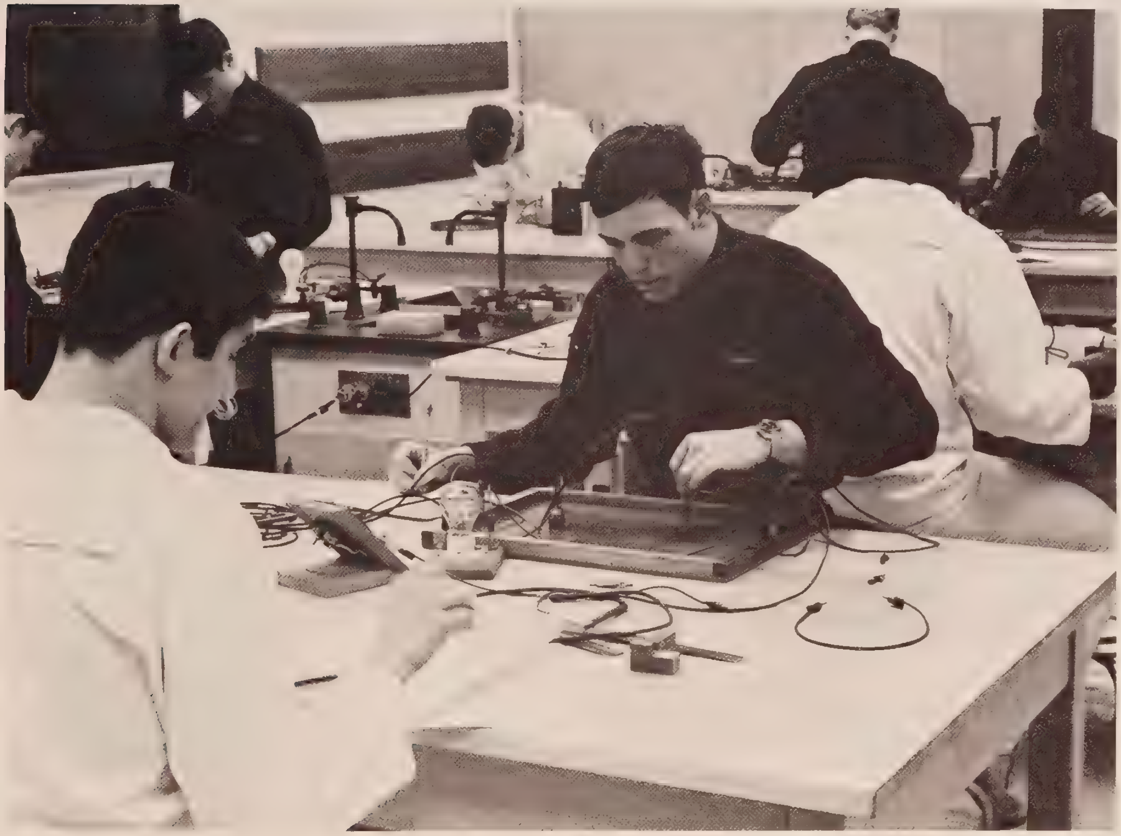
DANGER
NO SMOKING
ACETYLENE

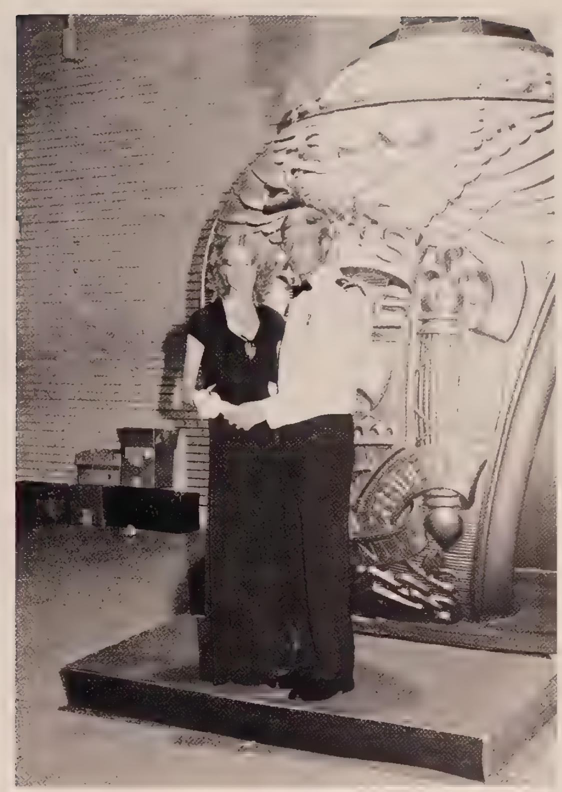
ABNER

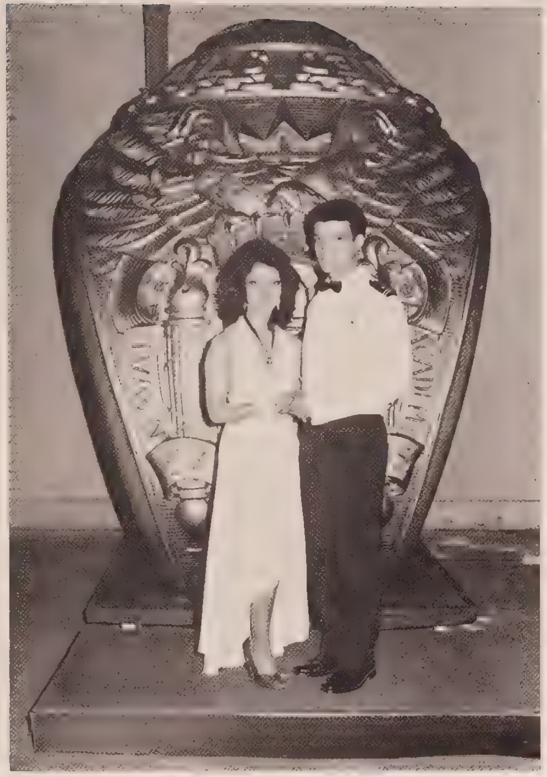


EVERLAST





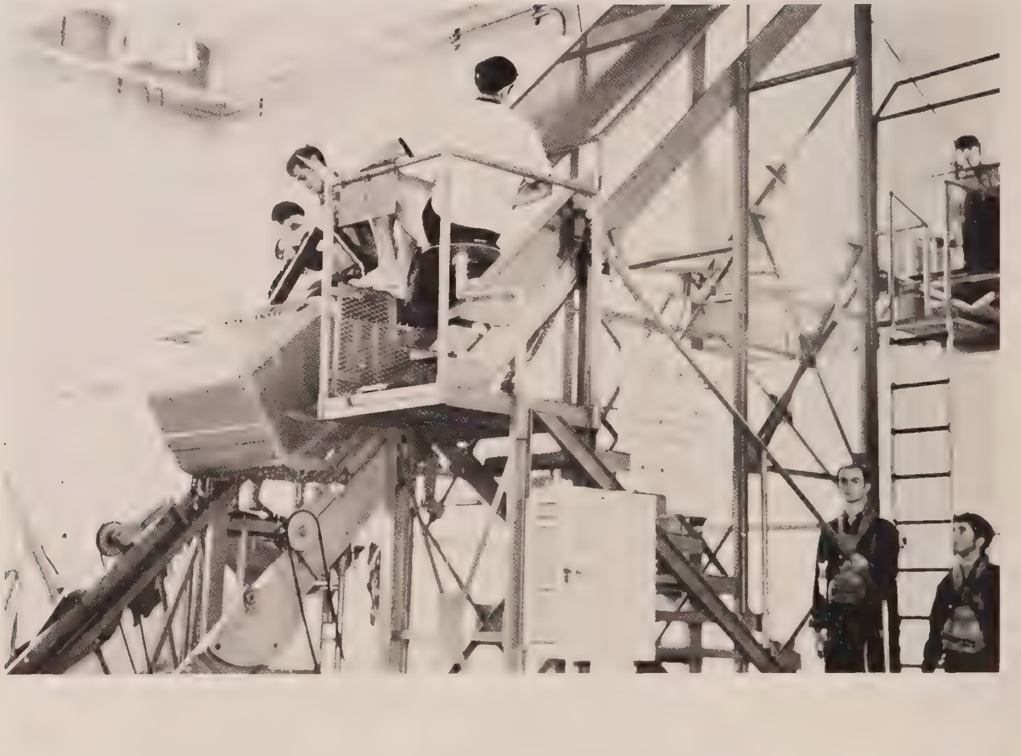


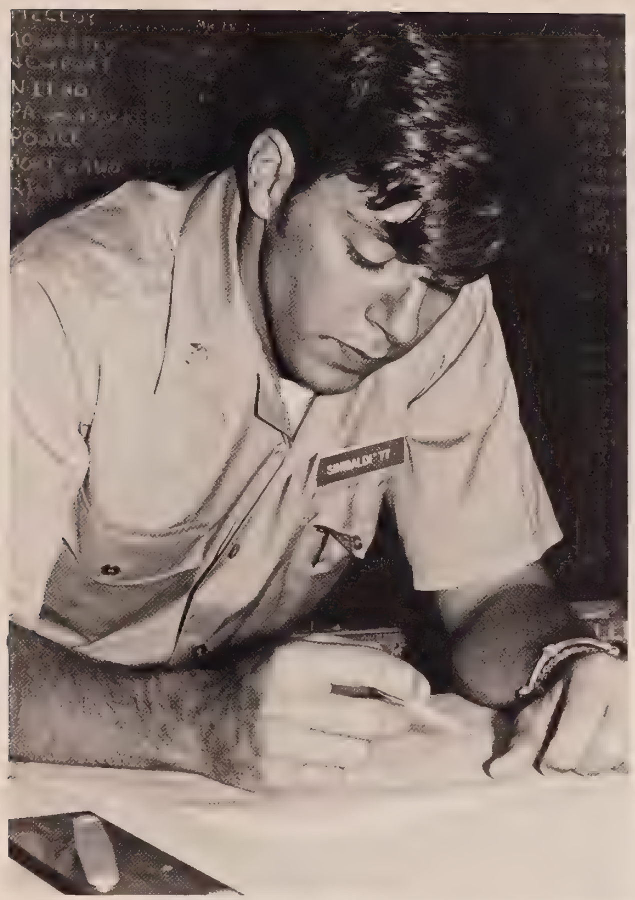


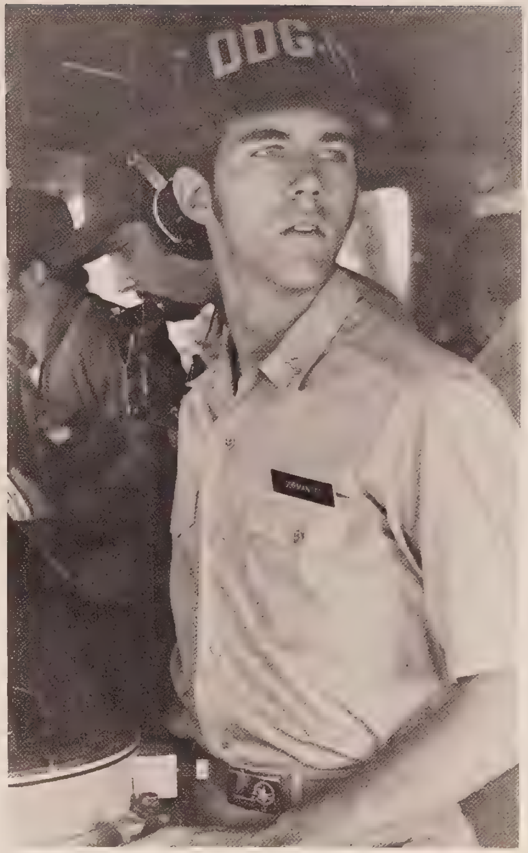
NAVAL
ACADEMY

NAVAL

Summer of ’76






DDG

CYNAR CYNAR
NA77
1567

Chain

of

Command

Commander in Chief

Jimmy Carter

Secretary of Defense

Harold Brown

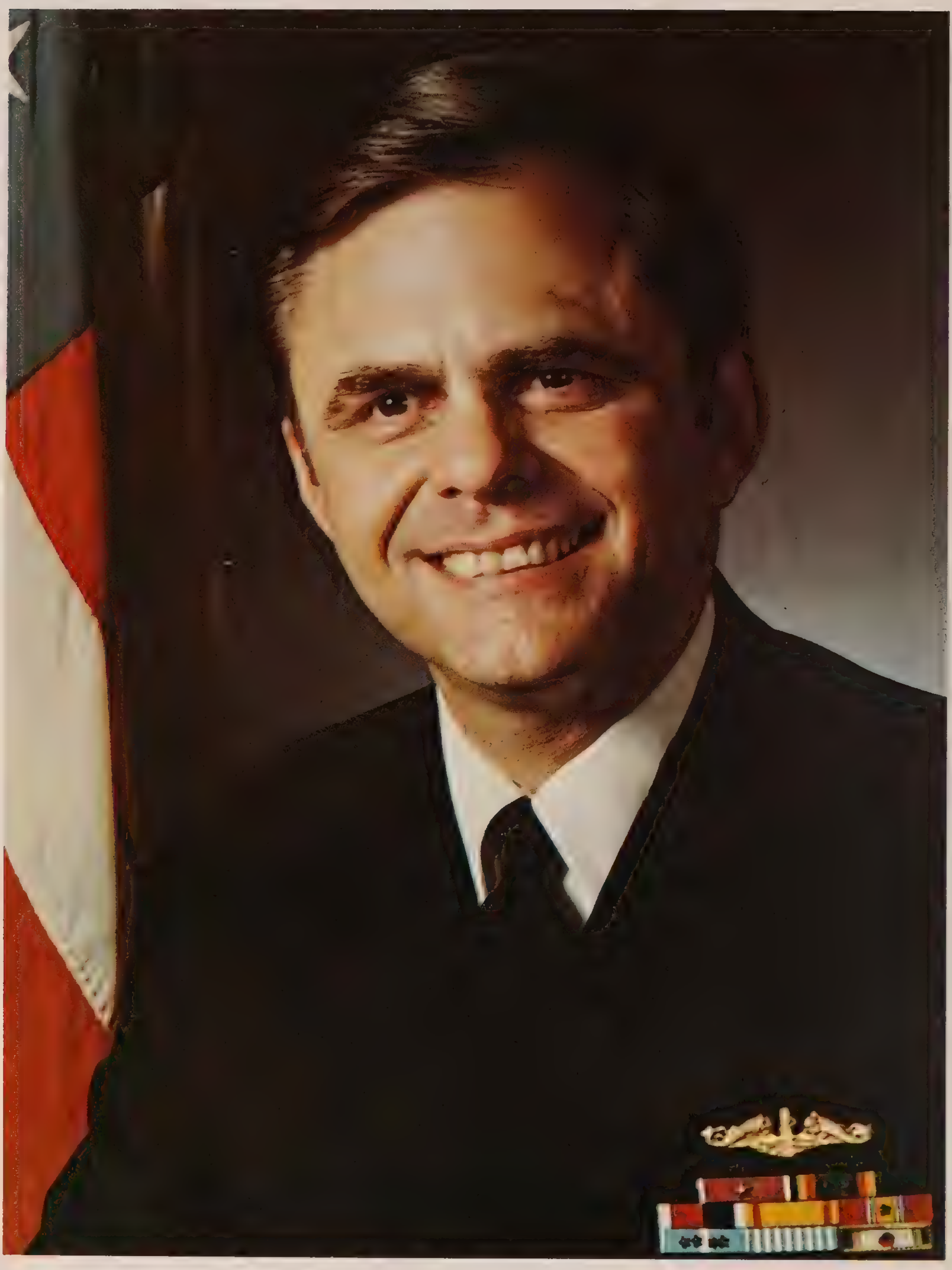
Secretary of the Navy

W. Graham Claytor, Jr.

Chief of Naval Operations

Admiral James L. Holloway III, USN

Superintendent



Rear Admiral Kinnaird R. McKee, USN

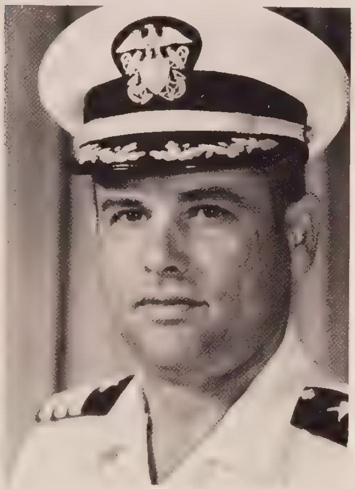
Commandant

Rear Admiral James A. Winnefeld, USN

1ST BATTALION OFFICER

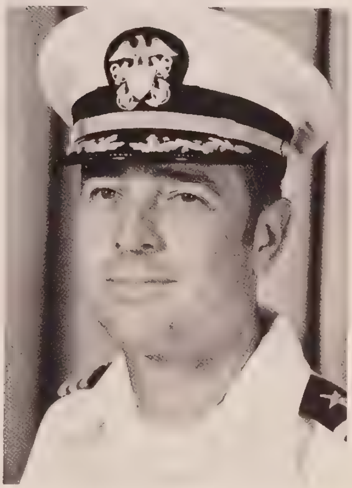
CDR P.M. QUAST

2ND BATTALION OFFICER



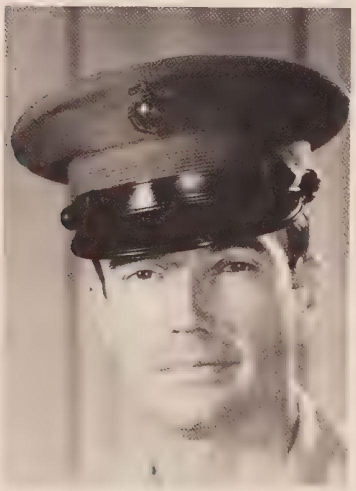
CDR D.B. BRANCH

3RD BATTALION OFFICER



CDR J.A. KENNEY

4TH BATTALION OFFICER



LTCOL G.N. ROBILLARD

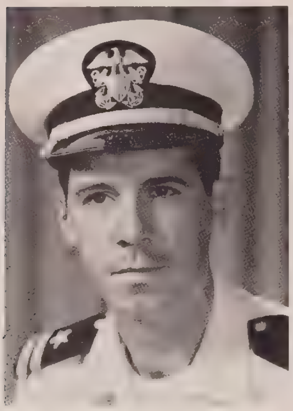
5TH BATTALION OFFICER

CAPT. R.V. CHRISTOPHER

6TH BATTALION OFFICER

CDR W.G. MARTIN

1st Company Officer



LT M.G. Mullen

2nd Company Officer

LT. J.F. Llewellyn

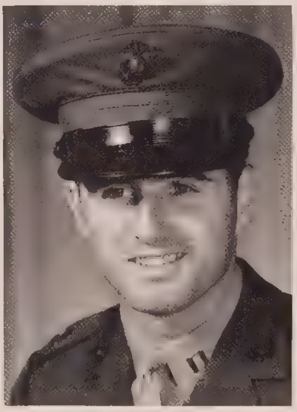
3rd Company Officer

LT. J.C. Carroll

4th Company Officer

LT. E.T. Dailey

5th Company Officer

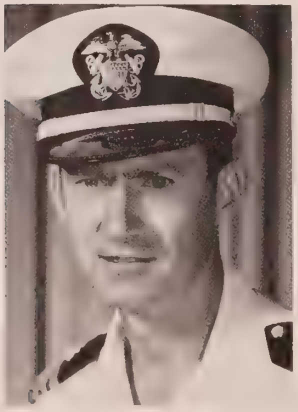


CAPT R.C. McDonough

6th Company Officer

LT S.H. Stephens

7th Company Officer

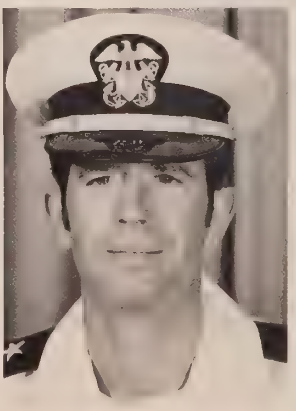


LCDR R.L. Caplinger

8th Company Officer

CAPT J.S. Uberman

9th Company Officer

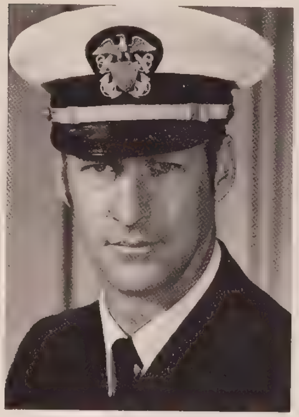


LT J.M. Garman

10th Company Officer

LT R.E. Stoll

11th Company Officer



LCDR M.E. Moffatt

12th Company Officer

LT M.D. Malone

13th Company Officer

CAPT K.M. Dieterle

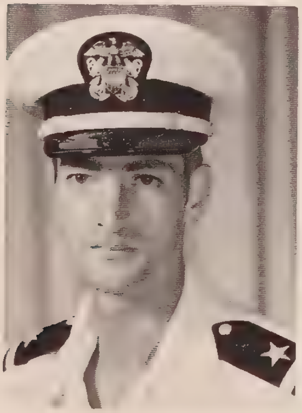
14th Company Officer

LT D.C. Kirk

15th Company Officer

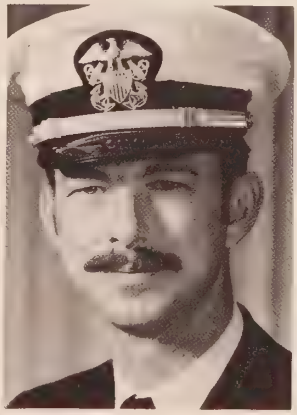
LT. M. Kaahanui

16th Company Officer



LT B.D. Finegold

17th Company Officer



LCDR R.O. Worthington

18th Company Officer

LT E.P. McGuire

19th Company Officer

LT R.A. Capra

20th Company Officer

CAPT W.J. Wood

21st Company Officer

MAJ J.A. Brabham

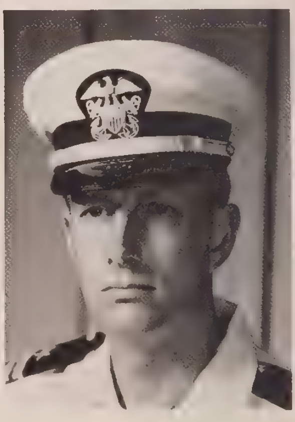
22nd Company Officer

LT N.A. Sjostrom

23rd Company Officer

LCDR C.E. Laskey

24th Company Officer

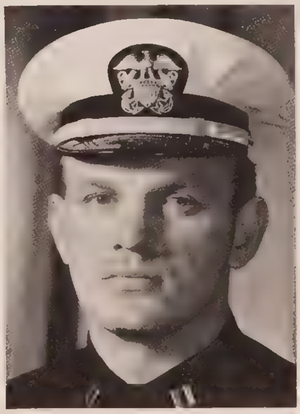


LT S.H. Ries

25th Company Officer

LT H.M. Carmichael

26th Company Officer

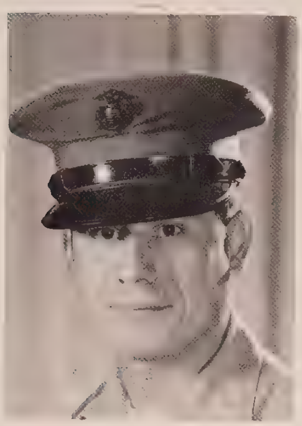


LT J.M. Brown

27th Company Officer

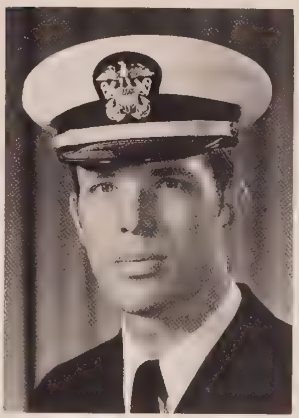
LT J.E. Hilburn

28th Company Officer



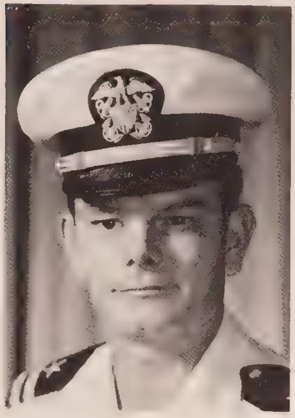
MAJ R.A. Sifuentes

29th Company Officer



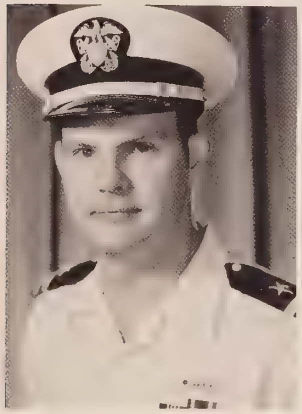
LCDR D.E. Faber

30th Company Officer



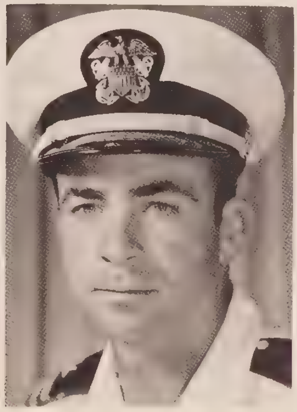
LT J.J. Kearley

31st Company Officer



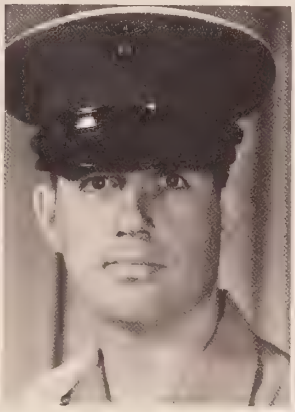
LT N.P. Walsh

32nd Company Officer



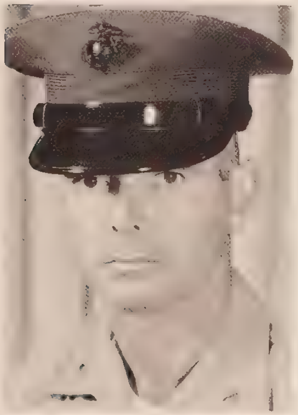
LT T.E. Utegaard

33rd Company Officer



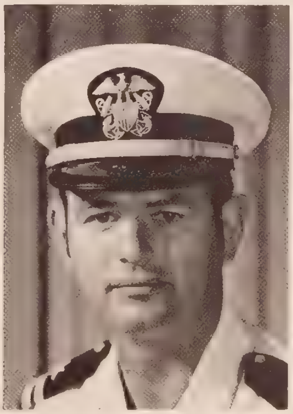
CAPT M.J. Havrilla

34th Company Officer



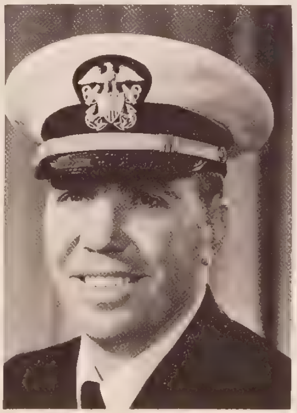
MAJ B.J. Murphy

35th Company Officer



LCDR P.F. Schissler, Jr.

36th Company Officer



LCDR W.I. Taylor

FIRST SET

BRIGADE STAFF

CDR	DEBBINK, D.J.
DEP. CDR.	WALSH, J.A.
OPS	STULB, W.K.
ADMIN	BRISTOW, W.
ADJ	SHELDON, R.
1ST LT	McCOY, R.C.
OPS. ASST	PYLE, D.C.
PARADE JUDGE	RACOOSIN, C.
DRILL OFFICER	BOOKER, L.
SUPPLY	ALCAMO, M.E.
D&B CDR	HANSEN, R.

1ST REGIMENT

CDR	ADSIT, W.S.
SUB-CDR	CORBETT, P.J.
OPS	POWELL, R.D.
ADMIN	FLEISCHER, R.
ADJ	VENOHR, W.R.
SUPPLY	ANDERSEN, R.W.

2ND REGIMENT

CDR	KNOIZEN, K.K.
SUB-CDR	WATKINS, C.
OPS	FALZETTA, G.
ADMIN	DRANCHAK, J.J.
ADJ	NICKERSON, J.
SUPPLY	ADAMS, J.

BATTALION STAFFS

	1	*2*	*3*
CDR	FRANKE, R.C.	GRACE, J.C.	ACTON, D.A.
SUB-CDR	STRICE, J.L.	OZIMEK, P.	O'SULLIVAN, R.W.
OPS	FROST, W.D.	OLSEN, P.R.	KIRKMAN, D.M.

	4	*5*	*6*
CDR	CARR, L.E.	MERCHANT, S.	SHEWBRIDGE, E.
SUB-CDR	GRAY, G.C.	WARDEN, S.W.	DANIELS, W.
OPS	WHITED, T.L.	LANGER, S.R.	CLAY, J.L.

COMPANY COMMANDERS

1 KOVALCHIK, J.
2 TUOZZOLO, C.
3 KING, R.L.
4 SCHLAEPFER, W.P.
5 HUISMAN, T.K.
6 GAVIN, J.C.
7 JANIKOWSKY, R.E.
8 THAYER, R.L.
9 COOK, G.V.
10 BUCK, B.J.
11 SCHENKE, D.J.
12 VUOLO, J.F.
13 SCOTT, D.B.
14 DAVIS, V.
15 ARTZER, S.
16 SCHLIENTZ, S.
17 LINDNER, T.E.
18 GLAB, C.J.
19 MARQUES, J.P.
20 VILBERT, J.R.
21 ELIOT, F.
22 THORP, O.G.
23 BARNES, R.A.
24 MOYLAN, M.F.
25 CROW, M.L.
26 NICHOLS, R.
27 BANCHAK, R.
28 SPIKER, J.S.
29 ELLIOTT, G.D.
30 BUKAUSKAS, J.A.
31 BERECK, D.
32 BECK, M.
33 OLMSTEAD, S.G.
34 McNAIR, E.R.
35 GARDNER, J.S.
36 TURLEY, C.W.

BRIGADE HONOR COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN	WATSON, M.A.
VICE-CHAIRMAN	EVENSEN, D.A.
DEP. VICE-CHAIRMAN	HUNT, D.T.
SECRETARY	SMITH, G.F.
COORDINATOR	RAGUSKY

SECOND SET

BRIGADE STAFF

CDR	LOCKLEAR, S.J.
DEP. CDR	HOCHEVAR, A.
OPS	WILLCOX, B.C.
ADMIN	SEABERG, R.
ADJ	SELF, R.E.
1ST LT	SALACKA, T.F.
OPS. ASST	GARCIA, S.A.
PARADE JUDGE	RACOOSIN, D.L.
DRILL	DORY, C.E.
SUPPLY	HOVLAND, D.L.
D&B CDR	ELLIOTT,D.S.

1ST REGIMENT

CDR	McARTHUR, H.M.
SUB-CDR	CARDOSI, J.J.
OPS	PASHOS, C.L.
ADMIN	MILLER, R.L.
ADJ	CORPUS, J.R.
SUPPLY	COMIS, D.L.

2ND REGIMENT

CDR	HAMNER, M.S.
SUB-CDR	ROUSE, H.V.
OPS	KUEHNE, R.F.
ADMIN	McVEY, S.
ADJ	HARTMAN, W.
SUPPLY	GERHARD, H.J.

BATTALION STAFFS

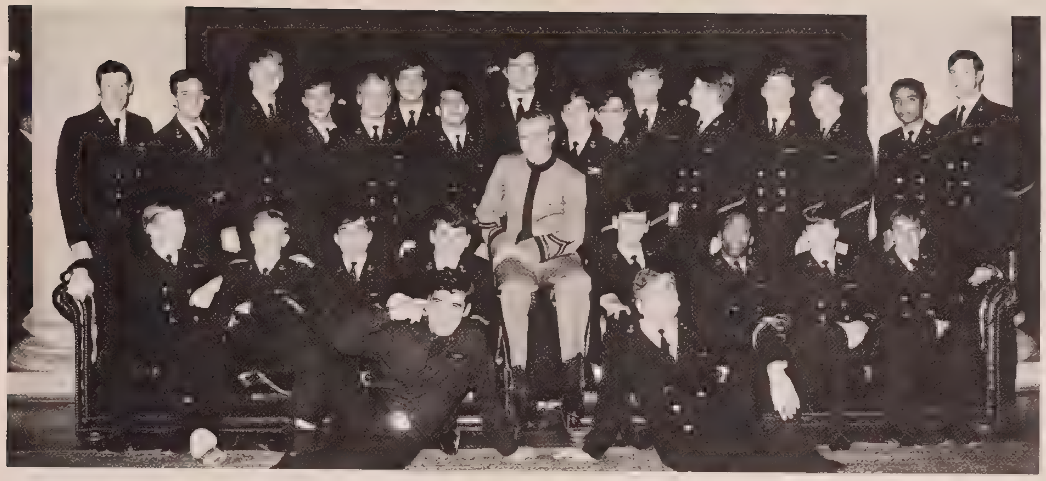
	1	2	3
CDR	VASQUEZ, B.L.	THUOT, P.J.	SPRECHER, S.W.
SUB-CDR	ALLSOP, D.K.	BUDDENBOHN, K.M.	CAESAR, J.S.
OPS	HAMMONDS, R.T.	THORP, J.E.	BAKER, D.M.
	4	5	6
CDR	KLIJN, M.M.	LOHMAN, A.L.	BAGBY, C.L.
SUB-CDR	LINENGER, J.M.	FRENTZ, G.	CAULK, P.M.
OPS	SPENCER, J.W.	WISCHMEYER, H.	BOZMAN, R.E.

COMPANY COMMANDERS

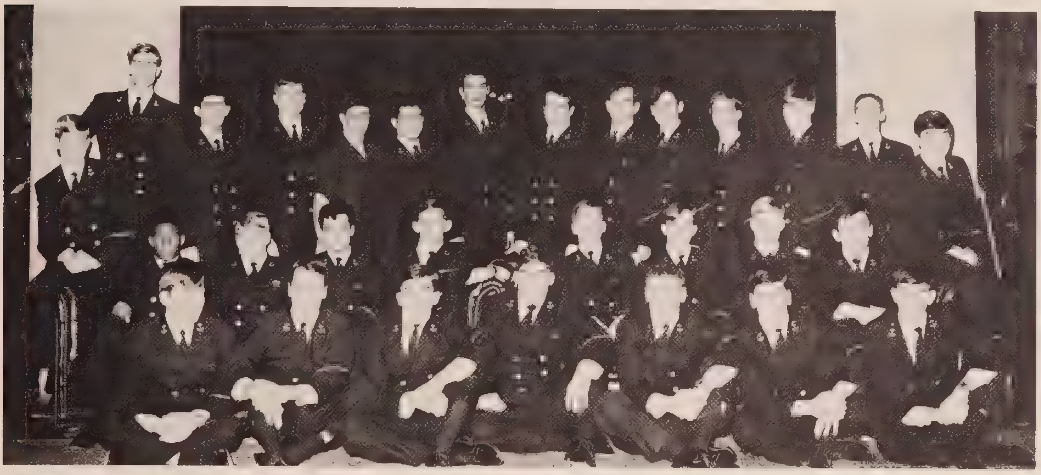
1 SIMMELINK, L.T.
2 ABNER, E.L.
3 REUSS, G.C.
4 BACON, G.S.
5 MOORE, C.R.
6 ACKLEY, G.W.
7 FINLEY, M.T.
8 MacKENZIE, C.S.
9 DROPPA, R.E.
10 KESSLER, R.M.
11 INDIVIGLIA, L.J.
12 SIMON, D.L.
13 HERTWIG, R.W.
14 OLIVIER, D.P.
15 GONZALES, H.
16 RYAN, D.
17 WISECUP, J.P.
18 VARVARIS, P.W.
19 EASON, T.D.
20 ENGEL, P.W.
21 SIMMONS, R.C.
22 MARCANTONIO, R.L.
23 MICKLE, D.R.
24 SHINEGO, D.R.
25 McCORMICK, G.
26 JENKS, T.
27 BIRD, J.
28 MORSE, J.
30 MANASKIE, G.
31 COBURN, R.A.
32 GOLDA, E.M.
33 MAGNOTTI, M.P.
34 SHEARER, K.
35 ERICSON, G.
36 PARAMORE, C

The Brigade

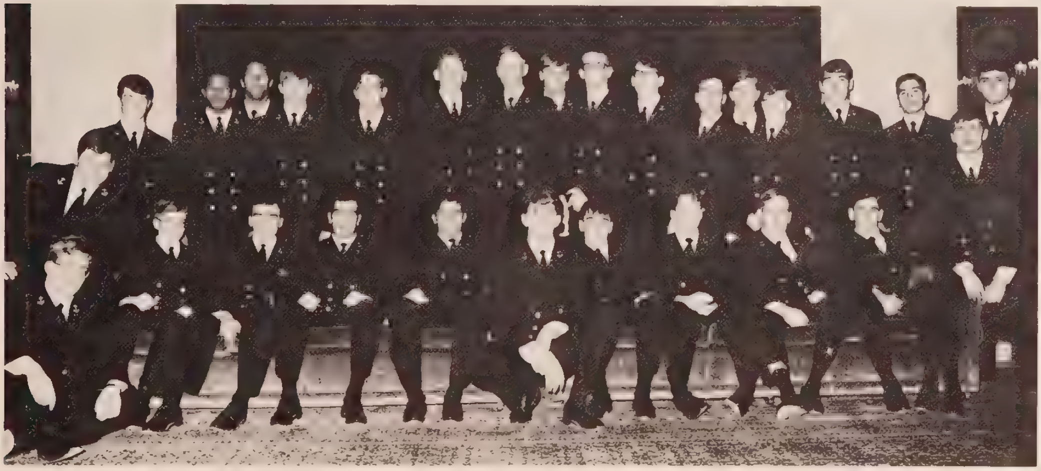
FIRST COMPANY



FLOOR: (L to R) F. Hunt, W. McAlpine. *FIRST ROW:* W. Krull, D. Allison, J. McCourt, G. Roncolato, T. Harriman, W. Landay, J. Mitchell, R. Robbins, D. Van Hutton. *SECOND ROW:* J. Hynes, J. McClean, R. Schwaneke, H. Pruitt, M. Hubal, J. Day, W. Truxal, M. Poston, C. Nicol, C. Garvin, G. Yoder, D. Grau, K. Heffernan, E. Rosenlof, B. Carter, J. Link.



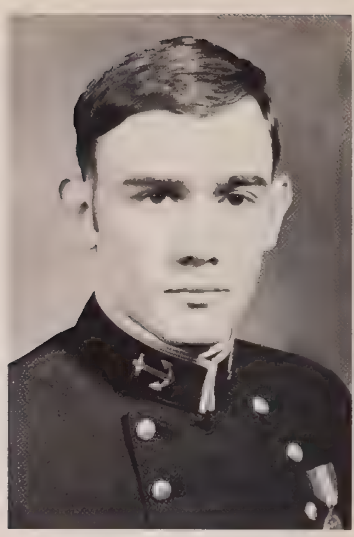
FIRST ROW: (L TO R) R. Burke, P. Parsons, J. Aschenbrenner, B. Brandon, M. Chanenchuck, J. Romano, W. Rose. *SECOND ROW:* A. Drake III, N. Green, D. Krueger, R. Brown, R. Royston, J. Pasko, D. McLarney, P. Andrews, T. McLernon. *THIRD ROW:* J. Flynn, G. Fresquez, D. Woolwine, R. Trombadore, J. Padula, L. Knuth, J. Ward, C. Steinhauser, A. Mendiola, F. Klein, W. Sadler, T. Junette, M. Szostak.

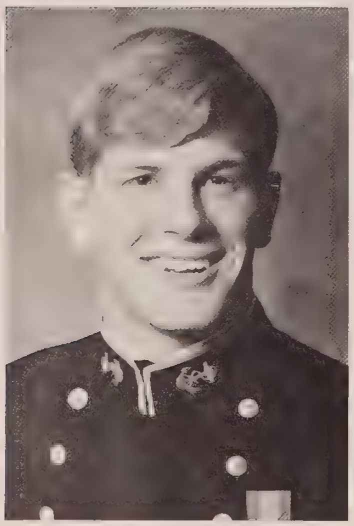


FIRST ROW: (L TO R) K. Butterbrodt, E. Smith, J. Hill, F. DeAvilla, T. Richardson, J. Dillingham, S. Fitzpatrick, T. Fisher, A. Funke, R. Levin, J. McMasters. *SECOND ROW:* B. Jacobs, K. Doerrer, T. Moseley, M. White, G. Hunter, M. Hayes, R. Schulz, H. Rhodes, D. Shepherd, J. Benz, G. Hevert, A. Hale, S. Sovereign, J. Tuset, J. Culbertson, A. Mendez, S. Langer.

WILLIAM S. ADSIT
"BILL"
1st Regimental Commander

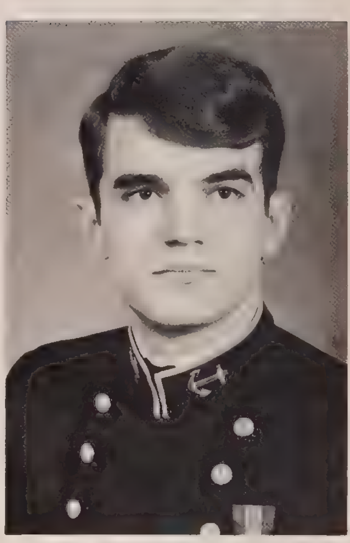
Good luck, Scoots . . . Strive to be happy.





JOHN STANLEY ALTHANS
"STAN"
Wrestling All-America

John comes from Chagrin Falls, Ohio where he would rather spend his next five years than fulfill his service obligation. As a member of Fun One's dynamic duo in Macroeconomics, John was called in to consult on many of the company's economic difficulties. With his invaluable knowledge of fiscal affairs he planned and budgeted the company's Army/Navy party. Obviously the benefits exceeded the costs, wish we could say the same for the Sheraton Hotel. John could be called a man of split personality. During spring and summer he could be found anywhere from camping in Shenandoah to the shores of the East coast but always sipping a Schlitz with one hand and sporting a can opener in the other. During the winter Stan could be seen either running through Annapolis or up in the wrestling loft styling a lean 150 pounds. Regardless, he wrestled toward four "N*'s" and has been All-American the last two years. Upon graduation he will head for Pensacola and a P-3C seat.



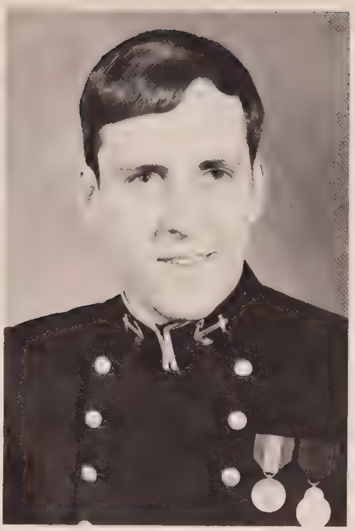
RANDALL WILLIS BANNISTER
"BO"

In search of leadership and knowledge Bo migrated north from sunny South Carolina and after short stopover in Bainbridge finally came to roost on the banks of the Severn for a few years. Being slightly larger than a bull moose he found it impossible to keep a low profile and so set out to make a name for himself. Bo soon became known as a champion Vette stunt driver, veteran miler, dedicated rack warmer and Batt football player. Where else but USNA could one find a Political Science major with a minor in Biology who hangs around with mad economist? Aptly named, Randy spends his spare time making money for Ma Bell, cruising the Annapolis social scene and keeping Dill outa trouble. Like most southern fried Mids he has an easy-going style and can always be depended on to greet you with a smile and an insult. After graduation you'll find him in a race with the economists to Pensacola for a P-3 seat but not before a short stop over in Carolina to pick up his "copilot."

JAMES MELVIN BEAVER
"SPACEMAN"

A native of Reno, Jim early achieved fame as the First Company "jousting champion" and resident expert in unrelated, nonterrestial topics. A self styled Don Quixote and lone survior of "the Bert's" atmospheric tampering, it is this lad's goal to make the world free for life, liberty, and all Nevadans. And as witnesses of his electronic prowess can testify . . . by George, he's the man to do it!

So, after four years of "fun and games," the Western Man heads West for a rendezvous with a beautiful bride and fun in Hawaii. To this surface liner, we bid a fond adieu with best wishes for fair winds and following seas. LIVE LONG AND PROSPER.

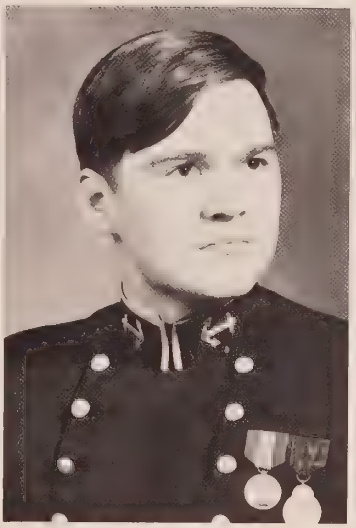


HARRY P. BOLICH
"BUTCH"

Harry came to Annapolis in the pursuit of stardom, but quickly settled down to his more practical interests . . . cold beer and warm women. Not one to let anything spoil a party, Harry spent many a sub-freezing weekend at the "Dew Drop Inn" with his old friend Jose' and the infamous "cast of thousands." Harry entered the wide world of USNA sports on the diving team, but upon discovering that the bottom of the pool was harder than his head he decided to further risk life and limb in fieldball. Being predictable was not one of Harry's more notable virtues. We all envisioned him in green but he proved to be one of the "few good men" who slipped away. After he has had enough of USNA, Harry will journey to Pensacola to fly for the Blue and Gold.

JOSEPH RANKO BOGOVICH
"BOGS"

Who is Joe Bogovich — does he ever say anything? On occasion: He was once accused of being a "Yankee with a wierd accent." No, sorry, he is not Polish, not even Ukrainian. He is really from NAPS; the Navy was drafting heavily from Queens one year, and everyone knows how many Yugoslavs there are there — why New York is full of them! Joe has made it this far, majoring in Ocean Engineering and Rickoverian interviews (no less than 6 prelim's and 2 with the man; it was not until the second time around that he realized he must say something). He just never misses on these minority drafts, but who would have thought that Moon would have him pushing lunar papers and doing stellar admin. "Must have said something wrong," moans Joe. hard to understand, yes, but he speaks with a beer mug, and the women just love his accent Yankee, foreigner, all the same, eh, Joe?) . . . And while it cannot be said that he drinks all our beer and steals all our women, perhaps they ought to keep an eye on him, you know, just in case.



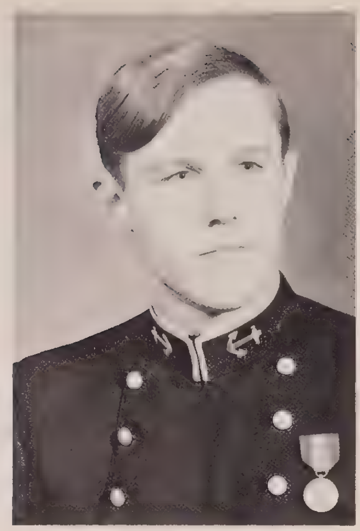
HERBERT BRACEWELL
"BERT"

Herby, Bert, Sluggo, call him what you will 1st company's own Georgia Peach will always be remembered for both his successes and excesses.

Hard working cannot really be used to describe Herb for many of his study hours were spent behind his beloved sci-fi novels, but he always seemed to handle the academics in the end — by hook or by crook. Spending enough time in the wardroom to establish residence there, our T.V. room president will surely be remembered and reveered for his network knowledge and useless trivia facts. Macho to the core can anyone forget the trademarks which Herb made famous — weekends in D.C., Louis' parties, the schoolyard, his face on fire at Donatelli's, and his patronization of Burger King. No matter what you say about Bracewell he is usually where the action is — one way or another. You are unique Herb to say the least, and in spite of all the gas we've given you, I'm sure everyone truly admires your individualism. Surface line will never be the same. We'll all miss you. Take care.

GREGORY BUCHANAN
"BUC"

After spending his first year in the Navy enjoying the vacationland called Great Lakes and becoming a gentleman at NAPS, Buck made it to the big time at USNA back in that terrible summer of '73. Spending his plebe year toting coffee to Mitscher Hall and competing on the room 3027 boxing squad, Buck then made the crazy decision that he wanted to be a mechanical engineer. He spent the next three years complaining about his M.E. profs, but always did well on their tests (on which he averaged a 95 — 50% right plus a 45 point curve). A nuc all the way, this once shy, quiet Washingtonian has managed to excel in all aspects of life despite being thoroughly corrupted by his classmates — or was it the other way around? Best of luck on your boomer, Greg, and remember — "everyday's a holiday, every meal's a banquet!"



LARRY IRVIN CARPENTER
"CARPS"

Larry, the All-American boy, left the fun and sun of Tampa, Fla. for the adventurous Navy life within the halls of Bancroft. Plebe summer however, pushed visions of college life from his head until Ac-year arrived along with football, the hop committee, and computer calc. Only the hop committee carried over to Youngster year. Carps wasted little time before being indoctrinated into the back-shaft way of life, especially with the help of two fellow Floridians in a room that was seldom sane. Third class year provided Larry with a much needed rest, and his 7 to 7 rack marathons soon were known throughout the company. That year he proved there was a direct relation between rack time and SQPR Larry carried the hop committee syndrom into 2/c year as ring dance chairman and 1/c year as ChBrigSocAffCom. Though pursuit of academics, sports and ECA's kept him busy, never let it be said that he was one to waste a weekend. Following duty here at USNA Larry will head back to the South to get his wings.

NAVAL ACADEMY FIELD HOU

DENNIS F. DALTON

Dennis came to Navy after a 2-year stint at a "real college" in Illinois. A "free spirit" and active penman, he found early in the game that there is no reason to use a sledge when a tackhammer will do. Everything Dennis did his first two years here was spectacular; most of what he did his second two years was successful. After playing a major role in the "Wheatpaste 14" saga, Dennis settled into a life of victimless "crime" and could always be counted on to provide a ride or a TV room. During parades and evening meal formations Dennis could be found upon the Severn or in his room doing some varsity sailing. Unwilling to place his trust in Fate alone,Dennis worked hard to gain control of his circumstances. Having borne the weight of stripes as 2/c Co. Cdr., Dennis entered 1/c year with the easygoing outlook for which he is so well known. A Navy that has gained Dennis' loyalty and respect has made a truly valuable find indeed. Navy is a fine place to be from.

CHRISTOPHER W. DILLER
"CHRIS"

Chris floated in from South Jersey a few years ago in search of cold beer and warm water but was captured by a strange band of short-haired fanatics. Taking to the water as a means of escape, Killer began a four year stint with the sailing team. Most days would find him on the lookout for windshifts and women.

Back in the compound itself, Dil took up econ and became a partner in the famous "dynamic duo of macroeconomics." Flexibility became the byword in most pursuits, and regs were no exception. Incredibly enough, studying ranked high on his list of priorities if there was nothing else to do. Many late nights were spent getting punchy with Stan and Bo.

Since it seemed there was no other way out, Chris opted for a Pensacola vacation and went off in search of mach speeds and more schlitz.

DAVID FILIPPINI

Dave dropped in on us from San Diego one sunny day in July, '73, liked what he saw and decided to stay. He is somewhat of a phenomenon at USNA. He actually appears to have the makings of a competent naval officer. Unlike the vast majority of timmies at this school he is neither a sweat nor a slacker. His good grades are not a matter of great amounts of study but seem to come naturally. (The fact that he is a history major helps.) Dave was always one of the boys, at least for the first three years. First Class year he was seldom seen at the drunken sprees so common on weekends. His absences were understood but not forgiven, since Dave had become hopelessly entangled in a romantic situation which required frequent trips to New Jersey. For three years Dave's witty repartee in our "Schoolyard" bull sessions made it more tolerable when the beer got warm. After an excellent third class Fieldball season (Rookie of the Year) Dave went on to become the famous "O" Mentor of the finest Fieldball team in sports history.

JOHN GAILLARD
"GATO"

J.D. Gaillard, Esquire a solid and upstanding fellow, truly a man of distinction. Jack never had to do anything that he did not want to do because, he is . . . . . GATO. John lived by the motto, "The spirit must not be denied." After a year at Naps, Gato arrived at the Academy and quickly established an extensive network which both kept him informed on any activity within the seven mile radius, and proved invaluable as a comprehensive source of gouge. John is held by his contemporaries, as well as by the Marking Office and the Medical personnel, as being an "Untouchable." His attitude is best described by a quote taken from a popular ballad. "He's quick with a joke, or the light of a smoke, but there's someplace that he'd rather be."

Sworn to bear the Mamaluke in the near future, John's soft-spoken insights into Marine living should prove to be both amusing and beneficial to those fortunate enough to serve with the GATO!!!

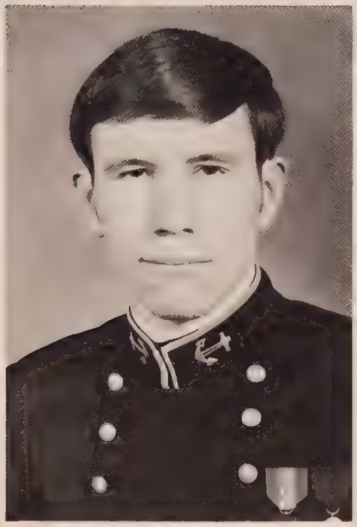
DAVID C. FINLEY
"BURGER"

When Dave strolled into Crabtown, little did he know of the things which awaited his arrival to the hallowed halls of Bancroft. His down home cracker-barrel philosophy and lightening wit (nit) got to us so badly that Army-Navy Weekend of Plebe year we wired his mouth shut to keep from killing him. On Youngster cruise he ventured to the West Coast, for the first time seeing the world on the far side of Nashville. Youngster Year, Dave and his roomies (the Marks-a-Lot Gang) put together an evening act with an all snore cast . . . Burg, of course, sang lead. Changing that year from the Rifle team of the year before to fieldball started Dave in Company sports in which he was to develop his famous "phased--array" throwing arm . . . namely unpredictable by anyone, including the person supposed to receive the ball.

Second class year things went well — with a nearby car, his roomie's phone and a B in cables, who could ask for more? . . . except first class year. Dave has Navy Air in his future, and we are sure he will do well.

DAVID LINWOOD HALL
"SHORTS"

It remains a mystery how a campus demonstrator from Berkley could wind up at the Naval Academy yet Dave quickly established himself as a hard charging six-striper prospect. But when he realized that the responsibility of class watch coordinator was earning him more friends than he could cope with, "Shorts" quickly cashed in his stripes and purchased four years of stock in Donatelli's where he became friends with half the chuggers in Crabown. Being a physical fitness fanatic Dave fasted his way to health and tortured himself through grueling running sessions which came in handy for those three-minute sprints from Donatelli's back to Bancroft Hall to make formation or taps. Never one to let academics interfere with his education Dave was engrossed with philosophy, music, and fine wines yet managed to keep his grades high enough to get accepted into the Nuclear Power Program where he is destined to become a fine naval officer.

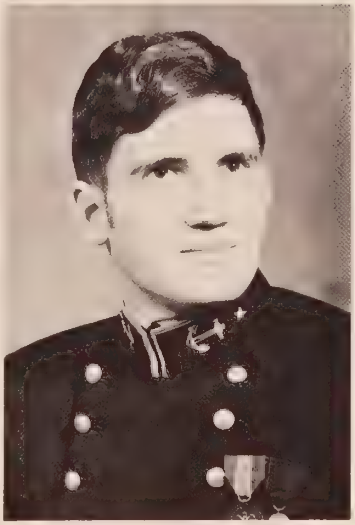


RICK HAMMONDS
1st Battalion Operations

Rick accomplished quite a lot as a student here, except for the semester he roomed with Robert. Having a great desire to fly Rick chose Naval Architecture as his major (Aviator Mentality). We all know that someday our resident Coon-Ass will design and fly the first flying canoe! Yet in spite of his high QPR Rick never let a weekend or a good dose of 3 striper libs waste away. As self acclaimed poet lauriet, Hams frequently drove his roomies to distraction with his poetic verse (what can be said about the mind that created it?). Among the highlights of his career at the crabtown club were away football games, restriction for running-stop signs, Easter leave in Fla. (what a sore throat!) and being voted the Bicentennial Platoon leader by his plebes; they really liked the red, white and blue eyes. Rick, the first victim of the marks-a-lot gang, has selected Navy Air as his vocation and we are sure that his free spirit, warm wit and great determination will lead him through a long and bright future.

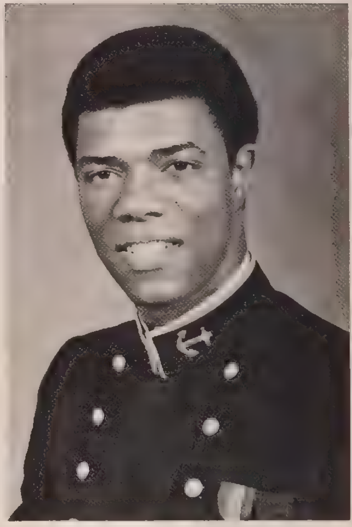
GARY L. GRICE

Gary, commonly known as the Quas, came to USNA directly from Los Angeles California. Forever grateful that he could now enjoy stifling humidity and biting cold, Gary was quick in becoming First Company's walking "Jane's" encyclopedia on professional topics. His meticulousness carried over to his academics, as well as his defense of history as a viable major here at USNA. He still is the only person we know who can account for every minute of study time since plebe year. Forever faithful to the black shoe navy, Gary will be reporting to a DDG homeported in Japan this fall. If sea time is what Gary wants then that is what he will get; and in turn, the lucky surface navy will get one of the sharpest officers that first company has ever produced.



THOMAS HAWKINS

The pride of Springville, New York, the "Hawk" left the expanses of the frozen north to come to the "big city," determined to excel as a math major. Between frequent trips back north to see the girl back home, he managed to do just that — even managed to get in a few games of squash. Despite the good advice of his roommate, Tom decided to take the big trip to see the little man about nuc power, and it looks as if Tom will be spending his naval career "doing it deeper" on a nuclear sub. Always one to sacrifice, it looks as if he'll soon be giving up his '380 Suzuki and his math analysis problems for the rigors of married life.
Best of luck, Tom — you sly devil!



RAYMOND LEE HIGGINS
"HIGS"

The I.U. Kid, straight from the E.T. syndrom in Great Lakes alias Panama Red, "walter" leads the hair department in the Brig of the Academia; enjoys his Scotch as well as Cognac, to bad he never remembered what he enjoyed; his women are located within reach of the rack, even those who enjoy "lawsuits," namely L.H.; memories of that second class army when "Higs" viewed his future employment, namely the F-4 and A-4 in tea court, in his skivvies and one slipper, then when he "called home" from his window later that evening and had the gall to blame "Chump" for not reversing the charges. "Higs" got the best of Navy, but the best is to come . . . . CHUMP!

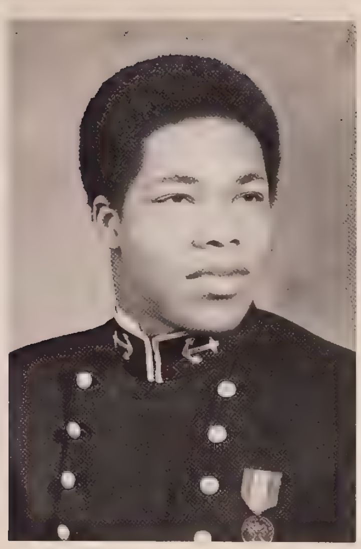
(No Picture Available)

THOMAS SCOTT HILL
"CHUMP"

T. Scott, known to his First Company Brethern as the best Corvette salesman on the East coast, joined the Brotherhood of Bachelors after an illustrious swimming career in Philadelphia. While he continued to pursue his swimming career, Chump simultaneously managed to achieve honors in many diverse fields. Academic achievements and prodigious social conquests aside, Scott found time to personally acquaint himself with every board which eagerly sought his attentions. Both gregarious and professional, this man always has enjoyed the heat of an encounter. Slated for Navy Air, yet looking at the haze gray, Scott will always grace his roost, however temporary, with a healthy measure of levity.

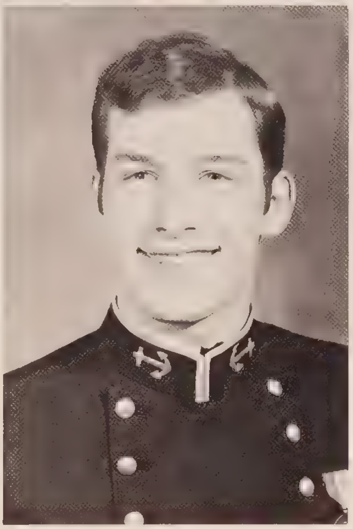
LEON JACKSON JR.
"MUID'DIB"

Muid'Dib, prince of all that is dark, faithful reader of Dune (15 times) and aspiring Naval officer. These are just a few of the many things that Leon will be remembered for. We will never forget his trip from the stadium parking lot with his good friend Black Velvet. While Leon is a pursuer of the good things in life, he has a solemn side too. Leon is serious about karate, handguns, diving, and at times, studying. However karate has been his true love while at the academy. For three years he was a corps man but decided to try his hand at diving and special warfare on service selection night. The possession of an outgoing personality and an easy going attitude have made Leon many friends throughout the brigade.



SHELTON LEE, JR.

An Ohio state wrestling champion, "Reverend Lee" squeaked by the minimum height requirements and reported to the Naval Academy with a smooth head and a dream of even greater success and glory. Shelton must have found the challenge he was seeking, for he could nightly be found in his room burning the midnight oil to overcome the obstacle of academics. Shelton's unusual study habits soon convinced him that he needed the rack more than the mat so he retired his wrestling tights but later became an annual member of the seventh-period swimming team. Fortunately, Shelton always seemed to manage to forget the hardships of Bancroft Hall by establishing his reputation as the Company "Don Juan" as he was rarely seen without the company of one of his "young ladies." Unwilling to sacrifice the terrestrial pleasures of women and motorcycles, Shelton chose a commission in the Marine Corps and a promising future as one of "a few good men."



ROBERT P. JENKS
"AUNT GERT"

Rob came to Navy with his head in the clouds. Now, as a veteran of two tours aboard LPD's, it is his utmost desire to return to those clouds, via Pensacola. His destiny, as we know it, is to taxi his plane to the nearest O-Club (probably to avoid running up the mileage on his new Firechicken). Rob's talent for "slinging" drew him to the twenty percent elite as a History major. His facility with German brought him more gouge-seekers (even the COOL ONES) than he could handle. A dedicated (and tolerant) classmate, Rob's friendship lasted through mustard, calculators, and stereos . . .

More than anything else, Rob's classmates will remember him for his wit, his creative writing talents, and for cryptic messages from Aunt Gert. (Pick up A-4 in Express Office?!?).

This Michigan lad will go far; let the squadrons beware . . .

GEORGE WILLIAM KORCHOWSKY
"BORIS"

George is a New Yorker in every sense of the word. From Brooklyn's Greenpoint section, and graduating from La Salle Academy in Manhattan's Lower East Side, Boris carried a strong sense of individualism with him to USNA. Often times this led to conflict with ol' Mother B. For example, George's three greatest obstacles were Plebe Year, Second Class Year, and Electrical Engineering. Before it was too late however, Mother B and he found an acceptable agreement — George would live by the regs, and USNA would leave him alone. Now at the end of the tunnel life looks brighter than ever, as this adventuresome spirit enthusiastically awaits the challenges of surface line.

JOSEPH G. KOVALCHIK
"RADAR"
1st Company Commander

Joseph, alias C-C or Ko-Ko Joe, came to the Academy directly from the entertainment capitol of the world, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. He quickly danced his way into the hearts of his classmates through his joviality and his guitar playing. Joseph, a perfectionist at heart, excelled early in his academic career at the Academy. He was set on graduating in the top one hundred of his class, and his hard work in academics sailing, and Catholic Choir certainly helped. Forever helping anyone with any problems that they may have, Joseph was quickly recognized as a man who cared about his fellow midshipmen. Accordingly, Joseph was First Company's first set company commander. Forever brushing up on his dance steps, Joseph easily side stepped through Adm. Rickover's interview and will be doing it deeper with the rest of the nuclear trained people on board submarines. The only question is, What girl(s) will Joe have treating him like a king at that time?

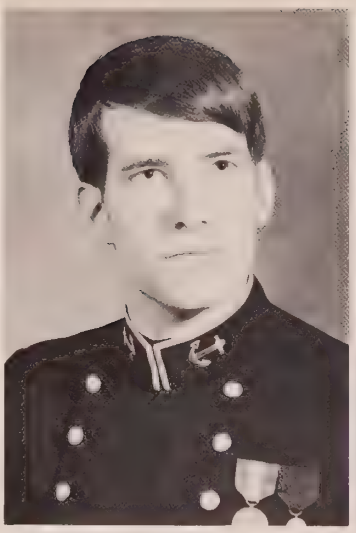
JAMES LESLIE ROWLEY
"HUGH"

Hugh came to USNA with starry ideals and strong ambitions, but soon settled down to the more relaxed coast mode. As a part time soccer stud he naturally elected to play lacrosse. Both were equally rewarding. Not wanting to over exert himself, he took up math and Budweiser though not necessarily in that order. Four years and mega-brews later, he pulled the wool over Adm. Rickover's eyes and stowed away in the nuclear power program. Joining the ranks of the bachelors club was one of the better moves of this hearty partier. Jim then became acquainted with Yukon Jack. Who? May be the Bell System knows! They sure prospered on his account. Who else would think of starting a Pontiac parts shop while munching on french fries? In more serious pursuits, the senior mid in duty section one led the boys with a fine example of fluid flexibility. The Navy is looking forward to a rewarding relationship with this flexible mid. He should be very adept at boring holes in the ocean in the future.

JEFFREY K. SAPP
"SCRAPPER"
Football All-America (3rd team)

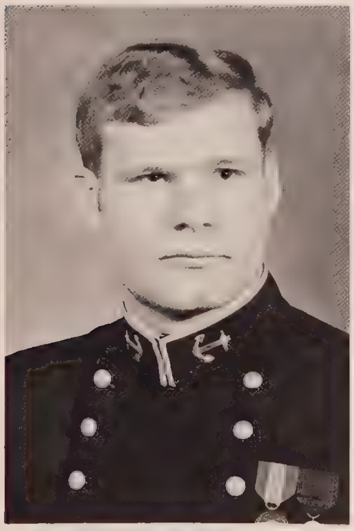
Jeff, First Company's resident football All-American, came to us from Colorado Springs, Colorado. After wondering why he came here, instead of going to Air Force, we began to notice other things about Jeff. Such as why in hell did a brand new Plebe have so much money, does he really wear all those clothes he owns, and why did he bag out of 10 days of Plebe summer just to play in a football game (back home, no less!)??

Several classmates had the following comments: Althans — "Showboat plus," Jenks — "You can rely on the old man's money," Bert — "Another paper to proofread?!?," Bannister — "Habla Espanol, Hombre?", Jackson — "Meanest load on the road." As you can see Jeff, we all think a great deal of you and wish you the best of luck in the future.



JESSE BLAIR SCHRUM
"JESS"

It seemed for a time that Dallas (North Carolina) would find its place on the map, but Jesse soon showed that the citizens had no cause for hope. His talents were to be realized in other more questionable areas — as company gadfly, general annoyance, etc. He chose Engineering Physics as a major: "Rickover will have to take me!" He neglected the consideration that academics really do matter to somebody. Now, of course, after being Rickovered, he says, "Well, I have never been to Hawaii." The Admiral may not have wanted him this time, but in the past he has been the favorite of another officer, being hand-picked as one of Moon's select few — for such pleasantries as boards to determine . . . aptitude (or is it performance?)? This precipiated much discussion as to the nature of aptitude, for Jesse is at home in a bar (private stool in Donatelli's). The obvious moral: upon reaching the final round, lift your mug to Jesse, who proved that even though men of certain stripes (golden) want you out, it is damn hard to not graduate if you want it.



LAWRENCE T. SIMMELINK JR.
"LARRY"
1st Company Commander

The Link came to us from California/Texas/Minnesota and none of us have been the same since. From the beginning, Larry bit off a big hunk of life and stayed with it. The Systems Engineering Dept threw everything at him but he plodded on, determined to obtain that BSSE. A "gentle bear" at heart, he learned to save all his frustrations for the scrum, where he spent three years as a member of the Rugby Club, upholding the dignity of "those who eat their dead." Mopey could often be seen shuffling through the hall, tie adrift and the weight of the world upon his shoulders. As late as 1/c year his classmates asked "who was that?" when he managed to poke his head into the wardroom for a few minutes. Every man has his escape, and when thing got unbearable, Larry could be found with his head buried in a "CONAN" comic, a quart of orange juice in one hand and a box of Fig Newtons in the other. Larry displayed the leadership skills as a striper that will make him a fine officer in the Naval Service.

JOHN LEWIS STRIDE JR.
"LOU"
1st Battalion Sub Commander

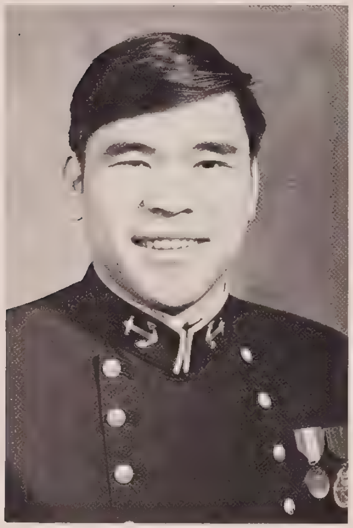
John "Lou" Stride developed thru the agony of Navy from a tightlipped Plebe into a relaxed, confident man. Choosing EE for his major, Lou found the work demanding and daysleeping a necessity. He especially loved EE for the books he could only start and the music he completely forgot. When Lou first collected his stripes, it was as 2/c company social director. When he finally unstriped, it was as a baggit varsity sailor. Along the way, Lou was noted for mad nocturnal dashes, his Buddha position, a fascination for women singers, his respect for Nuke Power, and his total dedication to the party line. Whether Lou stays thirty or five and retires as VADM or LTJG, his classmates will remember him as one of the truly competent men with whom we shared our time in hell.

SECOND COMPANY

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) J. Wilkins, J. Scarpulla. *SECOND ROW:* M. Malinick, D. Heinz, D. Christie, A. Williams, W. Kramer, D. Viera, D. Urquidez. *THIRD ROW:* W. Robinson, T. McLeod, D. Ray, S. Hopkins, M. Duett, J. Page, J. Watters. *FOURTH ROW:* B. Zimmerman, R. Shinskie, J. Fiorelli, D. Weiner, R. Yasky, J. McCann, D. Price. *FIFTH ROW:* C. DeMarche, J. Semcken, C. Lile, V. Bellezza, S. Maloney, W. Kihn.

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) P. Krug, W. Ballard, G. Hanold, D. Marble, D. Uthe, T. Algire, S. Miller, R. Rose, T. Hicks. *SECOND ROW:* M. Gault, J. Messerschmidt, F. Corcoran, T. Lindsey, S. Gabriele, L. Harrison, B. Decker, K. Ritz, S. Riggin, P. Dirito, G. Baker, J. King.

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) T. Donovan, D. Fiorino, A. Ventura, J. Giaquinto, D. Watson, J. Dalo, J. Salyer. *SECOND ROW:* B. Riehm, D. O'Donoghue, D. Lehenbauer, E. Martin, B. Renken, K. Kelly, D. Priddy, L. Sternaman, D. Farris, B. Morris, J. Mines, S. Cadwell. *THIRD ROW:* W. Thomas, J. Zimmerman, J. Dancy, D. Meyer, J. Skerry, W. Brodhag, P. Taylor, T. O'Keefe, J. Genter, M. Holstine, B. Smith, G. Coleman.



DENNIS DAQUIL ANTONIO
"D.D."

D.D. came to USNA from beautiful Carson, California. Using his vast experience, in addition to his abundant charm and wit, D.D. had no problem adjusting to the challenge of plebe year. As the years went by and the responsibilities increased — Dennis' humility decreased, as is evident by his lack of fear for cameras and ever present SMILE. Money was never an object to this man of the world and he often let others know it by offering his assistance in any way possible. With his "Silver Bullet" and Minnie, Dennis was leading the "good life" — in high cotton, etc . . . Dennis will pursue his next challenge — Controlling the High Seas —

DOUG GOOLSBY
"MORT"

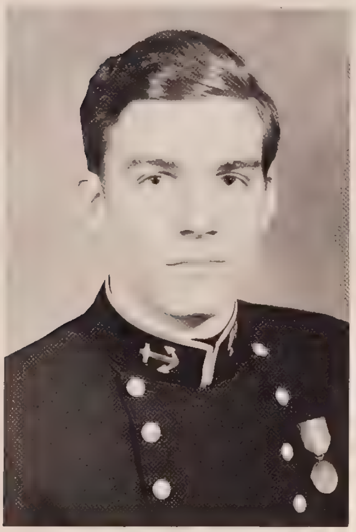
Mort really hated to leave Utopia. No one loved a reg book more than he did. He could be caught late at night studying it under the covers. His reg book that is. He loved little smokies. His distinguished looking forehead was the envy of all his peers and the delight of the Poseidettes. At times he was too tough with the plebes and often he had them broken down in tears, but he never killed one. He will find the gouge in Nuc School. His room was a shining example to all classes. Although he lived with a foreign national he never divulged any secret information. He will never forget USNA because his last words were "Just think what I could have done with those four years!" "Was there" won't work.

WILLIAM H. ITTNER
"BILL"

Bill Ittner, majoring in Oceanography with minors in Oceanography and Navy Air. Always enjoyed going one on one with slow movers, i.e. Marine rotor heads. He will be remembered for his Midstore Parking Lot follies and the "happy days" which followed.

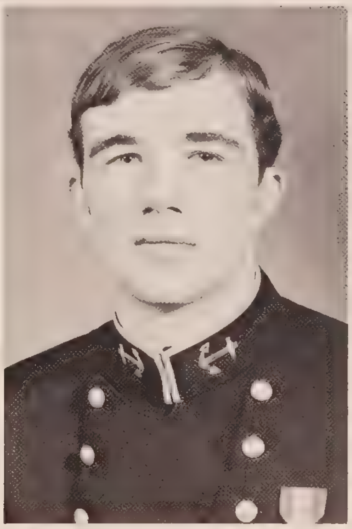
JEFFREY WILLIAM WENDEL

They say good things come in small packages and in this case they were right. Yes, Jeff brought sunlight and laughs to that hole called "The Pit." We will always remember "white works" for his dashing Water Runs and his custom BVD's. Though many thought he was only a dupe for "Glock Clan," he was really the mastermind behind the GREAT ESCAPE. Jeff outwitted the Turk with help of his beautiful wheelman Tiny on a cold December night. There were some who thought he would not be caught, but the lure of a certain Delaware co-ed proved to be too much. Well, Jeff, it was nice and I'm glad to see it end for both our souls. I'll never forget your friendship.



ERIC HELLEBERG
"ALF"

Alf, being a promising pole-vaulter entered the powerful NA track team as a vaulting pit. Finding no bennies in this he became chief derelict of Valhalla. He qualified in space-blanket riding, beer shampooing at Buzzy's and head waiter at the Racoon Lodge. Deciding to forfeit summer leave due to a better offer at the 1-2 Bridal Suite, Bullwinkle screwed plebes to the wall. Having received a better offer from Navy Airlines, he will become chief pilot and sweathog for the "deke" at P-cola.

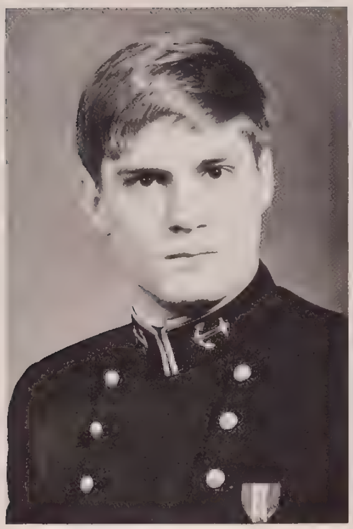


WILLIAM F. SOBOTKA
"SOBIE"

Sobie arrived at the banana factory with a Long Island speech impediment and decided to major in a foreign language, English. Having proved himself in Academia, he found time to manage the Lax team. Sobie learned about love in the back of a Pontiac, but the lesson hadn't gone too far. Being the Valhalla Wedgie King, and once being molested by J.J. SCHWARTZ he replied, "Youse guys really think dis is funny donch ya!" The slanty eyed Hounyak and chief Bohunk, gave up a promising career as a goat herder to become a submariner.

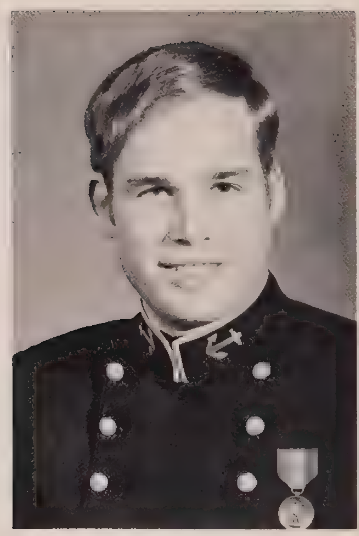
KONRAD KROSZNER
"KON"

Amoung other things over the past four years Kon helped half of '76 and '77 graduate, was Editor-in-chief of the Trident calendar and was on the varsity crew, with a shot at the National Team next summer. One of the survivors of the real "Black Pit," Konrad will always be remembered for his 3-3 water fights and musical taste. His stereo could, and often did broadcast better than WNAV, Konrad is a brilliant guy who is always ready to help. A real "tough" upper class, Konrad was once known to ask a Plebe A rate — Although no one can remember what it was. Since the only thing faster than his 260-Z is a navy-jet Konrad plans to give it a try. To one of the best. . . . Good Luck!



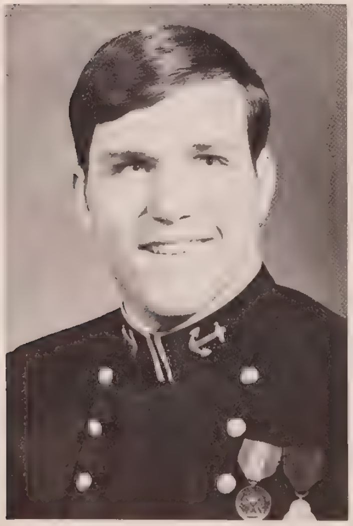
JOSEPH BERNER
"JOE"

Who is John Galt?



JAMES F. McISAAC
"MAC"

Jim hails from Winchester Mass. A man of refined taste and keen wit, Jim never found himself bored. Over the years he managed to run a small business, coach the company soccer team, act as the concert representative, and be Editor-in-chief of this publication. Among other things, two tours as company sub-commander allowed Jim the freedom to really enjoy 1/c year. Always ready to help out friends, Jim is one of those men who make the navy a profession and not just a job. Jim and his small family plan to head off to Hawaii to sail the seas. Good Luck Buddy.



EDWARD L. ABNER
"SCOOTER"

2nd Company Commander

Ed, Hank, White Shoes, Scooter Abner broke free from the arms of Bonne and the Pirates to come to the Naval Academy as a commuter student between Annapolis and Philadelphia. Obviously Bonne still had him cold. White Shoes supremely danced around the football field plebe year until someone stepped on his shoes. Then the "Duffer" had to take up a collection among baseball players for more baseballs — Hank just kept putting them over the fences and losing them in orbit. Easy Ed, the "CC" had it all together; he was loved from Banksville to Vahalla, and especially from Philly. Sometimes he did study dolphins and Jacque Cousteau for his oceanography major but mostly Ed talked of something about the pollution in the Annapolis dump and mustard and ham sandwiches. Now we find Scooter heading toward the setting sun together with Bonne at last. He shall sail the seas and enjoy the world and life to its fullest. Best Wishes My Buddy, we'll be thinking of you!

MICHAEL ANTHONY KRANZ
"MIKE"

Mike, after coming here from California, immediately recognized the joys of Mother "B." But being gone nearly every weekend, it took him two years to realize just what she had to offer. He then dedicated the remainder of his stay here to hard work, and to a relentless drive to emulate those that went before him. When he wasn't playing squash or singing with the Glee Club, Mike could be found with an open book in front of the tube. Despite his slow start, his enthusiastic attitude and consistent improvement got him a slot out of company and a view of goat court. Mike always had an eye on the future and a sense of humor to keep the burdens from getting him down. With the future he has ahead of him, and the smile he has in his heart, there is nothing that can get in his way.

JOHN S. KAMEN
"RED"

John "Red" Kamen endured his four years at USNA lugging his lax stick around in the afternoons, working diligently on his engineering at night, and snaking his friends and other Mids on weekends. Because he was brought up in the North at Greenwich, Conn., he developed his skiing abilities early and found time to enjoy this activity while on leave and on WE's with the Ski Club trips which he helped plan. Kamoo is the type who claims that he is tough and can withstand the cold in the room when the windows are left open all night — yet he is the one who is wearing the thermal underwear under his sweats and is cuddled in a sleeping bag which was made to withstand temperatures of 40 below. John enjoyed his last year in his "luxury lounge" located on 3-2 especially with his very own "land-line" available. Even the Admiral in D.C. didn't think John was for him, we are all sure Kamoo will do well on his future "Tin Can" on the blue seas. Good Luck, John, and smooth sailing, Buddy!

BRET GARY

Just another face in the crowd . . . smiling.

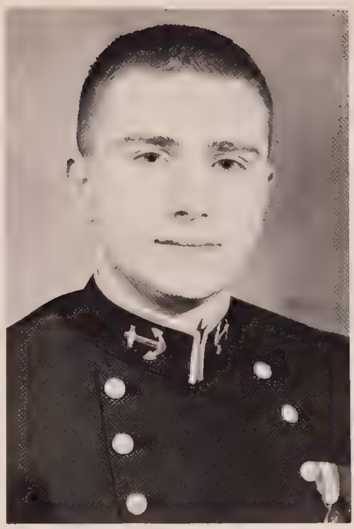
DENNIS VIERRA

BILLY VASQUEZ
1st Battalion Commander

Billy Vasquez hails from Lawton, Oklahoma, where he won honors in football, maintaining a 4.0 average, and where he built up a reputation for enjoying wine, women, and headphones. Plebe year saw him participating in lightweight crew, excelling in grades, and not to be inconsistent, kept up his reputation. Yet it was Youngster year in which the "SACK" truly excelled. He was voted most likely to be in the rack in between his 4.0's and 150lb football practices. The blue Vette just happened to appear on the scene that year. The SACK was ready when Second class year arrived. Don't think that Wires and Steam cramped his style though, for Georgetown and D.C. were well within reach (he grabbed another 4.0 anyway). First class year finally saw the establishment catch up to him as he was named to Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities, selected for Batt Cdr., and ranked eleventh at Service Selection. Before long, the SACK will be excelling in Pensacola. When he's not in the air, though, you'll find him enjoying the sights or in his favorite locale; "Sack's back in the rack". Fair winds, following seas, and safe carrier landings, Billy, and the best of luck.

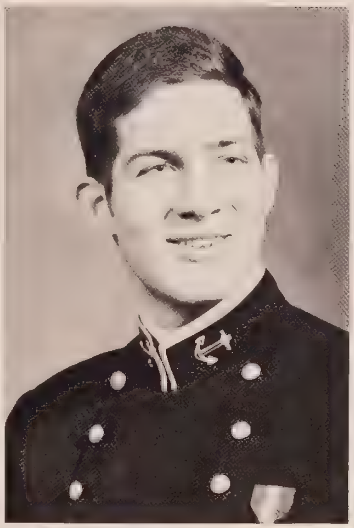
GLEN M. BLINDE JR.

"Admin Man" arrived from a warm, sunny land out in the middle of a vast ocean 5000 miles away. He spent his time battling cold weather, P.E. tests, and squad leaders who didn't like the sound of his voice . . . irritating as it was. Never one to spend much time in athletic pursuits, unless you call fencing laundryman an 'athletic pursuit,' academics and mounds of paperwork in his "in" box came to occupy most of his time. Once a studying resident of "Gouge Central," (now a sleeping resident) he could be found most nights in front of the tube with a book in his lap . . . doing homework. With all of that behind G.B. he'll be headed down to Orlando with his "portable bedroom" to become an inhabitant of the engineering spaces on a surface nuke.



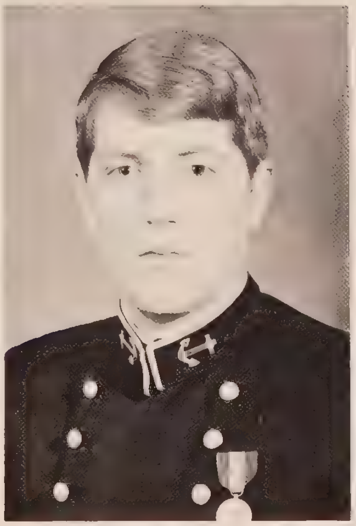
CHARLES JAY TUOZZOLO
"GENERAL"
2nd Company Commander

Charles Jay Tuozzolo came to USNA in a tank and is departing in a sub. Throughout his fours years he has gone through many changes. Some things, however, never changed; his characteristic crew cut and his near 4.0 grade point average. We hope that it was the latter and not the former, though, that earned him the Burke and Guggenheim scholarships as well as his John Hancock in the "Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities" book. Buzzy's will truly remember General Gunge for his indulgent Saturday nights as a youngster. Assigned to intelligence duty at West Point for first semester of second class year, he learned many valuable secrets, but could not teach them how to get away with things. First class year awaited him with open arms and a company commandership and also an invite to Orlando. Soon Chuck will be chugging along beneath the oceans waves as a member of the prestigious Silent Service. Best of luck, Charlie, and may you always return safely.



JOHN J. SCHWANZ
"LEFTY"

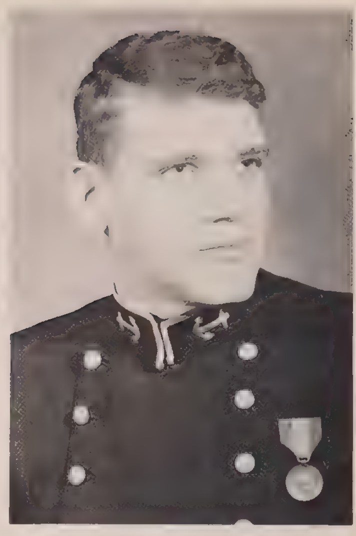
John arrived in Annapolis on special loan from the city of St. Louis, Missouri. Though at his best while devoting his time to the Mechanical Engineering Department, he often surprised fellow denizens of Valhalla with his grace and ability on water skis. Two years of work with the Brigade Activities Committee and the winter sports season of '76-'77 when he gave up a promising career as a player to coach the heavyweight football team kept him occupied while awaiting graduation. He now moves on to Orlando, Florida and Nuclear Power School and thence to the submarine force where he will live among dopplers and bore holes in the ocean.



WILLIAM JONATHAN LESTER

ROBERT L. WILDE
"WILDEMAN"

The Bostonian country boy Buffalo Bob, alias Shovelbutt, came to the boat school with his slightly peculiar sense of humor, and settled down for a four year pit stop. Beer shampooing, alarm clock repairing, and cruising in the Hotspit were his specialties. Frequent snacks of seasoned chicken bones kept Putz's strength up for the semi-annual mile journey. Well its time for the Wildeman's boot heels to be wandering.



LYLE S. WILSON

The earth was born of fire and smoke and it is up to each generation to guard against it ending that way. Let it not be said that our generation brought man to the brink, but rather our's was a generation of peace.

DANIEL WALBORN
"WALLY"

A really "decent" guy with unsurmountable motivation for academics at USNA. Hopes to be a swimming instructor at USNA eventually (specializing in flotation testing). Proud to be a member of the wardroom hall of fame for logging 1000 hours and still graduating with a degree in electrical engineering. Will be remembered for his good sportsmanship on the heavy weight football field and his "golden" loop blocks.

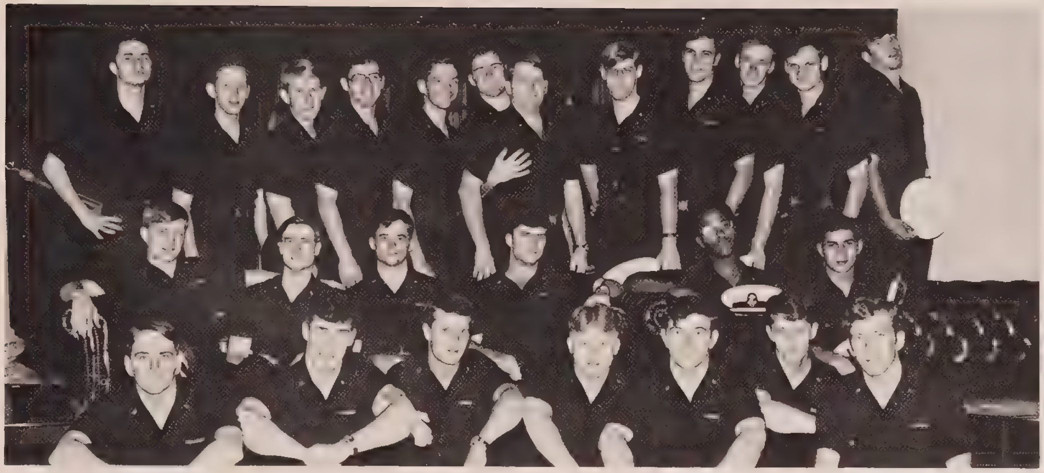
K.R. TRASS
"MUSIC MAN"

I CAME . . . I PLAYED . . . I'M GONE
. . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
TOOD-A-LOO

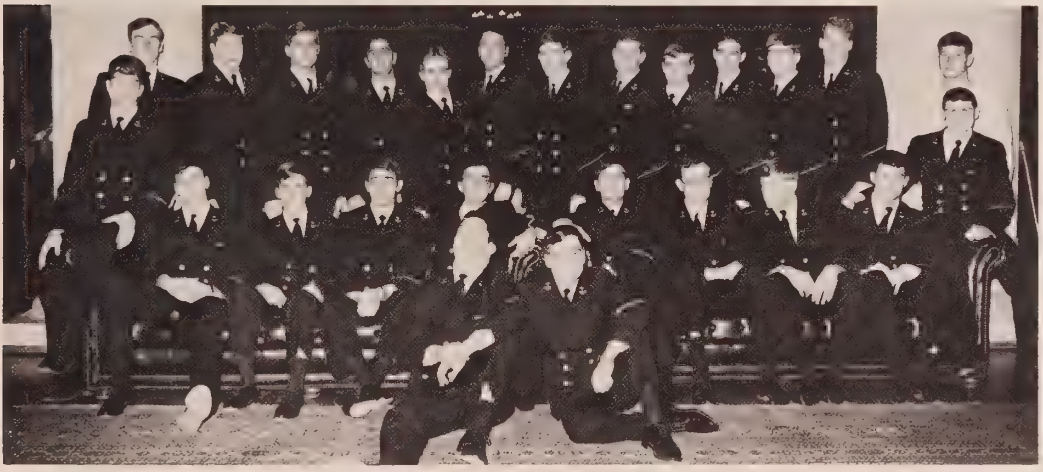
ERIC WRIGHT
"THE BIG E"

In the summer of '73 from Fredericksburg, Virginia, came a young man uncertain of his future, to the United States Naval Academy. His basketball and academic prowess proceeded him and he was looking forward to improving Navy's basketball team and his academic record. However he quickly found out the purpose of this school was not athletics nor academics but to build professional naval officers. In his four years at Annapolis, he learned a great deal about the Navy, a great deal about chemistry (his major), and a great deal more about himself and his values. The travel was intriguing, the leaves were fantastic, and the challenges were many. His future now lies on board FBM's, he has chosen to be a strategic weapons officer which is slightly out of the ordinary but then who wants to be ordinary . . . . ?

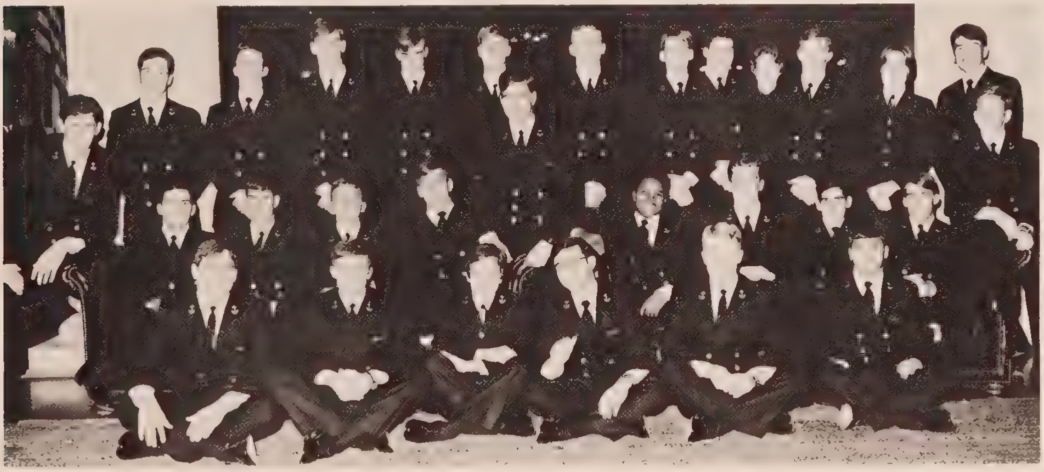
THIRD COMPANY



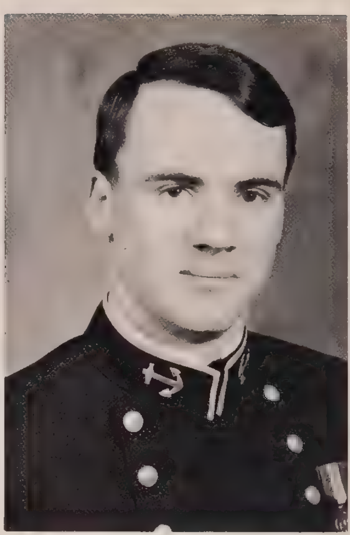
FIRST ROW: (L TO R) R. Lamont, M. Huber, B. Tuohy, D. Bowers, J. Rogitz, D. Roberts, B. Bole. *SECOND ROW:* D. Mossbarger, J. Hemry, T. Miller, B. Levis, L. Thompson, D. Aiken. *THIRD ROW:* J. Vause, M. Durnan, J. Hancock, G. Guerrero, C. Martoglio, A. Dimitrew, N. Boster, S. Mobley, S. Basford, A. Jaquith, B. Smith, M. McNish.

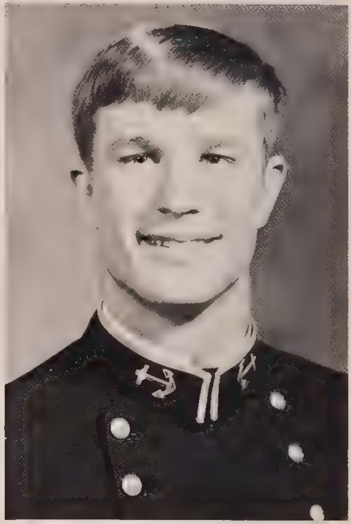


FIRST ROW: (L TO R) D. Olsen, J. Hicks. *SECOND ROW:* C. Majkowski, J. Jerome, W. Westwater, P. Lloyd, J. Grabe, J. Gahan, C. Weikel, N. Mygas, P. Garcia, P. Aagaard. *THIRD ROW:* R. Ellis, J. Miller, J. Seldon, P. Levoci, C. Price, J. Quigley, J. Sherman, J. O'Connell, M. VanHorn, D. Valente, A. Adamshick, G. Glover, W. Williamson.



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) V. Herda, C. Mills, B. Lindquist, R. Padilla, H. Henry, J. Aguero. *SECOND ROW:* R. Fredericks, R. Episcopo, B. Selby, H. Pickerel, S. Sanders, J. Coughlin, F. Daniels, P. Ingus, F. Fabrega, J. Nelli, J. Doyle. *THIRD ROW:* T. Stein, B. Thoreson, B. Johnson, T. Dunlevy, M. Whittle, G. Siems, C. Kanewske, M. Guadagnini, C. Lewis, K. Bergman, S. Presto, D. Law.





HEINZ McARTHUR

"MAC"

1st Regiment Commander

Mac came to USNA from the back woods of North Carolina. Soon accustomed to the ways of Navy, he found time between rack and tube to consistently be on the Sup's list. Mac distinguished himself in company sports by his uncanny ability to shoot at the wrong hoop, and he was one of the few people to ever play Batt lacrosse three years without scoring a goal. After a semester at West Point, he came back with the motto "Warpo Maximus" and a love of green uniforms and short hair. An ardent umbrella driver, Mac lived by the gold winger's creed: When in doubt, bail out. Never one for lofty thought, Mac plans to spend a few years pounding the ground with the Marine Corps.

RON STICINSKI

"STIZ"

Stiz came from the rolling hills of Delaware with high hopes and ambitions. He was forced to take a detour along the path between high school and USNA by attending NAPS. After a year of good times and good friends, Stiz was ready to take his place among the class of 77. It turned out that the year of preparation was well spent for between Plebe lacrosse, chow calls and academics, Stiz had his hands full.

A dedicated math major, he spent the better part of three years arguing with Profs and classmates alike about the relevancy of the subject. Nevertheless, he managed to remain involved in company activities such as basketball, football and drinking beer at Donatelli's. Stiz had always intended to make nuclear power his service selection, but come December 9th, the EDO community made him an offer he couldn't refuse. Stiz is looking forward to an enjoyable career in the Navy.

ROBERT WILSON

"ROB"

Rob came from beautiful, scenic Kokomo, Indiana with visions of glory and grandeur in his head. These ideas quickly dispelled, he settled down for his stay at USNA. Some of his more enjoyable times were spent with the Glee Club, choir, and Scuba Club. Rob was one of the now extinct Bio-Science majors, but picked a flight class for Navy pilot. Rob can be summed up by his nicknames — "Dust Bunny" and "Squatty Body" — both of which he worked long and hard for. And would you believe he has one brother here and one on the way. The Long Blue Line! It's not his fault.

He could often be found in the wardroom valiantly defending Mary Tyler Moore. Keep an eye out for a silver Dodge van or a green Kaw' 500 on the roads, but one thing you can probably count on, he'll be headed west — away.

MICHAEL P. TRYON
"MIKE"

Mike Tryon came to USNA from the sunny skies of New Mexico and a long line of military tradition. His search for adventure always seemed to get him into "curious" situations. Mike enjoyed stealing girls off the laps of commanders and talking street gangs into apologizing for chasing him. In his free moments he quarterbacked the lightweights, drank Irish coffee, and occasionally even studied. If hard work, determination, and a flare for B.S. are of any help, then Mike should have no problem making a name for himself in the Navy Air Community.

WILLIAM M. STILES
"WILD BILL"

Wild Bill came to Navy straight from a tour as a high school BMOC in Florida and quickly found that whatever it was that worked so well there didn't work worth a damn in Annapolis. Rudely awakened by academics, he nevertheless majored in Aero and later transitioned to M.E. This major proved rewarding and Bill got the chance to sign away 35 hours a week to Adm. Rickover. Whenever he wasn't working on his hours, he could usually be found covered with grease and surrounded by tools and motorcycle parts. Graduation will find him heading for Nuclear Power School and a submarine out of sunny San Diego.

JEFFREY J. DAVIS
"J.J."

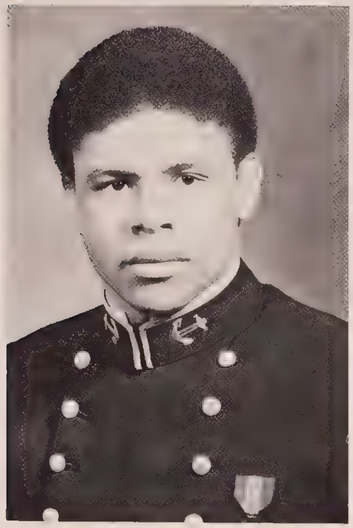
J.J. came to the Naval Academy in search of good times and adventure. After four years of mother B's idea of good times he is ready for his next challenge. Next stop Pensacola.

ALAN RICHARDSON

Nate skated into the Uncollege and rode a wave of raw natural academic talent for two years. Then second class engineering courses brought him to earth and he has had to slug it out in class since then. YP's got him on the bay and off Worden for a while, then he applied himself to company lightweight football where he played the line with a ferocity that reminded almost no one of Bob Lilly. Other diversions included battalion volleyball and club sailing. He had an intriguing adventure at a yacht club party one night (bruises to prove it), then topped off the weekend by navigating through a sandbar during the next day's race back to Annapolis. After graduation he will finally take her down and join the nuclear submarine force.

WILLIAM J. BUTLER
"HUB"

HUB: Comprising the left side of the alliance. Bill has enjoyed Mathematics, fieldball, and town liberty during the past four years. However, among his most enduring memories are: fireballs of youngster year; losing the windshield on Rt. 50; falling on the corner of the desk; the White Sox Park riot; the Co. 9 basketball massacre; the Fiasco of SM 322 round one; and the West Street rampage. Bill will be remembered as a non-aggressive, even tempered, low-keyed individual — an image projected through four years of contentment. He'll always be grateful for the support from Ma, Mom, Jack, Patty, Kathy, Mark, Peter, Whiskey, Cov, Armo, DRB=DDD, RLK, Woo, and to his wise C.O. — Bosun But. Like the Bosun's message said: "Stick to the fight when you're hardest hit, It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit."



DEREK R. BONNER
"THE BONZ"

It didn't take Derek, the Bonz, long to work his way into the hearts and minds of the rest of 3rd company. From the special way he responded to the barrage of a favorite 1/c, plebe summer, with "I'll find out sir!", to much more recent phrases as "No, no, no, not the kid!" and "Ain't nothing but a thing," Derek's coining or recoining of quaint anecdotes lends itself to letting everyone know that Derek has spoken, again. Derek is perhaps one of the most controversial figures the Academy has known, and certainly the no. 1 critic of 3rd company. If you don't like to march, why put out, right Bonz? But Derek's not a hard man to please. As long as the moon's not shining at 11:00 every night, as long as they don't cancel C.B. during finals or the JORR, and as long as the ladies keep coming around when Derek's restricting, he's fat. So from the "kid" who's done it all (triple probation, 3 trips to 4-1, and endless restrictions?), I've bought the ticket and there ain't nuthin' left to do but dance.

TIMOTHY J. COVERICK
"COV"

COV: Comprising the right side of the alliance. Tim has enjoyed economics, fieldball, and little else during the past four years. However, among his most enduring memories are: beets; driving back from D.C. without a windshield; the beautiful blonde in the marketplace; the bus ride to Army youngster year; Sparkin' Spot at Preakness 1976; Sox riot; and the West Street rampage. Tim will be remembered for his passive, mild mannered, sophisticated, and quiet personality. A Navy Air selectee, his ambition is to fly P-3's (yes Chet, P-3's). He claims he couldn't have made it without MOM, DAD, Jack, Patty, Ginny, Tommy, Hub, Armo, and Derek and for once he's right.

THOMAS J. ARMINIO
"ARMO"
Class President

ARMO: comprising the wheel-man of the alliance. Tom has enjoyed "poli sci," four years of wrestling, NAFAC for 2 years and 2 years as Class President. However, among his most enduring memories are: a pair of pants full of mustard youngster year during Army week; beets that same night; the White Sox Park riot; and overtime match with EN-301 thanks to A.E.; the Preakness of May, 1976; and the West Street rampage. A Navy Air selectee of Dec. 9, Armo will be remembered for his even tempered, soothing disposition and quiet manner. Tom will always be appreciative of and thankful for the help and support of DAD, Dave, Barb, Di, John, Gloria, Joe, John, Hub, Cov, John, Sylvia, Al, Sil, Rose, Celeste, Ray, and Addie. Armo leaves "good ol'" USNA with one thought — Armo's adage; it's not the size of the dog in the fight, it's the size of the fight in the dog!

FRANK J. GRECO
"THE CHIEF"

Frank's 4 year performance at USNA rates an Emmy performance. Upon arriving at USNA, the Chief was destined for stardom. He quickly displayed his nack for swimming by nearly drowning in the instruction pool. But after overcoming this traumatic experience, the Chief easily overcame the rigors of Plebe Year. After, Herndon, Frank took full advantage of his drinking privileges. He was found testing the accomadations of various areas; the hard, tile floor or 4-1, the warmness of the first wing basement, and the plushness of a civilian's car, Owing his entire performance to the MONKEY. As a 2/c, Frank's relationship with Uncle Bob was one of father and son and he will always remember the proverbial words of Bob, "I did it so that he would see the light." Well, he saw the light and also the representatives of USNA's finest. But intermeshed with his striving determination and professionalism, Frank overcame the effects of the board and won.

GREGORY SEAN RICE
"BORIS, THE RUSSIAN BEAR"

How does an Irishman named Sean come to be known as Boris the Russian Bear? Easy — he endlessly listens to Russian tapes for a five hour Russian course in a 3-man room! Despite his roommates nerves, Russian Studies and Foreign Affairs majors courses busied this "academians" mind when the wardroom had nothing better to offer. After rambling around Europe with a pack 2/c summer, he fell upon P-cola and yet another pseudonym — Rodger Ramjet! His daredevil antics, causing his instructor pilot a bit of stomach distress, instigated the urge to return to the air after graduation. First class cruise found him in the Med in charge of 3 divisions whose officers were all smarter than he and on liberty, a well done from 6th fleet though. Lofty heights and unfair seas still cause the air service to entice this blind pilot so a shotgun seat as an NFO is being held open. So look out Navy, he and his lovely lady are on their way!!!

ROBERT LEWIS THOMPSON
"BOB"

After two years in the wilds of Maine, Bob wandered south to Crabtown with dreams of dogfights and carrier landings. This easy going math major was determined not to risk his eye sight disturbing the mint conditions of his books. Though diversified interests included tennis, squash, and sailing at USNA, top priority went to a pretty blond known to us all as Katie. Together they enjoyed skiing in Vt. (a visit with the Green Mt. Boys), camping in Europe, and diving in the Bahamas — as well as local weekends spent in Catonsville. After assisting his three year roomie, E.B., operate the Thirsty Third Barber Shop, Bob opened up a shop of his own first class year. We'll miss singing and mixing at his yearly Christmas parties — remember, no lights on that tree! Direct orders see Bob off to an early flight class. It's up up and away from USNA. See you in Pensacola!

EDWARD BRIEN ROGERS, III
"FAST EDDIE"

"Fast Eddie" drifted in seeking a place to recover from a year at U. of Maryland's Munich, Germany campus. U.S.N.A. soon restored Ed to health and he excelled as a math major. Of sports, Ed saw many, but he invariably ended back in the fun and parties of the sailing program with the rest of the Oxford Annual "O.J. breakfast" crowd. Away from school Ed's other loves took his time up: parties, pretty girls, scuba diving, and travelling or skiing in Europe with "Boober." The Nuke Power program's gain is the long hairs' of Third company loss as their 1st Wing barber shop closes in June. Bon chance and take care.

ROBERT EVES
"RUFF"

Modest Ruff, the poet of the ice, came down from the frozen northland of Buffalo to the steaming tropics of Annapolis and the Severn River Country Club, where he learned to catch footballs and hockey pucks and drop majors. His football career ended at his knees and his academic career wound up at Phy Sci, a popular last choice among former "outstanding" engineers. Youngster year found Ruff devoted to a "strenuous" academic effort with time out for weekend capers with the Brass Monkey and a Towson State Sorority. After taking the plunge and returning for second class year, he decided to sacrifice his knees to science or the USNA Hospital (whichever comes first), in a clever ploy to gain free time to develop a successful social life. It didn't work. Then, he bought a Trans Am in an effort to replace lovepower with horsepower. Still trying to be cool, he selected Navy Air and is on his way further south come June '77 where Harps and Co. will try and tame this wild child from the North. 'Till later, ...

JAMES KEITH LIMING
"LIMES"

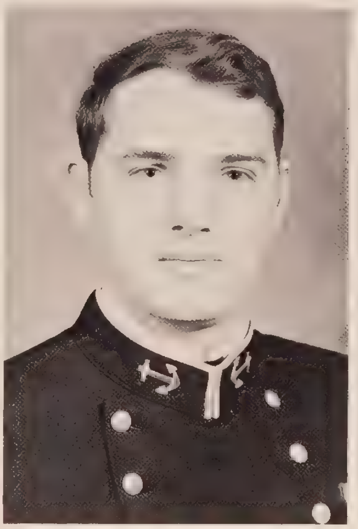
Jim came to Canoe U. from the rolling farmlands of western Ohio to seek fame and glory. Three years of rooming with the Maharishi taught Limes how to keep his cool, except in Rotterdam on youngster cruise when he just "had to get back to the ship." A four year veteran of the Drum and Bugle Corps, Jim was well traveled during his stay at U.S.N.A. Yet, this math major found plenty of time for academics and was once considered for the golden chair award at Nimitz Library. Faring well at Admiral Rickover's infamous interview, Jim is headed for nuclear power school and hopefully a missle submarine.

MICHAEL F. BROCK
"MIKE"

MFB showed up at USNA not really knowing what to expect, but primed for the worst. He wasn't disappointed. Splitting his time between the Naval Academy Hospital and Bancroft Hall, MFB survived Plebe Year and the surgical battles with some permanently embedded shrapnel in his shoulder to prove it. Youngster and second class years were spent buried in the bowels of Nimitz and Rickover Halls maintaining status as one of the few marine engineers at Navy. MFB's escape from academia usually consisted of a quick trip to the South Jersey shore and a weekend with his piece of the rock. First class year was no different, only the escapes were more frequent. Graduation promises a career in the Navy nuclear submarine program prowling for "targets." Sunshine all the time only makes a desert.

CHRISTOPHER LOUIS STATHOS
"CHRIS"

Chris popped into USNA from the sunshiny "land of the fruits and nuts." Not taking too kindly to his suppressed freedom he turned to the "Omming" of TM, the only patented excuse to sit and do nothing for twenty minutes. Never one to really shortchange the taxpayers, Chris could usually be found in the library or pulling all-nighters to maintain his status as the premier Ocean Engineer in the class. Once a member of the Yawl Sailing team, Chris traded in his Oxford O.J. membership for free drinks and a job bussing tables at a local establishment to make ends meet with a certain cocktail waitress. Evenings in the Hall first class year find Chris lounging about the company area in his "poopy suit" in preparation for service in Admiral Rickover's submarine force.



RONALD L. KING
"RON"
3rd Company Commander

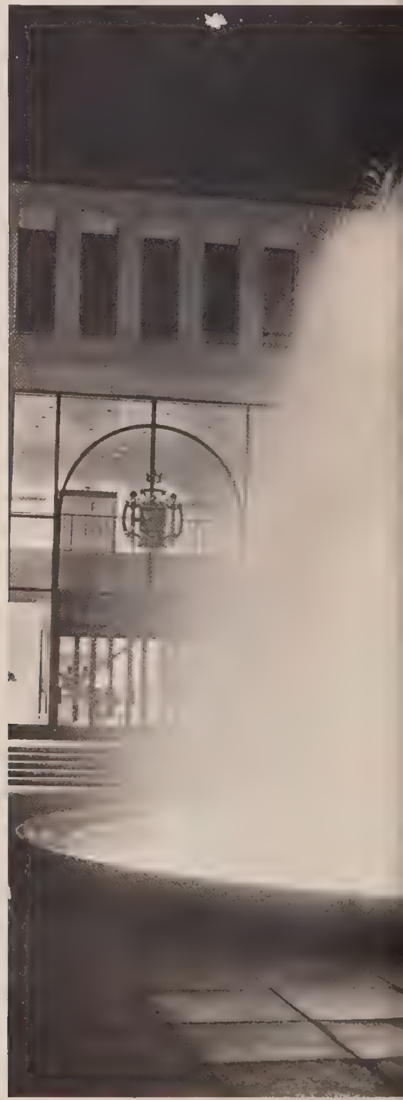
If Ron really felt that USNA was actually TAD for him, as he stated plebe summer, then his performance has betrayed his feelings. After realizing that crew was a bit too time consuming, (even for an academic wizard of Ron's caliber) Ron found happiness on the company fieldball team. A defensive standout, Ron's unorthodox, illegal style of play will be engraved in the faces of his opponents forever. His other favorite memories should include: swimming, Brass Monkey, Calc III (thanks Hub), the pure joy of Pensacola, and his best friend — his cycle. Like everything else he owned, Ron had THE BEST gouge in the company. Ron had the company during plebe summer and first semester ac year. After deducing that tact may possibly be useful, Ron handled Chet and the company very admirably. A once and future Marine, Ron will doubtless be a fine officer and credit to us all.

RANDALL KEITH MOON JR.
"RKM"

Randy headed east from Naperville, Il. to seek fame and fortune here at the Boat School. He soon realized that he faced a unique challenge here on the banks of the Severn. What was it you really said at that memorable tug-of-war? But Plebe summer always ends and the Brigade always returns, and RKM found himself at work in the more familiar territory of academia. Well, sometimes. He did take a little time out for a few away football games, at EI with the Rangers, or on those rainy Sat. nights. He even played a little "boxball." Once he chose Math as his major, (so he wouldn't have to see another Poly sci class!) his grades started up, and at the end of 2/C year, he had those elusive stars; thanks to Uncle Bob, continued luck at "You rate what you get away with," and a studious Marine from Chicago. Randy had many high (and low) moments in the Intramural program, but his favorite sport was Fieldball, after being drafted by the Alliance 2/C year. Nuc Power School in Sept. and hopefully an attack submarine in Pearl await Randy after Graduation.

DAVID HAYDEN GATES
"GATOR-SHAG-MOSES"

Gator blew into the Severn River Yacht Club on a cold Nor'Easter via Naps, from Franklin, Vermont. As a distinguished Academic "Wizard" he managed to keep the Ac-Board on their toes. Having returned his MechEng major after a brief trial period for a full cash refund, he is now sailing through PhiSci. in a cooperate to graduate program with several companymates. But Gator's true lover here at NAVY has been the sailing program. He is the founder of the "Oxford O.J. Breakfast Club" and still a member in good standing (?). As Captain of the Yawl Team, he has shown his men that a successful leader must make burger runs and throw parties as often as possible. A charter patron of 1st wing barber shop and 3rd Co. Longhairs, Dave of course chose an all expense paid trip to P-Cola following a tough six month tour as a sailing coach here at USNA. By any and all means, we wish the other Green Mountain boy a drink in his left hand and a girl in his lap, all on board a Tall Ship with many bright stars to steer her by. Enjoy everybody, ENJOY!!!!!!



SCOTT F. HARPER
"HARP"

Harp blew in on a cold North wind and by the end of Plebe summer wondered how he got through 18 & ½ years of life without some damned Texan telling him what to do. After a year long bout with capacitors and resistors, Harp found diodes unpassable in his directions and relaxed into a Phi Sci major. Scott also gravitated to the "rigors" of party sailing as a member of the "Oxford O.J. breakfast club" and stuck by his skipper on the Black "N" club 2nd class fall. As the other half of the Green Mt. boys Harp naturally loved cold, snow, skiing and a warm fire place with Sandy. Dave and Scott ran our local supply hut where you could get anything for a price and insults were free. A faithful client of the 1st wing B-shop, Harp heads for the long hair of P-Cola, and like flying marriage seems inevitable for our "stern" conduct officer (a job acquired through experience). Well, your tail feathers will be trimmed closer than your locks Harp . . . just consider it another stabilizer.

MICHAEL S. FRICK
"MIKE"

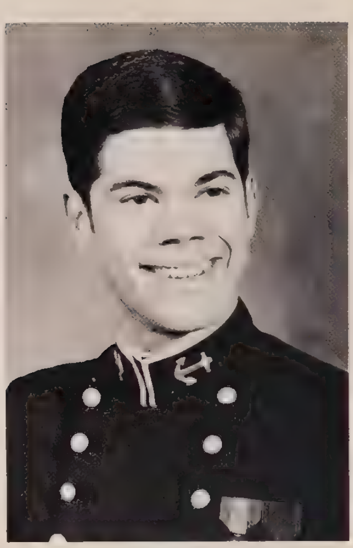
Mike "rolled" into U.S.N.A. from the fleet after a heavyweight 40 day beerbout, but Plebe year quickly trimmed 60 lbs. leaving him a mere shadow of his former self. Mike tried his luck with a math major, but with his fine foresight he was our first Phi Sci transfer. Being from Florida, Mike naturally gravitated to the sailing program and helped found the "Oxford O.J. Breakfast Club." In the off season Mike could be found littering Hospital Pt. with opposing fieldball teams. When Mike wasn't studying he was helping to support the bookstore and various assorted writers while compiling the largest paperback collection on the east coast. Graduation will see Mike off to a Tin Can out of San Francisco where he will settel with his new bride. We wish him luck with both.

JOHN WILSON MELEAR

After a year of catfishing for credit at Georgia Southern, John asked for the more rigorous program at Navy. But enough of his background; what did he do while he was here? Well . . . perhaps a bit more background. Being the son of a minister father and teacher mother, John was one of the more literate Southerners we knew. Majoring in history suited John fine; minoring in engineering was a different story. Yet, weathering the storm was no problem for a sailor of his caliber. A perennial member of the Nav Cad Yawl Team, John was known to stop by Oxford for an "O.J. breakfast" every now and then. When not tacking and jibing, "Thumper" (don't ask) could be found shooting the breeze in the first wing barber shop. First class cruise was quite an experience. The sleeper awoke and won the cruise Destroyer Shiphandling Award. Having lost some leave to summer sailing and summer school, John is ready for graduation and assignment to Pensacola.

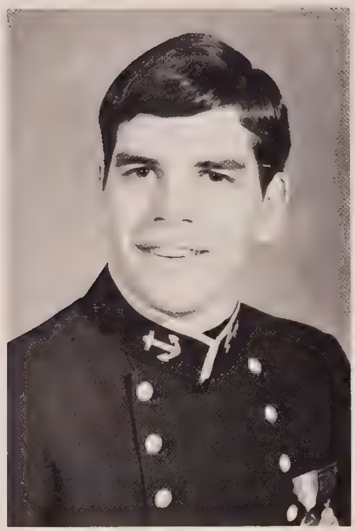
GARLAND P. WRIGHT
"GAR"

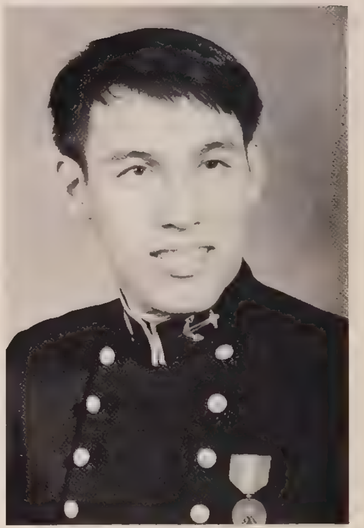
From the sunny beaches of Fort Lauderdale Florida, Gar brought with him a touch of humor, an easy style and a love of sun, sailing and "good times." Although many late nights one could find him hitting the books, his first love had to be sailing. His desire to achieve led him to be elected team Co-Capt. and later win a national championship. A fine athlete, Gar had many varied interests such as boxing, parachuting out of fast planes, listening to some good tunes, or discussing any subject with a group of friends. Gar has a personable manner, a need to get involved with people and projects and an intense desire to achieve personal goals that should make him a success in his chosen career as a Naval Aviator.



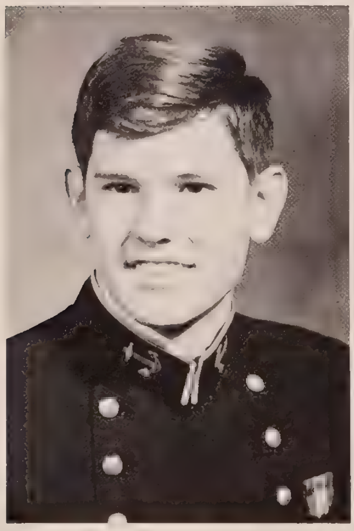
GREGORY CONRAD REUSS
"MR. B'BALL"
3rd Company Commander

Be the inferior of no man, yet of no man be the superior. REMEMBER every man is a variation of yourself . . . If winter is here can spring be far behind . . . Beyond the blue horizon there is a rising sun . . . never up — never in . . . Shipmates stand together, don't give up the ship . . . There is only one grade that counts, the final grade in the fleet . . . I'm still looking for Miss RIGHT . . . PEACE . . . . .





MICHAEL JOHN PUZ



JAMES CANNON GASSAWAY
"GAS"

Gas hails from Tampa, Florida from where he carried to USNA his love to run Cross Country and march with bands. The twinkle in his eyes and the enthusiasm with which he approaches life are evidence of his greatest love, Jesus! Not content to "put in time," Gas' four years at USNA have been exciting and challenging times of prosperity and growth as he discovered the surpassing joy of having Christ at the center of all his activities. His prosperity in Mathematics qualiffied him for the Nuclear Power Program . . . With a small string, of course, attached. With his faithful Lord, Gas is assured of success and will be a welcomed inspiration to any nuclear sub that he drills hole in the ocean aboard.

Isaiah 43:2 "When you pass through the
waters I will be with you; and
through the rivers, they shall
not overwhelm you."

HARRY G. MAUGANS
"BUTCH"

Harry or Butch as they call him back home will be remembered for his adventurous soul. He spent his free time doing everything from scuba diving in Florida to bicycling across Maryland. He even spent one summer building a house in Arkansas. All the adventure was great, but after having his bicycle stolen twice when he was a youngster and then wrecking it, he decided that God had other plans for his life. Since then, he has spent a great deal of time in the word of God found in "THE GOUGE." He has settled to driving a pick-up truck and looks forward to seeing where God will lead him.

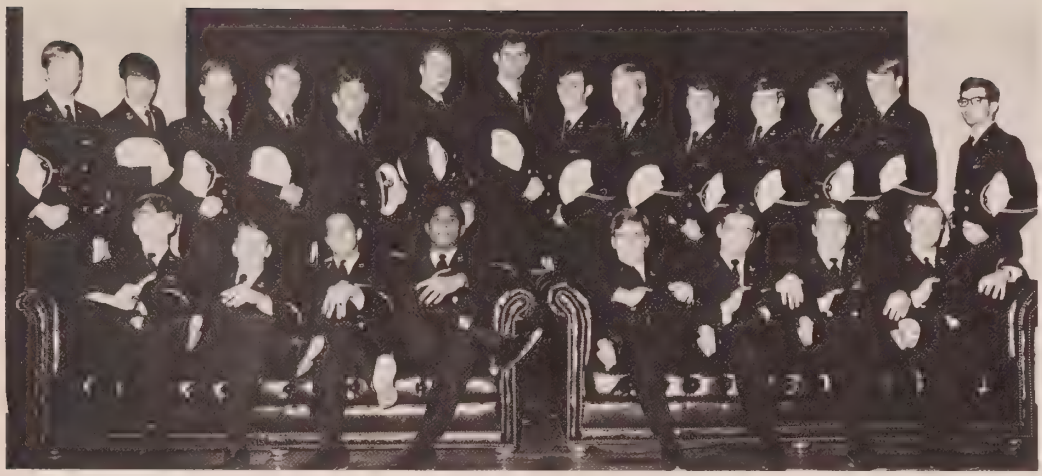
STEVEN RENNIE
"YO"

Going through four years at the Academy has taught Steve a great deal about himself and others. Coming from the beautiful town of San Francisco, plebe year came as a distinct and abrupt change of life styles. Following this, he got interested in his history major and will graduate into the surface navy.

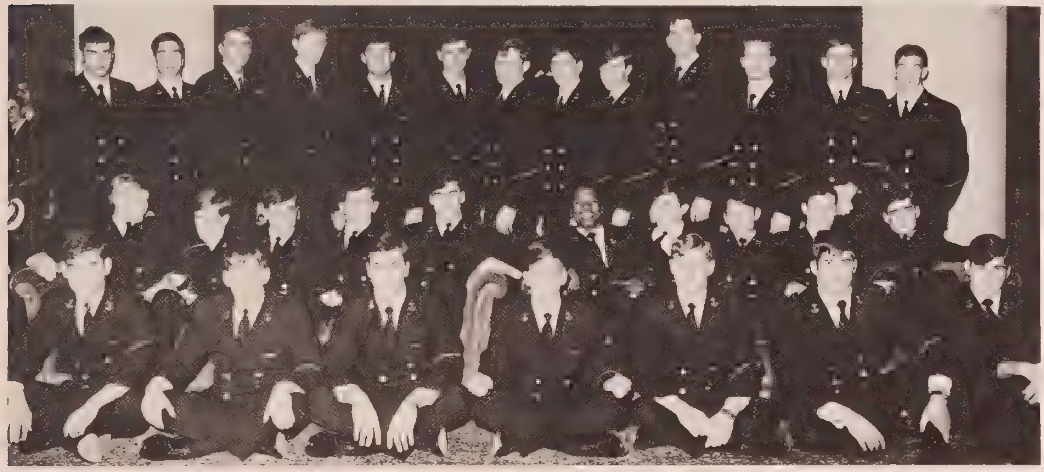
CHARLES EISCHEN
"CHUCK"

Charles Eischen — why the Naval Academy, why Ocean Engineering, why Nuclear Power, and last but not least why August leave? The obvious answer, "since I'm from Hawaii." One of the chosen few, Charles, Chuck, Coach, Bruce, or just plain Eish came and conquered the academic challenge with a definite goal in mind — to make money. Throughout his four years, Charlie was able to maintain the true aloha spirit. He opened his own Chinese noodle factory and proceeded to rip off the "tourists." Someday when "pineapple" finally relaxes, hopefully he'll have enough energy to enjoy his fortunes. In the meantime, he'll be putting the time in for Hyman. Book 'em Danno, be there and aloha, Brah!

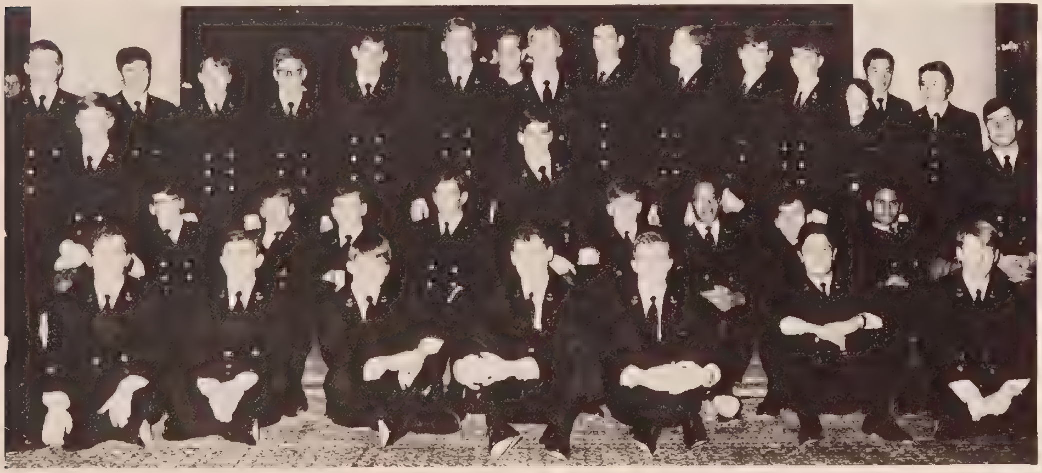
FOURTH COMPANY



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) J. Woodward, E. Vaughn, C. Perry, W. Chatman, P. Mansfield, K. Colby, J. Gardiner, F. Schrmal. *SECOND ROW:* M. Warner, R. Chang, M. Warner, J. Newcomb, R. Stowe, S. Labak, M. Manthey, J. Young, D. Mercer, R. Gordon, J. Casey, T. Sprague, S. Bartie, M. Holden.



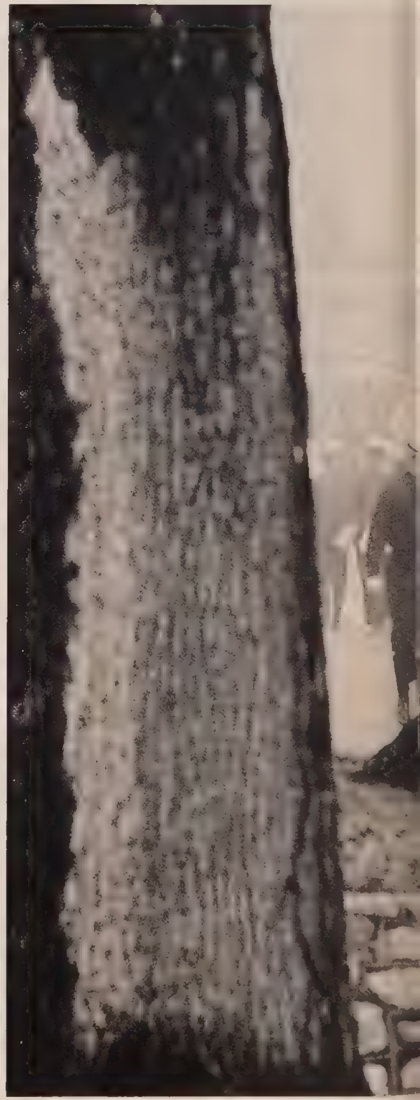
FIRST ROW: (L TO R) D. Yoshihara, M. Butler, P. Kougos, K. Mainison, J. Miller, C. Fernino, W. Owen. *SECOND ROW:* D. Carson, J. Davis, B. Herr, J. Crawshaw, R. Wilkens, C. Woodward, M. Ackley, D. Akiyama, J. Pinkston, R. Fitzsimmons. *THIRD ROW:* T. Kowalchzek, T. Amato, J. Hoffman, B. Clyman, P. Dennis, J. Staudt, J. Hoffert, L. Linn, P. McClarney, J. Brigante, J. Cloyd, K. French.



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) M. Wilke, R. Green, R. Wohlschlegel, W. Collins, M. Grabbe, F. Niemann, F. Hoover. *SECOND ROW:* D. Lancaster, J. Graham, C. Dods, J. McGettigan, J. Ervin, S. Jasper, K. Radar, R. Johnson, R. Gomez, R. Smith. *THIRD ROW:* L. Allsep, W. Stanley, M. Craig, T. Callaghan, D. Harker, T. Feldman, J. Paris, M. McDaniels, N. Antonoff, H. Nixon, P. Zohorsky, S. Nittler, P. O'Neill, T. Gragg, S. Daniels, M. Wachter.

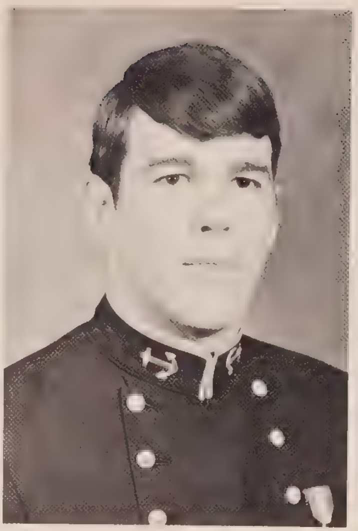
CLAUDE ESTES BARRON JR.
"DOGBODY"
Cross Country All ICAAAA

Take pride in your discipline and have patience with those who have not tasted the bitter sweetness of sacrifice, for those who understand, will without fanfare, and those who can not, never will.



EDWARD ALBERT CHRISTOFFERSON III
"JOE"

Joe was a California golden boy who came east to Navy via Delaware a year before most of us. The Academy wisely grabbed Joe for his athletic powers, luring him in with the offer of big-time Navy Baseball. In short, Joe Duff in 2½ years made a potential All-American a great weekend performer. Navy Baseball's loss was Brigade Boxing's gain as smok'en Joe pushed in some face while not letting the victimized return the favor. Joe acquired the nickname "juice" by being the big play back from First Batt, that turned opponents defenses into mush as he gained more yards, and scored more TD's then will be seen again for awhile. The Juice joined the legendary fieldball team as a senior, and showed that even an OPS ANALYSIS major can still show a twist to Navy Air by tormenting unwary goalies. Yes, Joe went Navy Air, and if Joe can handle a plane anything like a girl or his "white Vette" then look out above — a new star is going to be launched. Regardless of what happened to Joe, he was cool and he shared that winning aura with everyone.



ALAN RICHARD CLEVER
"WHALE"

The Whale made his break and a big mistake when he left landlocked Lexington, Ohio for that fishbowl of life at USNA. Big Al acquired his unique nickname due to his distinctive style of sleeping, reminiscent of a beached whale. His easy-going nature never marked Al as a potential slash, but his excellent grades proved that he was bullish on economics. Al's good-natured personality darkehed only at times — during fieldball season, and when Woody and the Buckeyes played their yearly role as the Pasadena Pushovers. No party was a true success without the Doctor practicing his charm, operating on the girls with a Stroh's prescription in his hand. The Whale will trade his fins for a set of wings as a Navy NFO, and is looking forward to beaching himself on the California sand.

FRANCIS MICHAEL DeLAPE

Frank descended upon Fourth Company from Jivin' Jersey in the memorable summer of '73, as he came to join in a four-year struggle for independence. From the outset of Plebe Summer, he began to instill a sense of professional purpose in all of us — "Relax, enjoy yourself." While battling academics, the "deadly shipmate" being a key adversary, Frank excelled in the athletic side at Navy, playing varsity football as a plebe, and spending the next three years establishing himself as an All-American javelin thrower. Those of us who encountered him in other sports can vouch for the quickness of the "dancing bear." Service selection was a foregone conclusion for Frank, as the Marines had him from the start. With Connie at his side, he dons the green and takes off for the blue, leaving an indelible impression on those of us who know the ways and schemes of the Navy Gorilla in his natural habitat.

JAMES PATRICK DOLAN

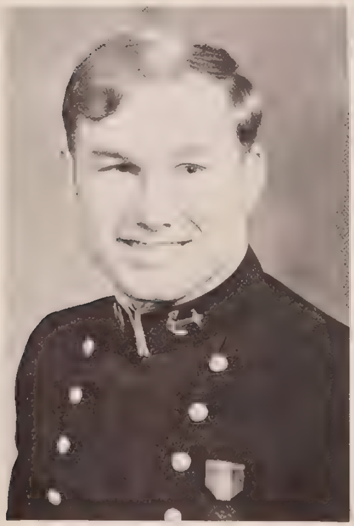
Hailing from Annapolis-on-the-Potomac and Gonzaga High, Jim brought with him a strong and proud Irish stubborness which at times served him well (when vented in the right direction!) He also expressed from I-Day a burning desire to get out of this place as soon and as often as possible. June '77 provides him with his eternal wish, but first and second class years (except for 2 months of it!!) found Doctor Dolan *rallying* in Georgetown many a weekend. Navy Air is getting a fine one — a Fourth Company fieldballer and one of her best. See ya' at "The Toombs" Jimmy!

ROGER GLENN FLEISCHER
'''FLEISCH'''
1st Regimental Administration

Four years in Annapolis have provided a truely complete range of circumstances — from unrealistic academic loads to national wrestling competition — from Army week company rumbles to worship at a wonderfully Christ-centered church. Tremendous bonds of friendship have been made, some of which promise to last a lifetime. 4th company's '77 is definitely an outstanding gang! 25 July 1977 starts the next big climb — in some wings at Pennsacola.

LEITH FUJII

One of the Hawaiian bro's, Leith grew much while at Navy. Known first as "one of the boys" people began noticing a changed life. 75 and 76 were years of testing for Leith and afterward everyone knew who was #1 in his life, Jesus Christ. Now convinced that the Word of God and the soul's of men are the only things which really matter, Leith continues to grow. Look for Him to make an impact on the Fleet using Leith.



RICHARD ELLSWORTH GALVIN
"GNARLER"

Rich "GNARLER" came roaring out of the growing metropolis of Dundee, Oregon to come to the Naval Academy. Right from the start Rich intended on going to Nuclear Power School. But, Admiral Richover did not have the same intentions. Rich, knowing that all Marine Engineers go submarines, chose the Strategic Weapons Program for a service selection to maintain the tradition. Times were not easy at USNA for Rich. He took a hit in his major, but stuck it our for four years. He never made it big in varsity sports but held his own in Company and Battalion sports. Then when everything looked easy ahead Rich found out he was the super mechanic for all Fourth Company car problems. Now, the future seems bright for this young man.

DENNIS ARTHUR HAINES

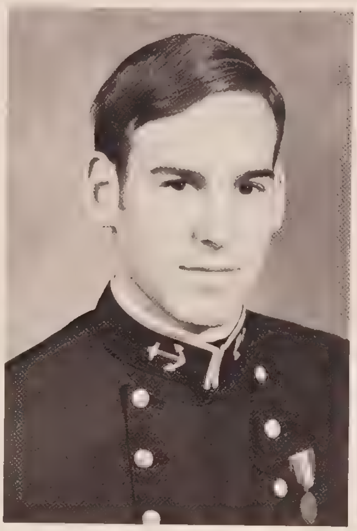
He came to 4th Company from the Windy City (Riverdale to be exact!) and left just as he came — unique. Who else could sing and dance "Mack the Knife," recite "The Legend of Mohammad Ali," drive a Bricklin, and become CAO! UMOD, as he became known plebe year, never sweated the books, just the bookies!! Golf remained his first love at the Boat School, "with fieldball running a close second, and Naval Architecture a fast-closing third on the outside —" Denny loved the ponies too. A true Chicagoan, "the Swoop" believed in three things; the divine right of the Mayor, the Bears, and "Old Style Lager"!! Admiral Rickover is getting a gem and the Boys from Four are losing a Friend.

KILTON DeROY KINGSMAN

Kilton hails from Georgia but let nobody call him a redneck because he'll let you know different. He is far too smart to be a slow good 'ole boy from the South as his Pre-Med major and grades will testify. Kilt received a lot of nicknames while at the academy, besides the obvious "Doc," he was bestowed with Tin Grin and the like for his braces, but he now has a killer smile, "Killer" from a special date that he neatly got billed for, and spot from a vengeful slipup that nearly killed him. Besides Navy Swimming, playing for Navy Soccer and then company soccer, Kilton was a four year offensive star on the Fieldball Team and no slouch on the tennis court either. Some have said that Kilton was the kind who start an operation and then forget what he was taking out or putting in, but I'd like to say anyone who collects bricks has to have a "solid" idea of what he's doing. "we're leaving Kingsman!" . . . but that's okay, so is he.

DAVID LANE JONES

Jonesey came in on a breeze from the West Coast, hailing from Salinas, California, landed in Fourth Company, and proceeded to breeze through four years of a physics major, accumulating a shining academic record. A permanent fixture of the wardroom during the week, Dave used the weekends to meet his needs, bolting as early as possible. A vigorous partier and all-round lover of the good life, Dave made good use of those weekends, as any who accompanied him will agree. Though long a confirmed aviator, Jonesey reconsidered when First Class year came around, and elected to go nuke. Rickover got a good man then, and Dave will surely continue his successful ways as he goes out in June to the Nuke School and the depths beyond.



JOHN THEODORE KNOX
"JACK"

Let all the earth fear the Lord:
Let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of Him.
For He spoke, and it was done;
He commanded, and it stood fast.
The Lord nullifies the counsel of the nations;
He frustrates the plans of the peoples.
The counsel of the Lord stands forever,
The plans of His heart from generation to generation.
Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord,
The people whom He has chosen for His inheritance.
PSALM 33:8, 12

WILLIAM FRASER McCULLOCH II
"PUMA"

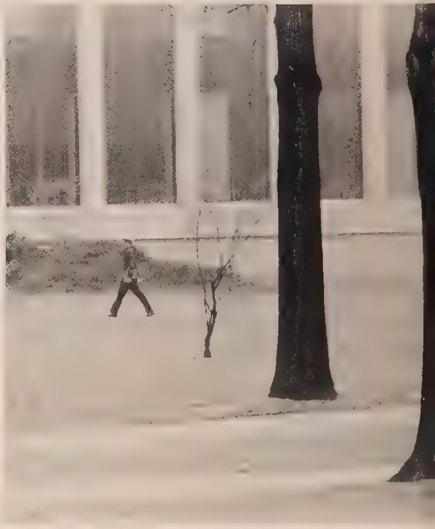
Bill is another Southern California expatriate who can't really say he walked into USNA blind, his Father was a '45 Grad. His Cheshire Cat grin hid a lashing tongue and a vicious wit. He played linebacker on Batt Football and became part of "the Death Squad." He was also an excellent goalie on that much heralded Fieldball team and catcher of the even better Fastpitch team. Bill's parties were outrageous and killed brain cells by the billions. Those that survived this Rock n' Roll Zoo knew that they must have had a good time. Never a slash, he'll be best remembered for his sticking nicknames, driving and drinking prowess, never losing a room-war, dalliances with Whizz Kidd, flying with Mars, Plebe Summer with the Fearless Five, a cold night in Philly and surviving a record 12-man Buck-Buck (we think). A man of many talents, he moved best at night. With a song in his heart and a bottle of vodka under his arm, Bill became one of the few good men but he'll always be "One of The Boys." OOO LOLLY

JAMES CAREY McDONALD

Carey came to Canoe U. as a member of our original trio from the Windy City area. Preferring a life of broad horizons and salt spray to the rigorous routine of Bancroft Hall Carey soon found a niche in life with the sailing team. He was to be found most afternoons during spring and fall on one of the Academy's wind driven racing machines. Despite all this sea duty he still volunteered to spend a good deal of the summer competing in ocean racing. As a member of our triad of economists Carey spent a great deal of his time developing his flair for the world of Wall Street. As his time at the Academy draws to an end Carey has opted to trade in his sailboat for a greyhound of the fleet.

THOMAS DUFF McNAMARA
"BIRD"

"Bird" came to the Academy from Durham, New Hampshire. Starting as an Aerospace Engineering major, he quickly realized that Physical Science was the way to go. He participated in intramural soccer, water polo, fieldball, football and softball while at the Academy. Most of Bird's spare time was spent with the Military Parachute Club where as a Firstie he was elected Vice President. He spent a lot of summer leave at Fort Benning where he received his initial wings and went on to become an honor graduate of the U.S. Army Jumpmaster School. If you needed a guy to pack your chute, Bird was the man to do it for you — correctly. Bird chose Marine Corps and plans to think about making it a career after his initial tour of 20 years.



GREGORY ALAN MORRISON
"IRONMAN"

When I look at thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast established; What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the Son of man that thou dost care for Him?

LOREN RICHARD PLISCO
"L.P."

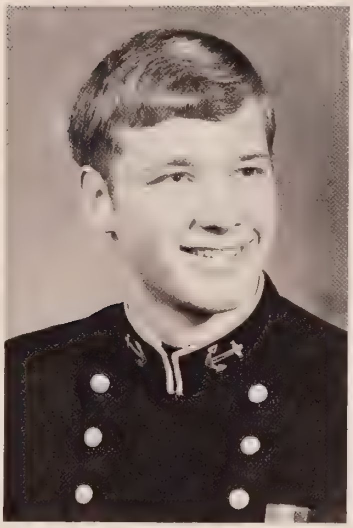
Loren left the fun and sun of Virginia Beach in the summer of '73 to join us in Foamin' Fourth, but held on to a veritable stable of young lovelies from the beach that never left him at a loss for things to occupy his time on weekends. Books were never a serious consideration during his free time, since L.P. never had to sweat them. Besides, he was a charter member of the Dean's List. The weekends found him carousing, but he spent the weeknights in the company area-in the five dollar seats in front of the wardroom, or working out his weekend schedule. Though originally intending to drive ships, he passed up the skimmers for the deep fleet. The son of a master chief, "Omar" will be at home with the Navy life. Although he appears casual and nonchalant in most situations, he strives to excel in everything he does, and works hard behind the scenes. "You may be whatever you resolve to be"

— "Stonewall" Jackson

PHILIP B. NELSON

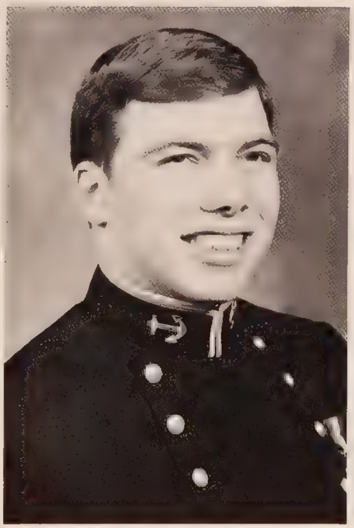
JOEL MONTGOMERY PARKER
"MONTY"

The young one from Colorado came East with aspirations of greatness. He kept the boys a laughin with his ears a flappin, but found it hard to laugh at the rigors of Mechanical Engineering. Monty participated in the fierce competition of intramurals always in search of the carry-over sport, but still prefers the elusive slopes. In his spare time, he could be found debating with the "Juice" on any number of insidious topics not worth argueing over, including women. (Profoundness abounded in those conversations!!) The regbook took a different interpretation for Joel (as referred to by his room-mate of four years) as he enjoyed the "privileges" of first class year, while casting a wary eye towards a future in Nuclear Power.



WALTER PHILLIP SCHLAEPFER
"SCHLEP"
4th Company Commander

Phil passed up the hometown school of Cornell for the glitter of Blue and Gold, much to the chagrin of the girls of Ithaca but much to the pleasure of their mothers! The rigors of Plebe year saw him rowing and running, rowing and running — as did Youngster year and Second class year. In fact by the time he was a Firstie, he had rowed and run himself to the top: Captain of the Lightweight Crew team and Fourth Company Commander! When he was not rowing or running, Phil could be found rallying with the Boys at Weems Creek, Georgetown, O-Club, wherever . . . he's easy!! (Anything but study!) With Joe, Jim, and Marc to lead him, "Schlep" hopes to backseat his way through the Navy.



BRUCE EDWARD SMITH

Smitty came to us out of Bedford, Mass., a swimmer and football player who came to seek his fortune at Navy. Once at USNA, however, Bruce traded in his jock for a physics major, and had little trouble attaining academic excellence every semester. Still, he found greater interest in the weightroom than in the physics lab, being more of Adonis's mold than Einstein's. Reserving weekends for himself, Bruce could be found in the discotheques and bars of D.C. and the local area, finding the "babes" there much to his liking. With his sights on the horizon, 77's Superstraight is prepared to go forth in June, ready to rig for red and dive, dive, dive . . .

FRANK WILLIAM SPENCE
"MARS"

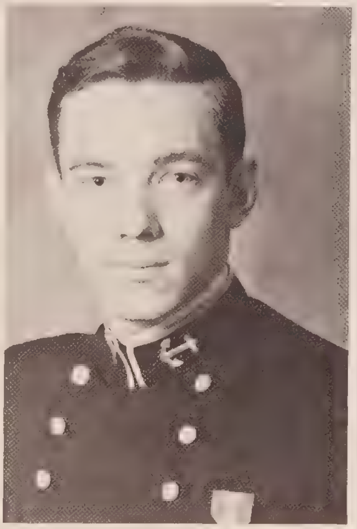
It was the USNA's gain when Frank left his Rocky Mountain Way in the great state of Colorado to come to Annapolis in the pursuit of knowledge. His Oceanography major luckily didn't stand in his way and some of the ribald tales are in the realm of the amazing. His blonde Robert Redford good looks have left broken hearts and Chivas bottles strewn across the country, but as he has been heard to say, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." His worldly elegant nature opened more than doors. In the Hall, his Devil-may-care-nature led to many memorable injuries and the nickname, "Violence." "Violence" Spence was the scrouge of the Batt Football, Fieldball and Fastpitch Field and was voted, "Most Likely To Draw Blood" during Buck-Bucks in '75, '76 and '77. We're sure Frank will stay as hot in the air as he is on the ground and remain, "One Of The Boys." OOO LOLLY!

ROBERT DISMAS SUTTER

Rob came to the Academy from San Francisco. Not used to the rigors of military life, his casual personality and temperament sustained a rather large jolt. However, it did not take long for Rob to find his glory, sailing for Navy. Rob could be found most weekends and summers skippering his yawl on the Bay and ocean. His friendliness and willingness to help anyone in need have earned him many lasting friendships. As a surface line officer, there is little doubt that Rob will always be successful and will make as many friends as he has in his four years here on the Severn.

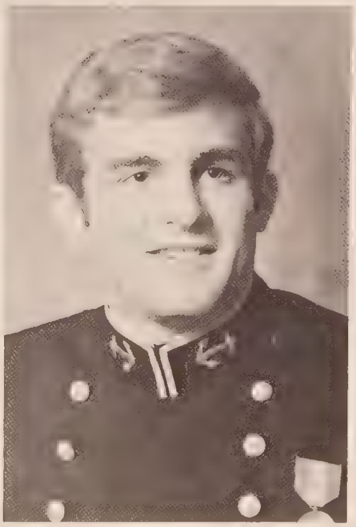
CHARLES WATERSON SWINTON III
"CHARLIE"

Charlie came to the Academy from Walpole, Massachusetts, as everyone could tell once they had heard him speak. He spent the majority of his time with the books, but could be found outside playing football, or skating during his free time. Charlie was an avid sports fan. Everyone knew a team from Boston was playing if he was watching a game on the tube. Charlie's love of backpacking should keep him going while at nuke school in Idaho, next door to Yellowstone, and the Tetons.



BRADLEY JAMES TILGNER
Pistol All-America (1st Team)

Brad has to be the most self-controlled guy around. How can a Viet Nam vet from the fleet hold back all the bull and sea stories? You wouldn't know but for the ribbons. Maintaining his sanity through plebe year by touring with the glee club, Brad discovered he could shoot a pistol better than he could sing and soon found his niche on the varsity team. Lettering all four years, he culminated his USNA shooting career with two national records, three All-American titles, and the #1 collegiate spot in national competition. As he goes on to Pensacola, we know that if Brad can fly as well as he shoots, the sky is the limit! Good luck, Tilgner. Give it your best shot!!

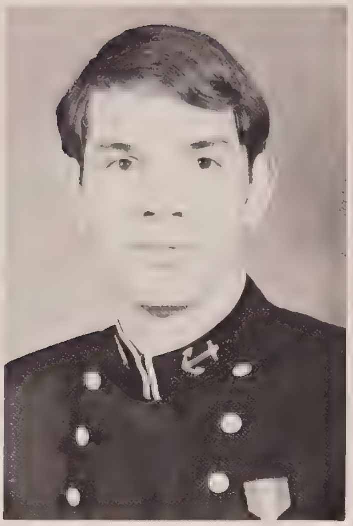


MARC LEWIS TROIANI

After doing a year's time at Bullis Prep, Marc wandered east to the Severn River School for four more years of rehabilitation. York, Pennsylvania is reputed to be his hometown, but he is really just moonlighting out of St. Louis, biding his time until June 8, 1977!

Sportswise the "Kid" always excelled, lettering his first two years on the 150's football team, before shoulder surgery thrust him into the intramural program, opting for fieldball and roaming centerfield on the fastpitch team.

A quick tongue, a sharp wit, and a love for a good time are his trademarks, and flying jets and cheating death is his idea of a Realistic Military Environment. So, it's off to Pensacola in an orange Dodge van with a bottle of Miller's in his hand . . . "Let's RALLY!!"



JOHN E. VIOTTO

Live the time and you won't miss it,
nor it-you. It's only when you
count it and are distressed never to
find the number that you're not justified
CARLA REDDEN

BARY CRAIG WILLCOX

Brigade Operations Officer

It's hard to believe . . . 4 years gone already . . . simply a blur. And Bary you made it — despite the first year inconveniences of arriving a week late for plebe summer, and sitting on T-tables until Christmas. It was tough, guys!

But you had a blast, didn't you? Your roommates were something else — Rob, Jim, and my gosh, you actually lived three years with a guy named "Gnarler." Football came-and went-and came again. "But what's 150's?" You may have lost a knee, but you gained a whole lot more, and soon they'll be calling you "Coach." Second set brought 4 stripes — Surprise!! And December '77 will finally take you to Florida . . .

The friendships were great, weren't they, Bar? The guys that stayed — and those that didn't — they made it all worthwhile. Never forget 'em, and always cherish the times — the good ones and the bad ones — that you shared with them . . . . . and you, Bar? Consistent . . . very lucky . . and very, very grateful . . . Romans 12:1 . . .

JAMES MICHAEL ABBOTT

"JIM"

Jim came to the Academy from the Navy where he spent a little over two years learning how to repair computers. Once here, he decided to keep his "options open" for nuke power and majored in Systems Engineering. Unfortunately, Jim didn't care too much for engineering even though he feels the degree was worth the extra effort. Anyway, keeping his "options open" Jim did the right thing and chose Marine Air. While here, Jim enjoyed playing handball, squash, fieldball, socializing at Donatelli's and driving his JAG XJ6 once a month if he was lucky and got away from the books. Jim plans on doing his 30 years with the Corps and then decide if he wants to make it a career.

BRIAN S. ANDERSON

"B.S."

It's not hard to tell where B.S. hails from. Although he's seen more of the world than anyone we know, when he's not rooting ENTHUSIASTICALLY! For Navy, he can be heard for miles when Oklahoma emerges victorious. Sailing and shooting rifle didn't keep him busy enough, so he took up cheerleading to pass the time (More fun holding girls than guns, eh Brian?) Because he hasn't thrown away anything since he arrived plebe year, Brian has been the #1 man to supply forms, tools, string, utensils, wire, and other assorted gizmos to the company, much to the vexation of his roommates. Sporting gold jump wings as well as an FBM cruise pin on his chest, our much-decorated hero takes an occasional rib in good humor. As an EE major Brian should get a jump in nuc power school; after that it's on to a career in the sub force. With his dedication and energy, we know he'll go far.

"But after all, it's what we've done that makes us what we are."

Jim Croce.

GLENN SHERWOOD BACON

"BAKE, DOC"

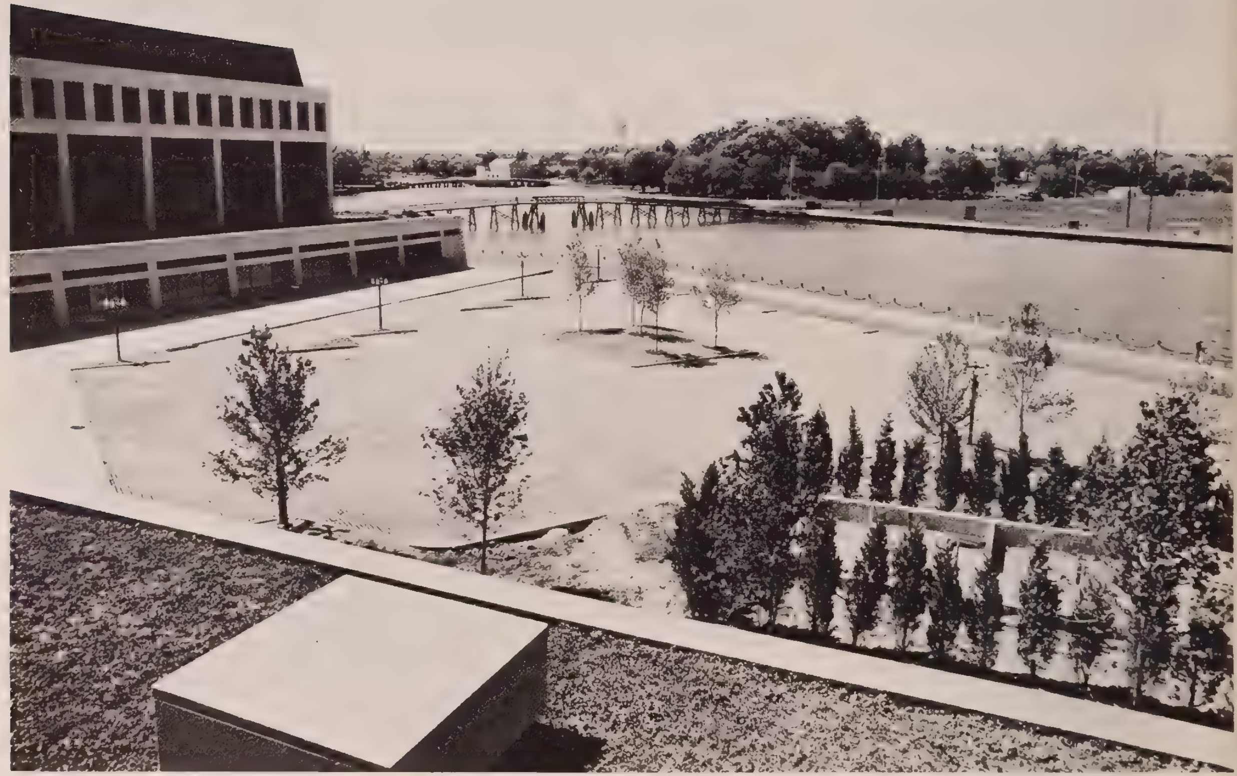
4th Company Commander

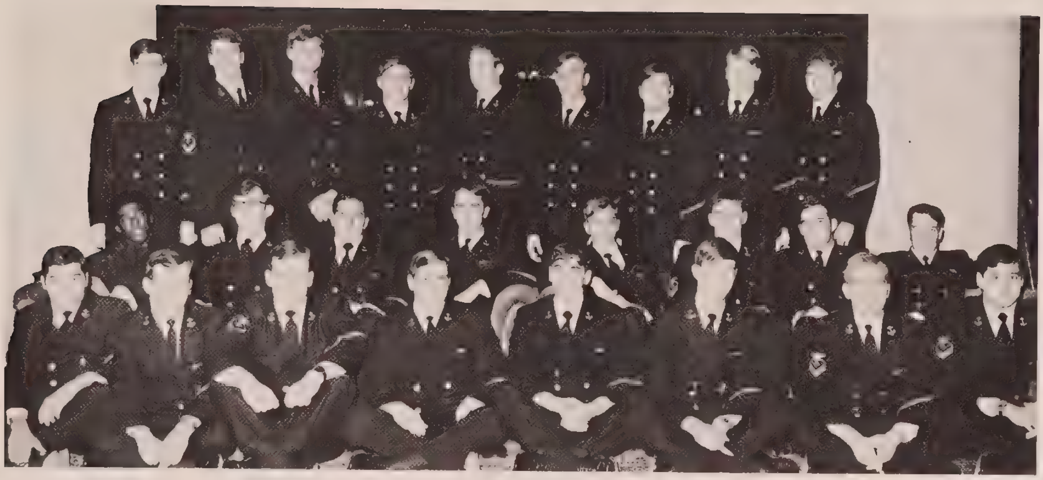
The time here at the Academy has left many good memories of friendships and experiences which won't be forgotten. Thankful for this particular group of men, the bonds will not be shattered by time. E.P. church was a strong source of meaningful relationships and important personal times. The Corey biology classes were challenging and fun, but the best aspect of the Academy was the athletics. Representing USNA in intercollegiate competition meant a great deal to me, as did the day to day games with friends. And then there was fieldball . . .! Whether the future holds a walk in medicine or Navy air, happiness and peace will be there on either path.

"Whatever you do, work at it with all your heart, as working for the Lord, not for men,"

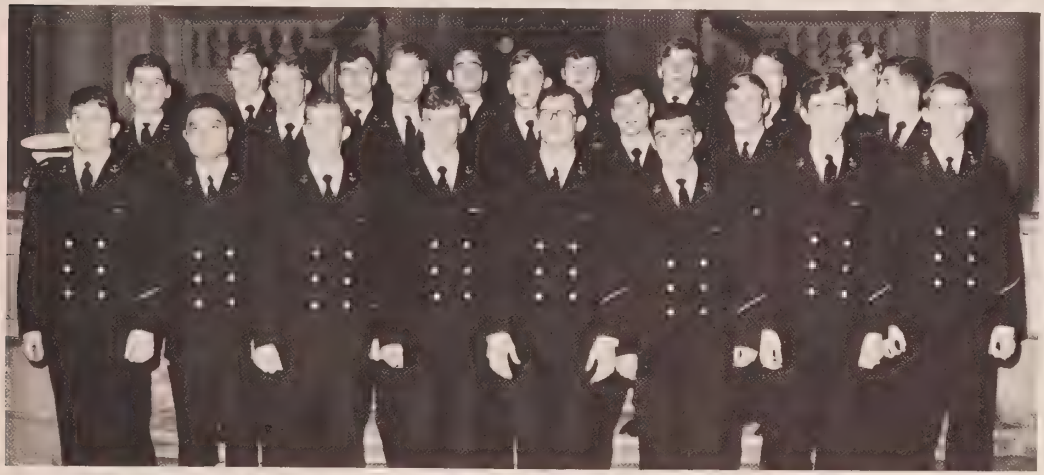
Colossians 3:23

FIFTH COMPANY

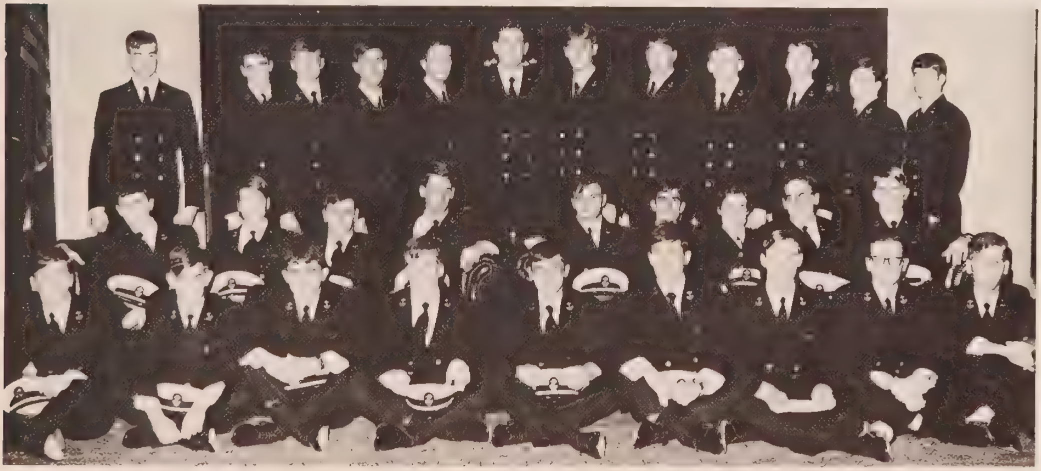




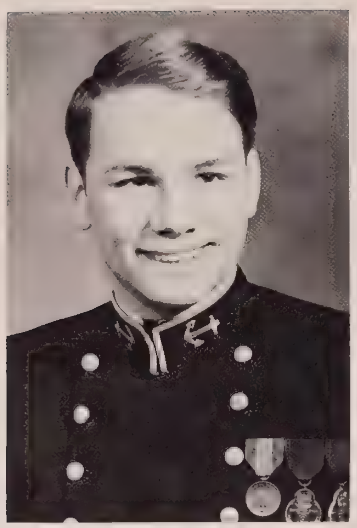
FIRST ROW: (L TO R) C. Espinosa, M. McCaffery, F. Hilder, M. McGee, A. Porchelli, D. Karcher, M. Munson, S. Bradley. *SECOND ROW:* R. Bynum, W. Clark, S. Bradley, W. Pearce, G. Ball, P. Flynn, B. Trapnell, R. Tobey. *THIRD ROW:* J. O'Dwyer, J. Hanson, M. Crum, J. Haley, Negat, R. Borchardt, S. Zehner, Zero, Beep.



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) G. Thornton, N. Camerino, J. Stokes, D. Dammann, G. Hotio, E. Zeigler, P. Grubbs, M. Schreiber. *SECOND ROW:* S. Lauerson, L. Snide, D. Emcrling, R. Phares, A. Urrutia, R. Reynolds, R. Cheurie. THIRD ROW: D. Houseman, E. Berko, J. Kaiser, M. Many, K. Anderson, C. Butler, J. Kasiski.

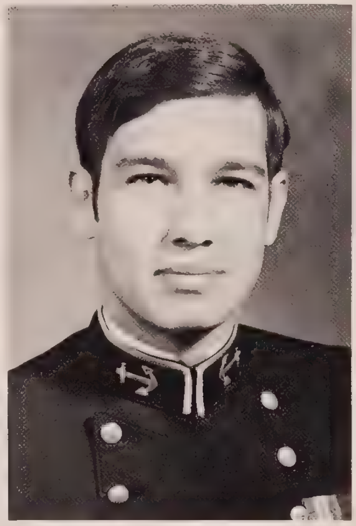


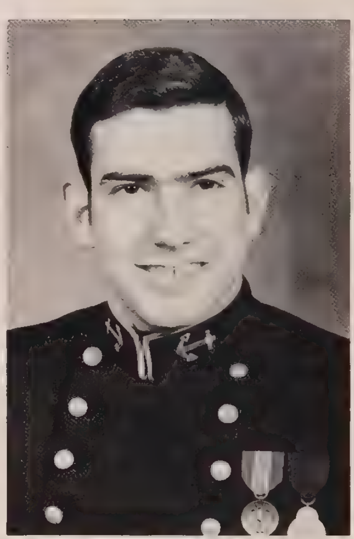
FIRST ROW: (L TO R) W. Steuler, E. Forni, C. Bosnic, H. Raum, D. Starr, E. Connolly, B. McGee, J. Herlocker, M. Lyndgren. *SECOND ROW:* J. Lasala, M. Smiley, W. Reig, B. Huffman, R. Stucky, D. Harris, S. Sheffield, C. Marsh, C. Chapman. *THIRD ROW:* D. Schrader, D. D'Ambra, M. Russell, J. Osborne, R. Raddler, L. Lastreto, J. Mapel, P. Lorditch, B. Blackwell, D. Archer, S. Grey, R. Janisko.



EDWARD CURRAN ANDERSON
"ANDY"

Edward C. Anderson, better known as "Andy", came to the Big Blue from his home in the upper Alleghenys, "The Burgh." Well known for his ability to rack out when there was work to be done, Andy managed to wrangle the position of Company Training Officer for the first semester. It was a nice safe job where he couldn't make too many mistakes, but then he'd made his mark as a real flamer during Plebe Summer. Always a favorite of the Company Officer, Andy made names for himself by racing around in his bright red Vette (Handle: FIREBALL!). He was the Gulf Oil rep for the company and introduced his classmates to the Don-Q Team. Unfortunately all that energy was captured at the Ring Dance by one home town sweetie. Sorry Girls! Andy made a big hit with the Rickover Boys by reading a book about a sunken nuc sub while waiting for his very short interview. With that kind of warfare interest, good ol' Ricky refered him to a FF homeported in the Hawaiian Islands, an appropriate place for him.





JERRY F. BENNETT
"BENNY"

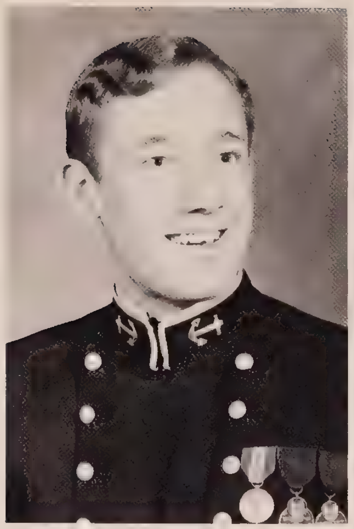
"Benny" Bennett was poured into USNA from the small backwoods town of Cleveland, Ohio; and it didn't take long for everyone to know who he was. Being God's little gift to the distilling industry is a tough job, but Benny lived up to the responsibilities of the position with his bottle(s) of liquid candy canes. And what would the company lightweight team have been without Benny, the company lightweight? Benny was always the charitable sort though. He and his vette voluntarily supported the fiberglass industry during hard times; and Benny even gave the state of Maryland a helping hand by donating a new guard rail on Rt. 50. The old one was made to look like so many squashed beer cans in an experiment to determine which was more durable, the guard rail or Benny's car door. This sort of scientific curiosity made Benny a big favorite of USAA's. Benny will be heading for that Pensacola town after graduation, but his pious motto will long be remembered: "Blessed are the pure in spirits, for there is nothing worse than a mixed drink."

S.J. CALLEROS

WILLIAM J. CLEMENT, JR.

John came to Canoe U. not really knowing what it was all about, but he decided to attack anyway. Plebe Year brought a 3.0 and anonymity-a la Glee Club and the nation's only collegiate-level high school marching band. The Drum and Bugle Corps rapidly faded from the scene — but the Glee Club and Chapel Choir became John's last fleeting grip on sanity. Youngster Year brought notoriety — a new song and California in the springtime. Old ties were broken and lasting ones to form — ones that would give special significance to Handel's MESSIAH and Dec. 11, 1976. Second Class Year brought a new determinism — the light at the end was beginning to cut through the haze. First Class Year brought out the sunglasses, a four-hour work week, and statements like, "What do you mean JUST a model — it's supposed to by my term paper!" John's future, for a time anyway, includes Newport and SWOS, but there — who knows? If you don't like marching to what you hear, the solution is simple — "Write your own!!"

MICHAEL CAPPONI

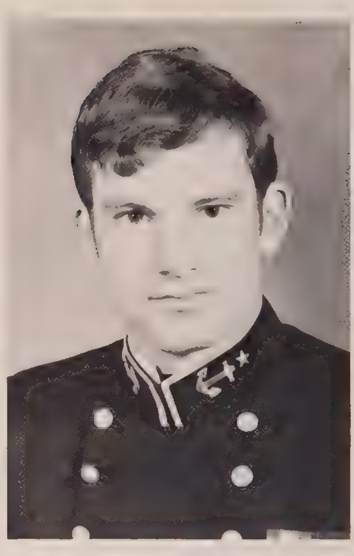


SHAN RORY DELMAR
"SEADUCK"

Shan came to USNA as a Californian with a love for blue skies, mountains, and hiking. At Navy, his pastimes changed from hiking and camping to sailing, tennis, and softball. Of course, being an engineer, Shan devoted much time to studies. Between sports and academics, Shan found time to take part in religious study groups. Those close to Shan know him as easygoing yet concerned with living the Right way. Shan plans to return to sunny California after graduation as a boatdriver and has hopes for a CEC billet in the future. Whether as a surface warrior or as an engineer, Shan's conscientious attitude will undoubtedly make him an excellent officer.

RANDAL FRANKE
"4.0 FRANKE"
1st Battalion Commander

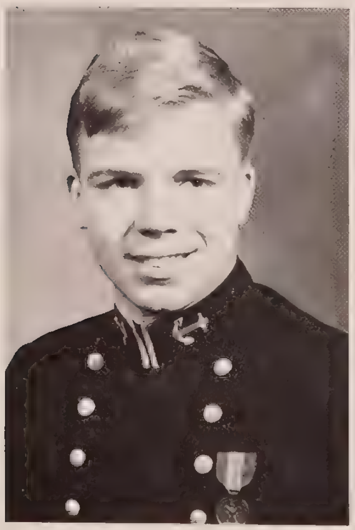
Randy arrived at USNA in the summer of 1973 from Tustin, California. While Plebe Summer was not his time to excell, he quickly found himself with the challenges of academic year. At the first grading period he surprised everyone with a 4.0 average. He has carried the name 4.0 (4-Oh) Franke ever since. By the end of youngster year the rigors of USNA had taken their toll. 4.0 was ready for a change. After surveying the available options, he transfered to USAFA? — an an exchange student. After a semester he returned to Annapolis wondering if he hadn't picked the wrong school three years earlier. In any case, Randy finished first class year with a stint as Battalion Commander, often accused of attempting to change USNA into a USAFA-East. One wonders what he'll do as a medical officer. With graduation, Randy leaves USNA the same way he arrived four years ago, fired with enthusiasm.



ROBERT R. GIRARD

WILLIAM A. GOODWIN

This Maine Man's accomplishments were made outside USNA's academic buildings, in fact his biggest academic achievement will be to graduate. Although attributed the dubious honor of threatening to kill his plebe summer squad leader, this is not totally true. Barnacle tried to be low keyed like his roommate Marv but his character would not allow it; often times others were in on his antics, like the time he made his "free and breezy" trip into goat court — a la menthol shaving cream!; or the 15 minute race from D.C. with navigator Marvin, and the time he decided to serenade a certain telephone pole with his choir of J.J., Capo, and Evil. Bill opted to go Surface Line and is determined to do an outstanding job, so long as he does not try to sing, he will go far. If he does he is certain to be thrown o'board. Here are three tunes for those he leaves behind: "Keep off the curb, Herb," "Mary-Jo Dumbrowsky" and "You take the leg off some old table, ...".

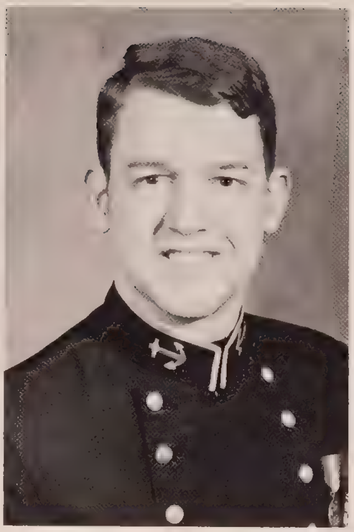


DAVID T. HAYES
"SPACE"

Leaving his revered pair of cross-country skiis behind, Dave came to this hallowed institution from the snowy hills of upper New York. Plebe Summer represented no problems for him — at least none that a suicide note and a Danforth anchor wouldn't cure. Affectionately known as "Space" to all of the members of the Don Q Team, he brightened our potentially dreary lives throughout the 4-year sentence. An Oceanography major, Dave could always be found standing by the window staring at the sky readying his daily weather prediction for all to hear — whether or not they asked for it. The amazing thing is that he was usually right! An avid squash player, Dave was either catching a racquet to the face or taking advantage of his enviable position as #8 man on the Batt team. (By the way, Dave, how is the Pad Monster's serve?) Graduation will find him at SWOS school. We wish you the best of luck, Space.

THOMAS K. HUISMAN
"COACH"
5th Company Commander

Sailing into USNA from the sunny beaches of San Diego, Tom "Coach" Huisman quickly made his mark all over the Crabtown scene. Forever the conscientious scholar, Tom made academics his number one priority for his first two years at the Academy, spending many long hours at the library. While coping with the rigors of his Bioscience major, he always managed time for two or three OAOs at all times, though he professes to everyone that he ended up with just one. After two years on the Navy Pistol Team, Coach was drafted by his company basketball and lightweight football teams. Tailgate parties with "the boys," Friday afternoons in the Palomino Club, and leading the Fifth Company to glory as Company Commander will always be fond memories of Tom. Although he picked Navy Air on Service Selection Night, if things go as planned for Tom he'll go straight to Medical School upon graduation, and then join the ranks of the Navy Medical Corps.



GARY S. KOLLMORGEN
"MORGEN"

Gary came from the beautiful town of Oak Harbor, Washington, to Annapolis after a one year party at Bainbridge. Never one to burn the midnight oil, he still had Dean's list grades. Known for his liking of a cold beer and/or a warm lady, Gary's friendly manner won him many friends. Following in the footsteps of his father and brother, Gary is sure to be a big hit in Pensacola.

RICK LEE JOHNSON
"SQUIRREL"

"Squirrel" Johnson squeaked into USNA from the wilderness west of the Pennsylvania border known as Richville, Ohio. Once here, Rick lost no time in making names for himself. He pinned a girl early in the game and began receiving letters from her mother addressed, "Dear Son . . .". Rick quickly punched out of that mess and went on to other exploits; including a parachute that wouldn't open when it was supposed to, a new car that ran out of gas with all of fifty five yards on the odometer, a Marine lieutenant that didn't appreciate his camophlage at Quantico (it consisted of five daisies stuck in his helmet), and a stint as the assistant paper boy to COMCO 5. Rick soon found the girl of his dreams and gave her a big sparkly diamond. She also took his car. Some of Rick's other hobbies include hurting peoples' ears which his guitar, spelunking in the Rickover Hall basement, and, like a blister, showing up when the work is done. For service selection Rick went civilian line on an unexpected NPQ. Too bad; it's the Navy's loss.

CARL RAYMOND MOORE
"SEYMOUR"
5th Company Commander

Carl Moore, alias Seymour, put Roslyn, Pa. on the map by gracing Navy U. with his 4 year internship as a junior naval officer. A noted Disney fan, Carl had no trouble fitting into the lifestyle at the Big Blue. Weekends found him out speeding in his Trans-Am, playing classical music on his guitar, or more than likely working on an Army project. While at Crabtown On The Bay, Carl was actually able to accomplish something. Carl succeeded in getting command of a yawl, receiving a BZ from the 'Supe' for a second place Army project, and the dream of every Plebe — Company Commander for the second semester. Despite the atmosphere, Carl was still able to keep alive his genuine interest in creative writing, motorcycles, and more importantly his love of the outdoors (especially early morning vigils on Red Beach!). As his final act of defiance, Carl chose Navy Air just to show Pensacola that, "They ain't seen nuthin yet!"

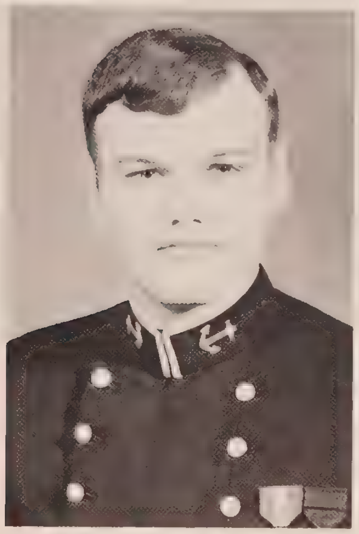
RONALD L. MILLER, JR.
"B.D."
1st Regiment Administration

With his mind on a girl back in Escondido, California, Ron flew the "Great Metal Bird" to BWI and proceeded on to "Canoe U" on 9 July, 1973, where he and the rest of the "Frat-Five," as we became known, assembled for I-Day. Well, here is BD, pasted to the pages of the U.S. Navy's 4,000 most wanted list! I am proud to say that he is one of the charter members of the "Don Q Team" and that he still has his original girl from high school; in fact, he married her. The days of P-works, P-rades, Protests, and Thursday noon inspections have slipped into oblivion. The time spent with toothpicks under his eyelids and an intra-venus coffee drip to complete a Narc project was well spent . . . Just think, you'll be ready for an all-nighter on a reactor! As a four year D&B'er, he has traveled all over, and has never carried a rifle in a P-rade at USNA. I can only wish Ron and his bride the best of luck in their future together . . . And be sure to let "The Boys" know when there are Little B.D.'s running around.

JEFF STONE

"JJ"

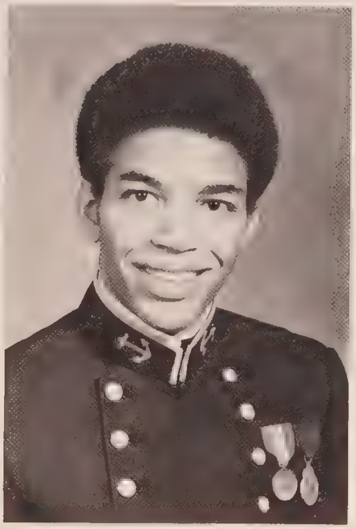
JJ thought he had the system down fairly well; three different company officers in as many years and not a single Class A — until Green Jeans appeared, and what was 'down' wasn't the system. But no matter to JJ, when asked if she was worth the UA pap I recall his oft-used reply that "Life's a — (female canine)." Although JJ's Schwinn served him well, his status (sans auto) required assistance from others en route to the "Palomino Club." On those rare occasions when we saw him on the playing field his major contribution was his mouth, but he'd challenge anyone on the tennis court. Selma, Ca. has been on the map for years as the "Raisin Capitol of the World," but the frat is hoping (especially the heads) that JJ's exploits as a surface jock will earn added notoriety for, his podunk.



WILLIAM L. RICHARDS

"BILL"

Bill came to Annapolis from the steel city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. After enjoying a "jolly" summer with everyone's favorite squad leader, this rube settled right in for his long winter's nap at the Chesapeake Barge and Boat School. Snaring Oceanography as a major, "the Rube" started in netting the women and leaving the fish for the hall rats. Never known to need to crack the books much, Bill came across with the right grades at the right times. After two great cruises to northern and southern Europe, Bill found himself ready at graduation time to take a fast ship and sail in harm's way.



MARVIN L. ROGERS

"MARVELOUS"

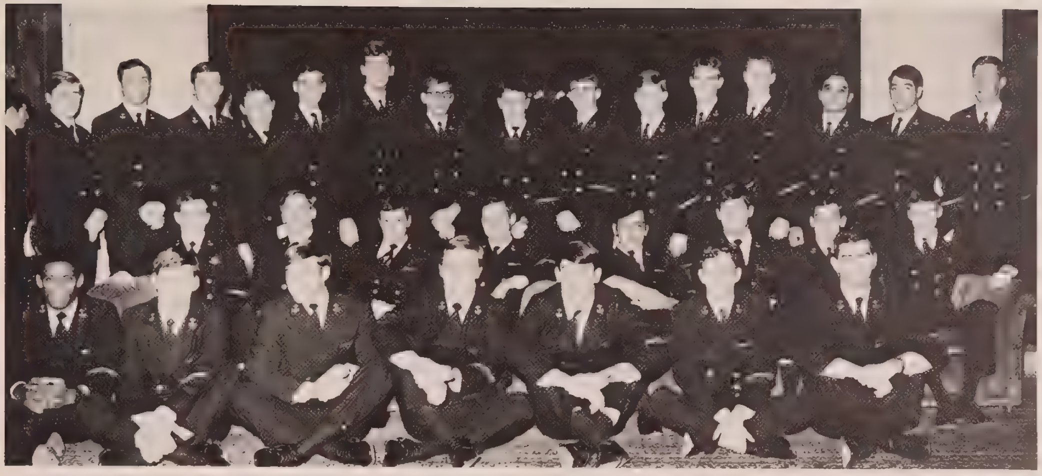
Marvin Rogers also known as "Marvelous" and "The Hat" came to Navy fresh and naive out of high school from Denver Colorado. The Don Q Team have hence educated him in the worldly ways. Being a General Engineer and basically a "Hall Rat" for the past three years Marv spends most of his first class weekends and early hours of the morning preparing himself for his bouts with the Academic Department where he fights tooth and nail in the pursuit of justice, the 2.0, and to get the green monkey off his back. When he does take a breather between rounds he enjoys the beauty of his long awaited companion, a bright orange Corvette named Thunderbolt. Selecting the Surface Line life he can hardly wait to speed off to San Francisco where his new sleek and deadly AOR is waiting his arrival.

RONALD L. RODGERS

"DAN"

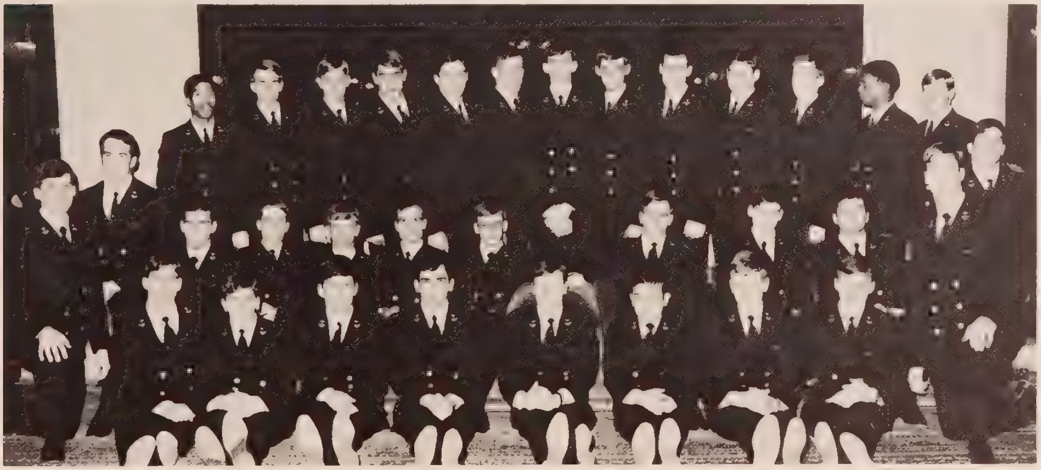
Ron hails from the town of Southampton, Pennsylvania and spent his four years here either throwing baseballs (with his elbow up!), in the weight room, studying, or on the weekends, partying. A person for whom things did not come easily, Ron worked hard on and off the field to become a success. His weekend routine was upset for two months second class year, but he has come back better than ever. Heading for the Corps and hopefully law school, he is hoping for a long and happy career with plenty of success.

SIXTH COMPANY



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) J. Peterson, S. Dingleberry, S. Hincks, R. Cellon, P. McCormick, S. Dowell, H. Hopper. *SECOND ROW:* C. Ridenhour, T. Sawyer, J. Daisher, J. Lyver, N. Cayabyab, L. Price, J. Koslow, T. Grodek. *THIRD ROW:* D. Babcock, D. Serfass, J. O'Neil, B. Backus, C. Cobb, K. Stein, J. Plencnerd, M. Patton, R. Godfrey, S. Lilly, K. Wammack, J. Hallgren, R. Luevano, J. Anderson, G. Atchison.

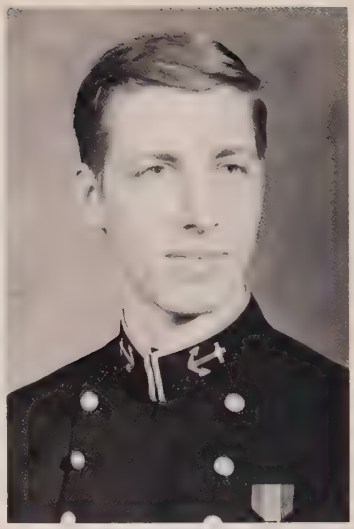
FIRST ROW: (L TO R) G. Gleshman, R. Schneider, R. Huddleston, P. Evans, G. Monroe, P. Branum. G. Curtis, M. Williamson. *SECOND ROW:* J. Ziolkowski, M. Ranz, J. Spiller, R. Kutch, C. O'Neil, D. Taggart, H. Larson, D. Yip, J. McCormick, W. Borger. *THIRD ROW:* B. Rohrs, M. Doyle, R. Gagne, R. Downs, J. Botek, J. Godley, M. McGonigle, O. Schupp, K. Holly, K. Kaker.



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) G. McLean, A. Madarasz, L. Rossetti, M. Dorris, A. Barton, G. Camacho, J. Brady, G. Robinson. *SECOND ROW:* L. Gordon, M. Boensel, M. Hale, D. Smith, D. Huey, K. Bunker, R. Berkchile, E. Rymsza, J. Denice, R. Rusell, T. Fitzpatrick, J. Grunewalk. *THIRD ROW:* B. Cornish, E. Watts, K. McAdow, J. Galli, D. Quessenberry, D. Tanner, R. Jones, E. Vandenhende, J. McGlocklin, S. Laukaitis, B. Ross, D. Raymond, G. Larson.

WILLIAM K. BRISTOW
"BILL"
Brigade Administration Officer

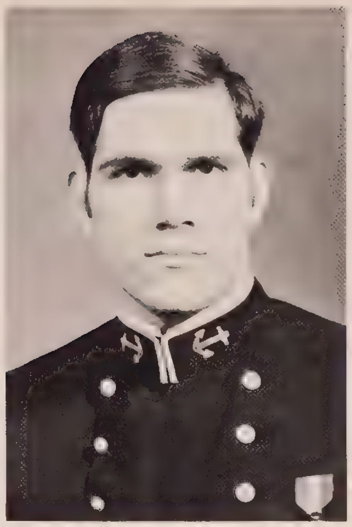
Bill came to the Academy from King of Prussia, Pa. Yes, it really is a town. A 1972 high school graduate, Bill spent a year at a civilian college before the Academy decided it was ready for him. Plebe Summer, Bill decided that he would not like marching E.D., so he hasn't yet. A math major, Bill is an avid member of the Adm. Rickover pen pal club and has taken nuclear surface as his choice. He has enjoyed his four years at USNA, meeting people, travelling abroad, intramurals with a wind chill of −30. Bill has learned not to worry about things he can't control. A career man? "Ask me in twenty years, I should know by then."



HENRY H. BRUS III

My time at Navy has opened new areas of opportunity to me. I have gained new insight into myself and the world at large. I am on the threshold of many experiences in a career I believe will be most rewarding and enjoyable.

It is with a certain unexplainable sadness that I will depart, for it means the end of many relationships.



GENE ROBERT CIONI
"C.I."

Good ol' C.I. the Co. surface expert. If it floats Gene can tell you all about it. Formerly known as "dancing bear," he spent most of his academy life on the meat squad. He wouldn't give up. Finally, 1/c year he was on the starting lineup. They made him a coach, and gave him his N for his valiant efforts. He spent too many nights trying to "absorb the gouge." He made it though. Now he's headed to NAPS to coach there and then pick up SWOS school in Jan. After that he's got an LKA (that lucky 3#&'!) on the west coast for a couple of years. Then, if he wants it, he'll get his option for Pensacola. He'll do well in the fleet 'cause he's a hall rat at heart. His idea of fun is plotting a round of anchor bearings. But most important, he's got a good head and a good heart. He can vector me on target anytime!

DAVID COSS
"TICKLES"

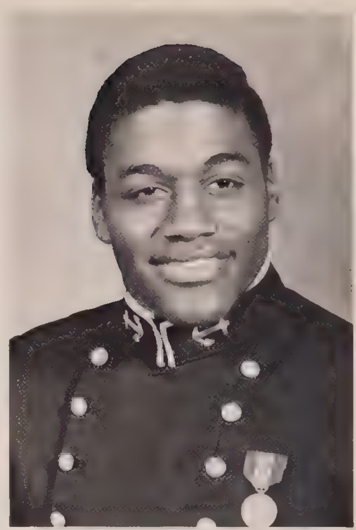
Dave descended upon USNA from the land of the Fighting Irish and the Hurryin' Hoosiers not to get an education, but to provide his mother an address in order to satisfy her fetish of mailing food. It was this same food that made our French-speaking "Tickles" smell like roses, or as he would say, "l'air du temps." A great friend and easy-going guy, Ticks could get tough when he wanted to. Like when loaning a dime. But words are free and Dave generously showered us with "I.U. — tough" at least once a day. Widely acclaimed as the "sweat" of the Mafia, Dave pulled the wool over everyone's eyes (including his own) by quietly accumulating more rack time than the rest of the company combined. After donating one year the better part of his right knee to Navy football, he retired to the rigors of intramural sports, the fairer sex, and holding his breath until graduation. Needless to say, the Naval Academy's loss is Navy Air's gain in this case. Good luck, kid.

RAYMOND PAUL CREVIER, JR.
"MONGOL"

"My Roommate;" a buffalo wrestlin, midnight oil burnin, hulk of a man (often known as Mongol), who came to us from Jefferson, South Dakota. The strong arm of the Mafia, Ray spent much of his time keeping the boys in line. Any afternoon one could find Ray benching the third wing or occasionally toying with the Olympic weights in Halsey. After spending three and one half dedicated years with Navy football Ray retired to the rigors of long weekend liberty, the D.C. O-Club and the whims of the opposite sex. Ray's A-6 Intruder will undoubtedly be the first jet in the Navy's inventory to have muscles under its wings. All jesting aside, one could not ask for a better friend and life-long buddy than that in Ray Crevier, Jr. who was as well a gentleman of liberal education, refined manners, punctilious courtesy and the nicest sense of personal honor. All the best to you Raymond.

REX DERBY
"DERBs"

A happily married man is he; a pilot's what he wants to be. If he finds his life's OK, then maybe he'll decide to stay. He spent his time with his woman (this was no hall rat). He used a shovel to get his grades. He wanted to try everything: SCUBA, Flying, WMID, Crew, Parachuting, 150's, and the Squad. He enjoyed it all and wants to do more. He's also learning how to make things disappear, in case the wife gets out of hand, and pull rabbits out of a flight helmet. He had a good summer with the plebes and really got close to his guys (in spite of those cheap-shots, Bruno). Now it's on to bigger and better things. No more field ball ref'ing, Form-2 dodging, or seawall parking (Heh, Heh!). Time to start a family, make a million, and enjoy life to the fullest. "Life is but a smile. To take life too seriously is to already be dead!" — Anon By the way, Davem not one word was a lie.



RONALD DUPLESSIS

LAWRENCE A. ENDACOTT
"LARRY"

Larry was one of the lucky few who made his escape from the beer, broads and easy living at Oregon State University and a NROTC scholarship to come to the shelter of Mother B. Although warned by big brother about the Boat School, Lar showed up anyway ready to find out about the "real" Navy. He soon found out the "real" Navy didn't want him to have any hair, so Thursday noon was always a trying experience. When not dodging haircut inspections Larry could be seen setting Batt X-country records during the week and in the company of a young lovely on the weekends. Summer leave found him thumbing on Air Force Airways around the world with final destination usually Hawaii, Europe or a skirt. Firstie Lar became one of the first members of Sweet Suzies Six, cranking out term papers for the Poly Sci. dept. and alternating between his class and grease girl. After graduation Pensacola will be next port of call on a reservation with Navy Air.

DAN EDWARD FENN, JR.
"CAPTAIN"

"Captain," another one of those Texans, is proud to hail from the sprawling metropolis of Atlanta.

Dan came to Navy after a hard year at Bullis Prep, ready to take on the tough "first year." Knocking down obstacles as they came along, he refined himself into a very amiable person. A climber of Mt. Washington and Grand Teton no one can doubt his outdoorsmanship. The mountains he has climbed and years at USNA will be reflections that can beat any challenge set before him. Surface line will be getting a fine officer.

WILLIAM D. FROST, II
"FROSTY"
1st Battalion Operations Officer

He took the Nuke School finals 3 weeks early in order to come to Plebe Summer. Ever the academic genius, he breezed through Engineering Physics with a near 4.0, while always maintaining that he was struggling. Experiences during a semester at West Point, a cruise on the Portugese sailing ship, Sagres, and associations with a few close friends, have greatly broadened Bill's personality. At Airborne School, we were all amazed when he greeted us on crutches upon our return from the DZ the afternoon that he broke his leg. He was so squared-away that he even slit his WUB'A' trousers for his cast so that he would not have to wear whiteworks like the rest of the baggers. Bill became interested in athletics here, and this along with his observance of the Marine ethic has robbed Adm. Rickover of one of his most militarily correct and professionally-minded officers. Bill Frost's personal integrity and sense of duty will ensure him of the loyalty and respect of his Marines.

MARK GARDNER
"RAGNUTS"

Mark lost no time making a name for himself at Navy as the "Ragman" of the Mafia. This Texas-born New Jerseyite saw it all in Navy football, including injuries. A hospital vet, Ragman rotated from defensive back to QB, from varsity to 150's. And to think he could have been wingin' to the Twit at Rutgers. But football led to bigger and better things, from fieldball to a late-night Stribling Walk fantasy to a book full of ladies. Who was that Ring Dance date Mark? Co-Demo champion first class year, the Ragman never lost his urge for a good scrap. That excess restriction energy, huh Mark? Navy Air will get the occasionally uptight though always sincere Gards. Say Mark, is it true that blondes have more fun?

JOHN CHARLES GAVIN
"JACK, HACK, TANK"
6th Company Commander

Gaffer was one of the biggest snowjobs ever to grace USNA. As a member of the species "derelictus alcholi," Jack could usually be found in some bar on Saturday nights, unless he had watch, in which case you'd have to catch him there a little earlier. Being one of the more popular fellows in the company, Jack changed roommates more often than he did his underwear. Gav's first roommate, the Peeps, was a very valuable commodity in his eyes, for the thought of Roomie plummetting 4 stories to T-Court meant 2 weeks of skiing to the Tank. Intimidation was the better part of valor for Jack, and forcing his roommate into a laundry bag at knifepoint was consistent with his mature behavior. Navy football punted on first down when it let hard-hitting Jack Gavin go, but this just gave Jack more time to develop his studliness, which he employed as Company Cdr in charming the pants off our C.O. If he can snow the Marines the same way he did the C.O.'s, Gavs will go far. If not, he can get out and use his FPI to become Ambassador to Schlitz.

PETER WILSON GRIEVE
"PEEPER"

Notre Petit Garcon drifted down from the hills of Monson Mass. with a sparkle in his eye and a taste for freedom, which under the careful guidance of his roommate blossomed into a knack for maintaining the first, and continually expanding the latter. Plebe year came as a breeze, sleep never being much of a problem as he seldom saw anything, save the inside of his eyelids before 7:15. His youngster year saw a change of roommates but not a change of style. It was in the fall of this year that he became famous for his chilling jaunt across the great expanse of T-Court, au Naturel. Wine, women and sport were as natural to Peeps as a diaper is to an infant. Never one to pamper himself, he finally achieved his dream of an N-Star when he scored the winning goal against Army second class year. First class year brought all the good things in life: a Corvette, a girl in every port, max hair, max liberty, and the Marine Corps??. He shocked us all including himself by selecting to wear the Green, but if he doesn't like it, he'll go Canadian Line.

JEFFREY HALL HEELY
"HEELS"

A manager by heart. Jeff drank his way into USNA via training at Belleville East H.S. in Belleville, Illinois. Heels could handle it all; and in fact did. Dodger was heavily involved in the social scene on and off "Campus." Tennis and Squash were high on his list of studies, rather priorities. Known as the most pupular man in town, but always in town; Jeff Heely will most certainly make a fine impression upon the Surface Warface Community as "Ensign Heels."

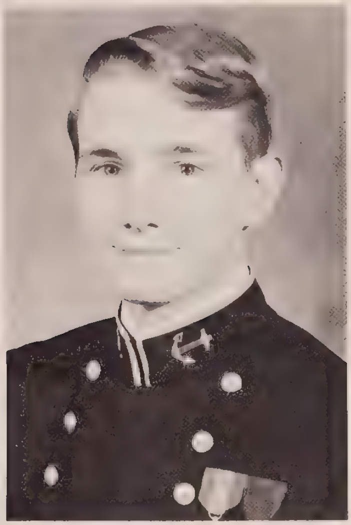
RICHARD CARL KIRSTEN
"RICH"

Rich flew into the Boat School from the wide open spaces of Chester, Montana ready for anything that the Navy could put to him. Three semesters of plebe english and a "terrific" youngster cruise later, he finally got the hang of the place and commenced to center his interests on the art of fieldball, an occasional youngster afternoon nap, and a sweetheart from Fairfax, Virginia. At nights he could be seen putting golf balls down the hallways or watching reruns of Star Trek for the umpteenth time or maybe taking the "academic challenge seriously." Though a hard line nuke puke for nearly three years Rich bowed out of the world of underseas pipe driving and opted for the glory and glamor of Navy Air. He said something about doing a loop with a P-3 as he signed his name on the dotted line at Service Selection Night. With his "White Elephant" (a '68 Vette), his Fairfax Fox, and a ticket to fly he surely has fine potential to become a good Naval Officer.

ROBERT C. LAMB

"CLARK"

Hailing from the land of sun, this Arizona boy found his way out of the desert, only to find that he couldn't afford a ticket home. Rob sought to fulfill his fiery-eyed dreams on the NAVY gridiron. NAVY fumbled and Lambo eventually found fame in the B.F.L. and other non-contact sports such as rugby, fieldball, and the opposite sex. Who can ever forget Clark and his zirconium tweezer totin sidekick Lois. Though mild-mannered during the week, Clark on weekends shed all his inhibitions and sometimes clothes and was often seen giving Saturday nite swimming lessons in the raw on 1-4. Where's that photo puss? Rob finally settled down, but not without a few scraps with denmother Sue. Well, this pack ain't never comin back! You betcha fella! Rob say nice guys finish last. Don't bet on it! 826



JAMES SINGLETON JENKINS

"JENKS"

Jenks, The Jen, Fingers, Ferg, Neb, James, Jim — added much to the life in 6th Company. A guy who brought Texas with him to the Naval Academy. You could always relate Jenks with either Texas, the piano, Navy Air, and most importantly Jesus Christ. When he couldn't play the piano, sometimes he would just run his fingers along the desk top. Yes, Jim came to Navy with high hopes of flying. Not only did he achieve that, but he contributed much more. A guy you could always talk to, laugh with, or laugh at. Jim will always be remembered by the men of 6th Company.

LARRY MICHAEL LAUGHLIN

"LOFF"

Larry Laughlin is a man who has had a great impact on those having lived and worked with him here at the Boat School. Always a cheerful Texan, Larry shared something far greater than just good will — he shared Jesus Christ with us. Besides this, he gave us words of great importance such as "Oh croak," "No Biggie," and "A-uh." Larry, being a Surface Line type, can be said to have made Navigation history, for when it appeared as if all was lost, the Lord said, "2.00 for that man," and it was done! Greater known as "The Graphics Major," Larry surely had many opportunities to trust in the Lord. Perhaps being best known as being a member of the "God Squad," Larry most certainly let it be known that above all else, he was living for Jesus Christ!

DAVID JOHN REIDY

"D.J."

Faster than a speeding bullet, hotter than a Plebe Summer comearound, able to strike at any unsuspecting soul; this was the mark of the Reid's when he invaded the halls of Bancroft. His fun was cut short when he inherited Peeps for a roommate and found someone who could dish it out as much as he could . . . Study hour never produced the 4.0 for the "O," but after relentless hours of searching and minutes of study he kept above that magic midpoint. Dave was the Vidal Sassoon of the penthouse who kept the Mafia in style from Fall to fall. His reputation spread to the farthest reaches while his time was cut to an appointment-only basis. Even the "O" was desirous to find D.J. doing his best work . . . Frequent jumps of the wall occured after receiving his first grade card Plebe year. With unlimited weekends as a second class, he soon forgot the hall and this influenced him to keep his feet on firmer ground, barring a slide or two to help the adjusters earn a living . . . Now home is where he's headed with Navy Air taking the bill.

MICHAEL OHLER
"MOHLER BEAR"

Mike came to the Academy with high hopes of going to sea as a naval officer but somewhere along the line the Marines were able to change his mind. Mike always has enjoyed the great outdoors and has been the foremost camping and backpacking authority in the company, so he should feel right at home with the Marines. When Mike isn't around the Academy, chances are he is out camping somewhere. The biggest change in Mike's life came plebe year when he became a Christian and he has been leading others to Christ ever since. A devout Christian, Mike has truly set an example for all to follow. A finer and more loyal friend than Mike could not be found. He has always been rather outspoken and has a spirited personality that one can't help but like. The Navy lost one good officer while the Marines gained one extraordinary grunt.

DAN SAYNER
U.S. National Crew Team

If one word could be used to describe Dan, it would have to be "dedication." Dan was a two year varsity letter winner in crew and placed first in the Intercolligate Rowing Associations pairs event. Status such as this is achieved only through total dedication. For those who have known him, one could not ask for a more trustworthy friend. A somewhat quite and taciturn person on first impression, Dan is none the less full of mischief. He enjoys the outdoors and traveling around the U.S.

I'm sure Dan will find what he is looking for in the U.S.M.C.

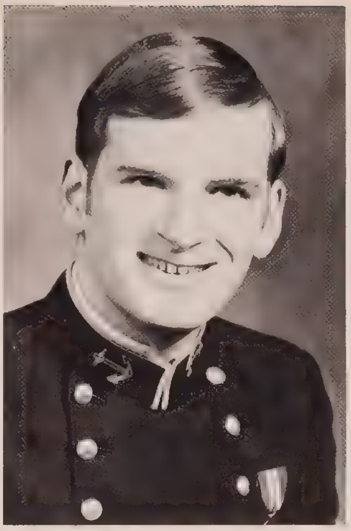
KEITH SPANGENBERG
"SPANG"

Known as "Spang" by most except his roommate who always called him "Norm." Keith got off to a good start with the firsties Plebe Summer when he became the S.S. under the alias of "Laughingberg." Then Keith added a little Culler to his life during academic year and found out what it was like to have a plebe year. To make sure his weekends would be enjoyable his last three years, Keith brought up his high school sweetheart from Florida to attend a local college. The romance ended in June Week wedding in the Chapel. Keith's only big accomplishment while at Mother B was to never march in a Color Parade. His two most favorite words were Navy Air; his dream came true. Keith's stay at the Academy was highlighted by his growth in Christ through the encouragement and teaching of Dick Bumpass. Keith thanks the Lord for providing such a living example of the Word as Dick.

MICHAEL L. THORP
"MIKE"

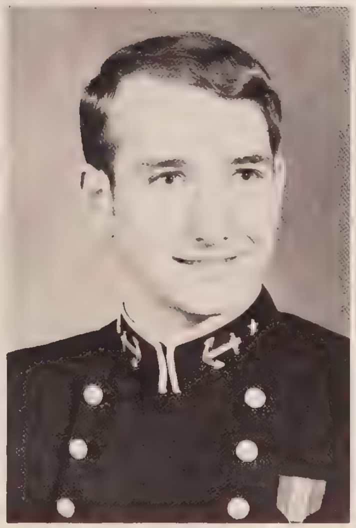
Four years at USNA tend to produce several changes in a person; changes ranging from original goals to personal maturity. On entering this establishment as a naive plebe, I was faced with the stark reality that Canoe U. was very different from what I had expected. Staying here that first summer was probably the hardest thing I have ever done in my life. It took me a year, and about 50 demerits, to become adjusted to USNA. In four years, many things have changed: my grades are better, my eyesight is worse. Many of my experiences here I will remember with fondness. To all of those who went through four years with me, let me wish you all the best of luck in your careers.

RICHARD VANT HOF



MICHAEL KEVIN BOILER

I came to this small college on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay from fun and sunny California. I was looking for adventures, and was definitely taken on a few plebe year. Youngster cruise was a nice three month vacation at home, but youngster year was one disaster after another. I guess USNA figured I had to many good deals this early in my career as a midshipman. About the only great thing that happened second class summer was it rained the whole time I was at Quantico, so there were no tick inspections. Second class year was a year of achievement, or else a year of separation, I achieved. Spent a nice 13 days at home for first class cruise, and then spent the rest of my time on plebe detail drilling plebes, ploobs, and Beedy Eyes, or visiting such scenic armpits of the Mediterranean as Syracusa, and Naples. After a wonderful 1st class cruise I decided that Marine Air was the thing for me, after all the Marines do spend a lot of time on the beaches having fun in the sun and the surf.



DAVID ALLSOPP
"DAVE"
1st Battalion Sub Commander

Dave bubbled up from Indialantic, Florida, surfaced and quickly became entangled in the academy. Dave's athletic career began with three years of semi-successful competing on the varsity swimming team and climaxing with batt. Cross country and light weights senior year. Dave had his hands full learning to live with two great roommates, Mike Ohler and Bill Bristow, and trying to aspire in his major, operations analysis. While at USNA, Dave was Blessed with a deeper love for Jesus Christ. A desire to play the guitar and piano well, a little scuba diving and a fast car. Despite his major, he was accepted into Adm. Rickover's program and is looking forward to submarine driving.

RICHARD MARSHALL WHITEHURST
"RACK"

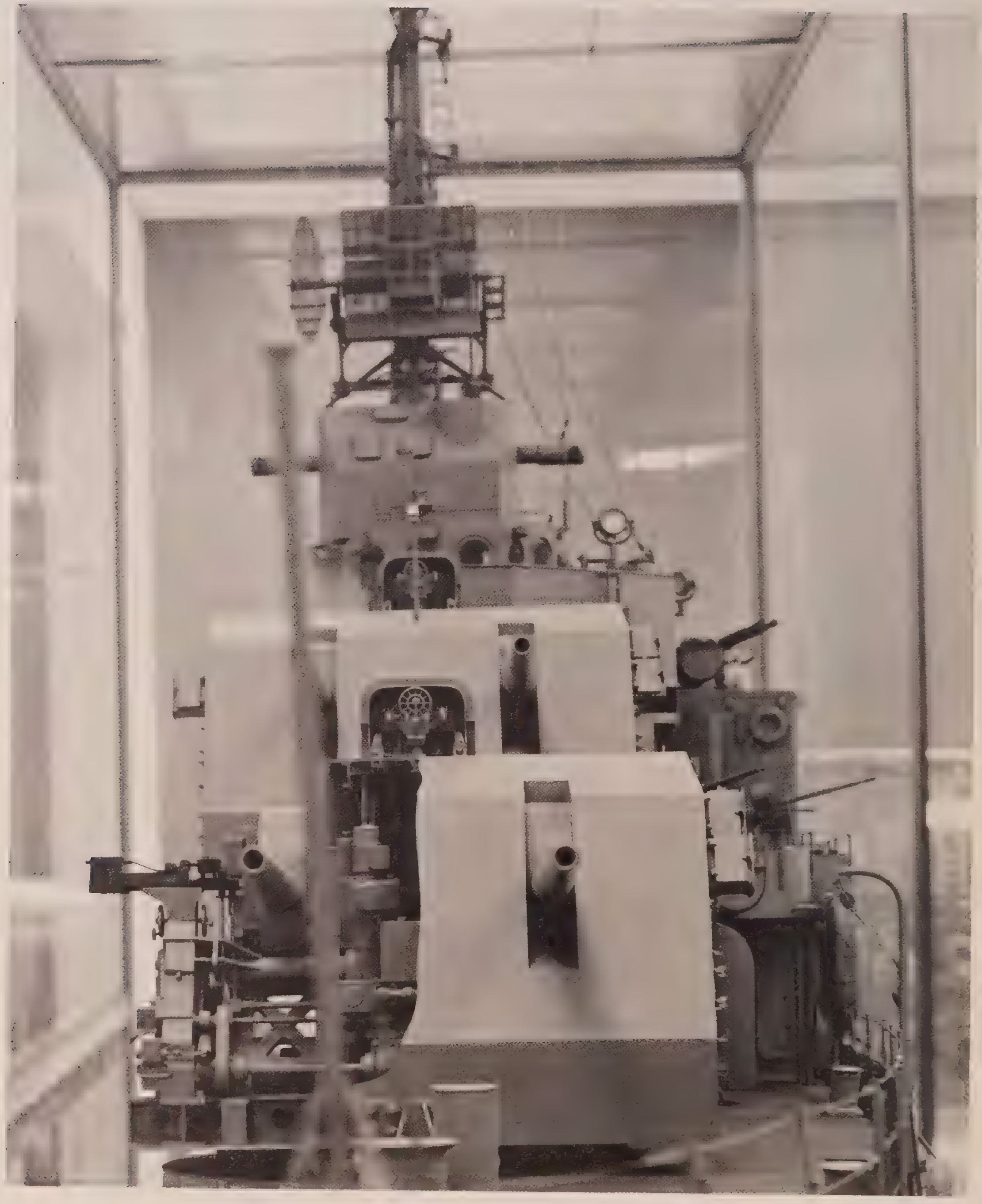
"Rack" came to USNA asking no quarter and giving none. Keeping a low profile and attacking academics were his primary functions during plebe year. Rack was given his nickname youngster year by amazingly sleeping through the daily routine. Maybe so, but many a night was spent burning the midnight oil in quest of the elusive Four-0. Second class year saw Rack shift gears to Z-cars, stereos, and afternoons in the rack. Drift and bag-it factors climbed into the twilight zone as the cum plunged. Firsty year rolled around to find dreams of service in the sewer pipes coming true.

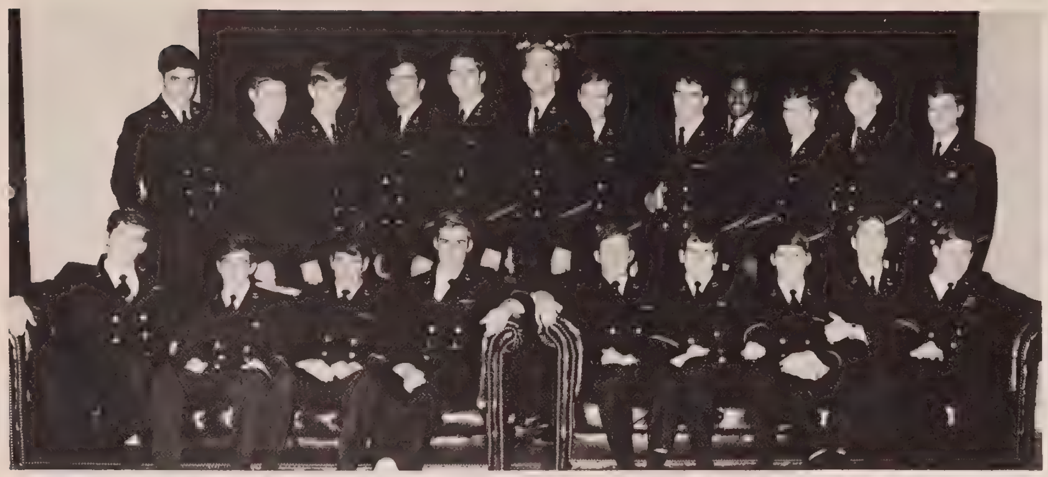
When he wasn't in it, Rack could usually be found on the Severn with the varsity sailing team, and he could always be found fading into the nearest wall. Rack hasn't decided on his ultimate ambition, but he'll settle for a submarine command at sea for now.

GEORGE W. ACKLEY
"DR. ABDUL BEN ACKMED"
6th Company Commander

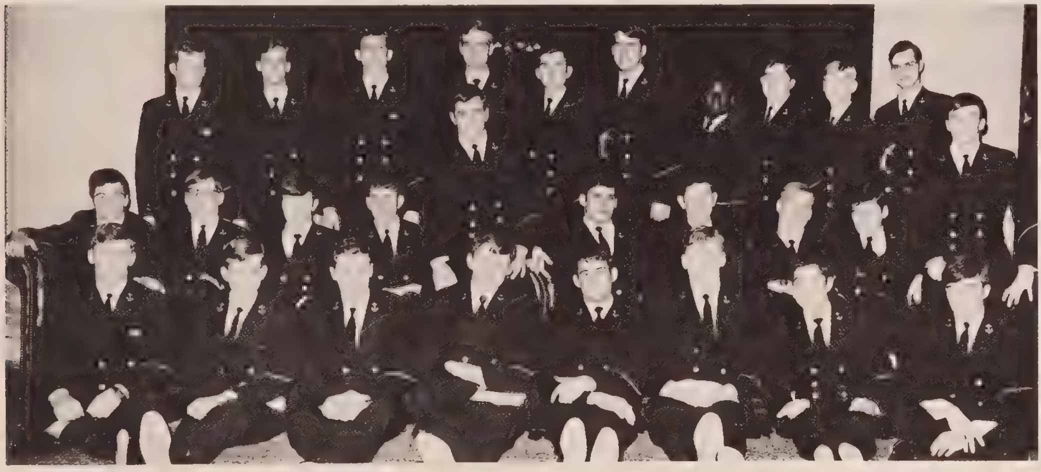
"My Roommate," George William Ackley surnamed "Baby Mongol" but more notably referred to as "Dr. Abdul Ben Ackmed" could be found afternoons benching the lockers in the third wing basement or intellectually discussing his remedy for the world's most recently discovered disease with his associates. How about washing that white coat now and then George. A paragon in the game of fieldball "The Dr." could not be denied a goal. Never one to remain silent when a word of advice was in order "The Dr." could occasionally be heard lending his vociferous vocabulary to those in need. A true friend to those who knew him, this meritorious individual, George William Ackley was as well a gentlemen of liberal education, refined manners, punctilious courtesy and the nicest sense of personal honor.

SEVENTH COMPANY

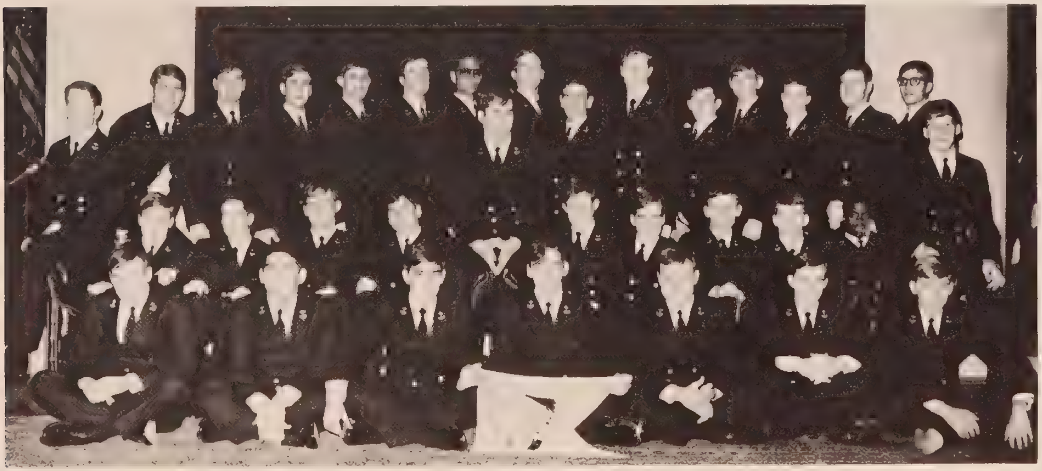




FIRST ROW: (L TO R) G. Burgess, S. Kloppmann, S. Miller, M. Ferguson, S. Witten, S. Petersen, J. Webster, J. Cheever, E. Davis. *SECOND ROW:* J. Clites, S. Langdon, C. Stephenson, D. Brown, R. Westberg, M. Roberts, J. Alford, C. Breslin, L. Prince, J. Chartrand, D. Popiels, P. Martin.



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) F. Patterson, T. Wetierald, J. Deconto, C. Rehling, T. Olivier, B. Leszczynski, B. Pong, H. Hanson. *SECOND ROW:* D. Palmer, G. Stoutenberg, G. Kiefer, J. Fraser, D. Wilson, T. Gehrki, T. Smith, P. Long, J. Gonzales, C. Dowd. *THIRD ROW:* B. Brocato, N. Mitenios, G. Parker, J. Pierce, D. Stevenson, J. Galway, P. Darring, P. McGrath, W. Macht, A. Gonzalez.



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) S. Cox, R. Morishita, F. Gaitan, C. Sutter, L. Hall, D. Roy, K. Baden. *SECOND ROW:* D. Vaughn, G. Morrisette, E. Young, R. Friddle, M. Fitzgerald, S. Barbour, W. Borchers, R. Lepper, S. Cathcart, A. Jiles, T. Puls. *THIRD ROW:* J. McKee, B. Powers, J. Wells, M. Hahn, D. Kish, J. Gibson, E. Brooks, W. Clement, R. Thompson, C. Conroy, M. Borowski, R. Petersen, M. Willis, R. Parnell, P. Castleman.

KEVIN PAUL BUCK
"BANGLA"

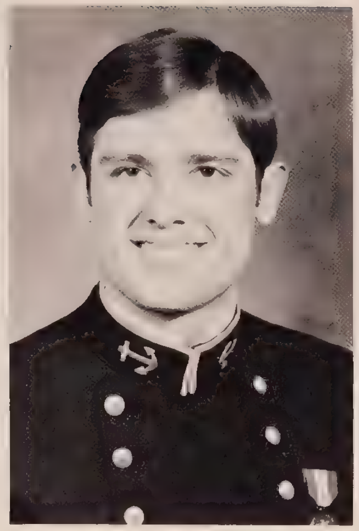
Bangla flew into the academy from Simi California. From the very first day with his skin head haircut he was Marine Corp to the limit. He remained semper fidelis until second class year when he decided that he and the Marine Corp just would not mesh. He decided that the NRF life was for him and so he is now protecting Baltimore Harbor.

SEAN CARROLL
"REGGAE SEAN"

Sean "Cool Cat" Carroll made his timely entrance into this resort area by way of Ohio originally, and more recently by way of Boston, Mass. Upon arrival, he wasted no time in establishing himself as trivia king. Although a position held highly in esteem, a trivia leader by no means rates 3-striper liberty — a fact either unknown or ignored by Sean, as a certain occupant of 1200-b Gemini will readily attest to. Another of the many prestigous positions held by Sean, this one being the Company colors rep, much of the time kept him in shallow waters, yet those waters were deep enough to drown his weekends if he failed to come up with a foolproof plan to turn Seventh Co. into First Co. This resulted in the initiation of many gimmics, one being the long-running "7th Co. News," which helped to motivate the company to strive for mediocrity. For service selection, Sean finally lucked out and was able to snap up the last NRF ship, out of Brooklyn, NY where he will serve his first sea duty. Best of luck Reggae Sean.

WILLIAM A. CLARIDGE
"DOLLAR BILL"

Billy, known as "Dollar Bill" to his friends has finally beaten Navy. He ran away with the first battle beating Systems with a 3.0 and almost beating Szlasa in Lax practices. While the Lax battle was close, he was clearly one of the many underdogs in the Officer-Firstie standoff. Dollar has helped many with his "gouge" and his extra special literature in their time of need. Unfortunately he comes from Baltimore, but he is going to Pensacola.



GEORGE DUCHAK
"BUTCH"

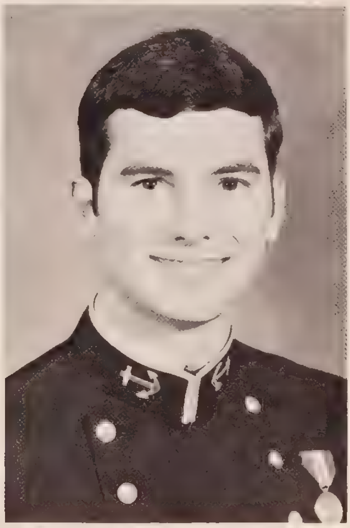
George breezed into USNA from the windy city four years ago. With his M.E. major, the years here have been almost as easy. His career as an NFO should be long and happy.

RICK CRAIG
"RICKY 'D'"

During his 4 years at Annapolis, Rick has developed a style all his own. While many tried to copy it in order to attain Rick's popularity, fortunately no one has been able to reproduce it. It is doubtful whether 7th Company, Coach Smith, the Scuba Club or O-Club would have been able to survive another Marine Corps bound Mid with as much enthusiasm and daring as Rick. By being well versed in most everything except academics, Rick was the life of every party. If he can continue to survive his fondness for handguns, Budweiser, and his TR7, he will become an outstanding officer in the years to come.

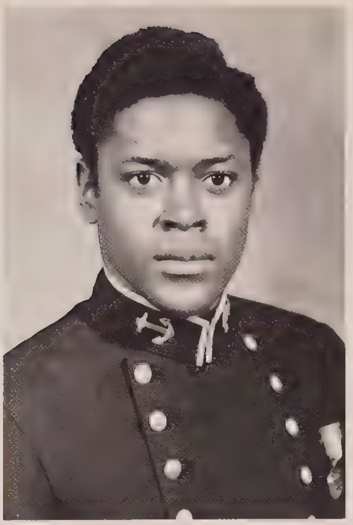
STEVEN K. CROWE
"CROWBAR"

Little Stevie Crowe came to the Naval Academy from Pickens in the hills of Carolina. Though an OA major at heart, Steve managed to study no more than an hour a week. He went astray 2/c year and went to live on the banks of the Hudson for a semester. He saw the light and came back to Mother B to prepare for his career in Nuc Power. Nuc Power school will keep him busy until he gets out to the "real Navy."



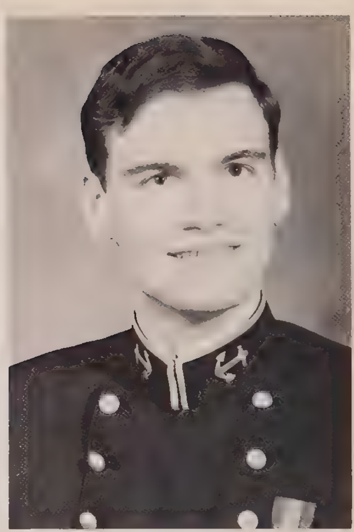
THOMAS E. DIGGS
"LITTLE TOMMY"

Tom came to the Naval Academy from Oliver Springs, Tenn., the garden spot of the world. Tom is going to be a doctor, at least that is what he keeps telling everyone. It looks like Tom might make it though. He majored in Bio-Science here at USNA, and he has been accepted at George Washington University so it looks like med school after June Week. If being a firstie is like being a Captain in the Navy I fail to see where Tom can go from here now that he is a doctor. Hopefully his good looks will not hinder his career. They may have to take all of the mirrors out of the hospital! Maybe he can afford his traffic tickets now. Surely he could talk his way out though. As long as he keeps one eye open for shoe sales, he should have a successful career. BEST OF LUCK TOM!



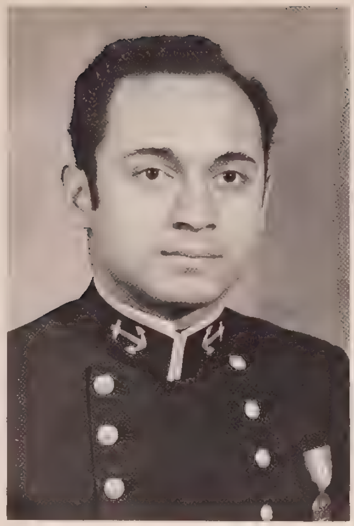
WALTER LEE ELLISON JR.
"WALT"

A sower went out to sow his seed: and as he sowed some fell along the path, and was trodden under foot, and the birds of the air devoured it. And some fell on the rock, and as it grew up, it withered away, because it had no moisture. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns grew with it and choked it. Other fell into good soil and grew, and will yield fruit.



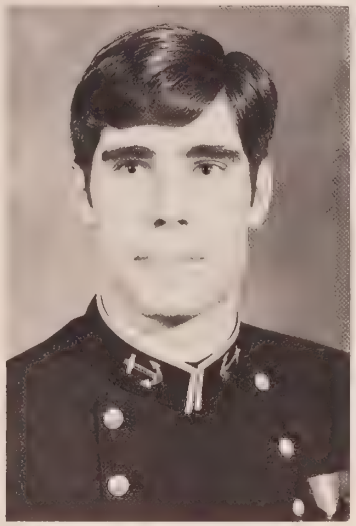
WARREN BLAKE ESTES

After being reared in the vast flatland of Texas, Blake decided he needed a change of pace, and thus arrived at NAVY. Easygoing and fun to be around, Blake quickly got along with everyone in the Company. He decided to try his hand at Physics, and was last seen discovering the inner workings of the atom. He keeps in great shape by running and beating a handball around. He temporarily lost his senses thinking about Nukes; however, he regained them after a 1/C Nuke cruise and decided to go Navy Air. Through his love for God, and his desire to keep Christ first in his life, Blake is sure to succeed in everything that he undertakes.



RICHARD FAULKNER
"VALDEZ"

Rich, alias "Jesse," "Juan Beniquez," "Valdez," and "Kolin's Buddy" came to Canoe U from Long Island for reasons unknown to anyone. Rich's easygoing manner and sociability have made him many friends throughout the brigade. Always around when there was trouble, he has pulled off a few stunts in his day. Now he even wears shirts to quarters, and has promised not to set any rooms ablaze. Navy Air was the lucky winner in Rick's coin toss for service selection. We know he'll do well and wish him the best of luck always.



MARK T. FINLEY
"A-LOPE"
7th Company Commander

Mark came to the academy on the premise that his parents would buy him a car his first class year. Things turned out for the best though, because his four years here were successful. After a brief tour of duty on the J.V. Baseball team he proceeded to do battle on the heavyweight football field followed by company soccer and softball. One of the most gifted athletes, A-Lope starred on the J.V. conduct team leading his classmates his second class year with 120 demos; he was still unable to make the varsity squad. Although his drive for stripes was impeded by a large gray dorsal fin last seen wearing gold-rimmed aviator sunglasses, he still managed to win the company, much to the relief of the first class. Being one of the top members of his class, Mark is sure to become a success in his nuclear power career.

JOHN C. GRACE
"EMMETT"
2nd Battalion Commander

The Naval Academy was awarded a prize . . . JOHN GRACE (alias AMAZING, DIS, Gracey, or EMMETT). Plebe year was fun and games for John! With one year at Georgia Tech, our engineering mastermind put Public Works out of business just fixing things in Mother B, not to mention the Army project that could walk and talk. One major wasn't enough for John — he had to be a Mechanical Engineer and an OPS Analyst. Second Batt has never been the same. If he wasn't having a meeting he wasn't happy. If you see a blue flash loaded with such extras as alarms, CB, external speakers and cup holders hanging out the side, its not the Army project, its only John Grace heading towards Pensacola. Flame on. Fly high. Pensacola here he comes.

JOHN GRAHAM
"AERO"

"Aero" has the distinction of being our only Black N* winner receiving his normal award in Varsity Haircutting. Probably the most likeable person in the company, he simply cannot say no to anyone, which is responsible for about 90% of his trouble. The other 10%was the Ac Board, which he eluded with some fancy aerial manuevering. "Red"'s accomplishments include the invention of Service Dress Fish, memorization of every Western novel ever written, and saving a lot of weekends around Thursday noon for a lot of people. Navy Air is John's choice, and success will surely follow him in the future.

IN·MEMORY·OF
ADMIRAL·DAVID·D·PORTER
U·S·NAVY
ihs

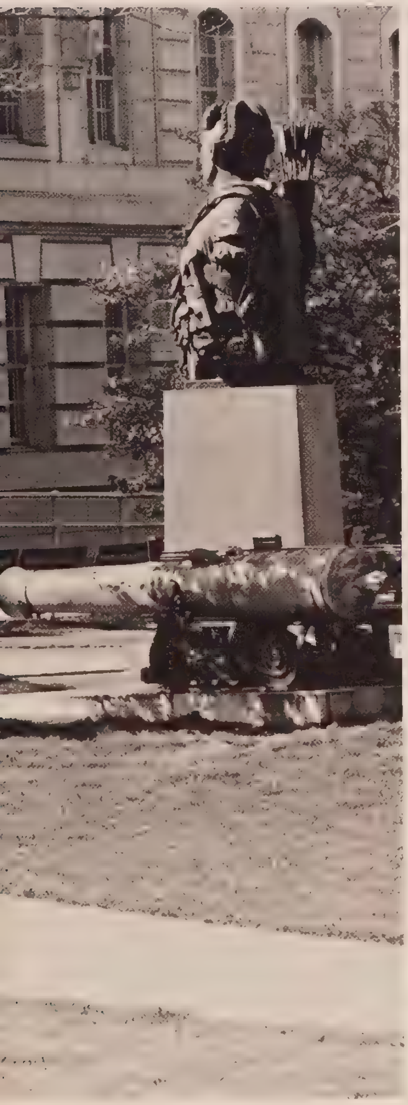
JEFFREY HOLLOWAY
"HEAD"

"Head" Holloway came breezing into Annapolis from Niles, Ohio, with a good fastball and a keen eye for fancy clothes and pretty girls. His arm was so good, he could throw lamb-chops past a wolf. That was slow in comparison to the speed that he could sweep a starry-eyed fan off her feet and into the bullpen. His shirts had more colors in them than a male peacock. Feeling that he was a might short, he always added six inches to his stature with the heels he wore.

With his great personality and wit, Head quickly established himself as a humorous and close friend to his class-mates in seventh company. These qualities are sure to bring him success as he skims the water in the future years. Good luck Jeff and "Keep your elbow up!"

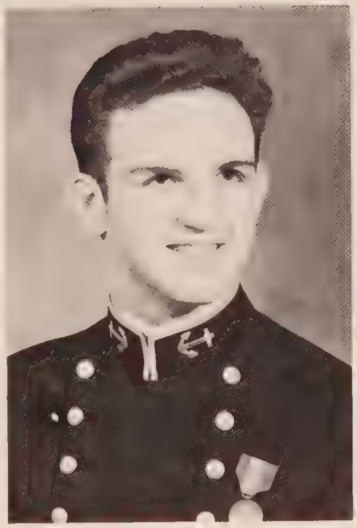
DOUG HOVLAND
Brigade Supply

Doug was 7th Company's token "sweat." His time at USNA consisted of an amalgam of activities pursued over the four years at a breathless pace: achieving academic excellence, running cross country (and coaching the 2nd Batt team — Brigade champs), running (what else?) the Brigade Supply system, skiing (no, Doug — it's not a contact sport), and landing an NFO seat for service selection, (after six weeks under the water on First class cruise, nuke power just seemed to lose its glow). We remember his irritating us to no end to procure sheets for sheet posters Plebe Year, to ensure that the 7th Company posters were the best and biggest in the Brigade. Doug is definitely among the best of us, a truly "superior" guy, who'll do well whatever his ultimate future.



RALPH JANIKOWSKY
"RALPH"
7th Company Commander

Coming to Navy straight from high school in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Ralph immediately found his niche here. He conquered academics, never doing worse than Dean's list in his major of marine engineering. His athletic drive was satisfied by participation in batt team handball and any baseball, basketball, or football game he could get into. The trombone is also one of his pastimes, and if he wasn't playing it in the Trident Brass, than he was probably listening to some good low brass on the stereo. Ralph is the kind of guy who is always ready to help a friend, like the night he introduced his Pontiac to a sign trying to get some underclass back in time for taps. As company commander he worked hard to make Ma B a safer place for mids to live. Now Ralph is headed for a career in nuclear power, and hopefully he'll get the command he seeks because we all know he'll do it up royal. Good luck and fair winds.



RICHARD ERIC JOHNSON
"REJ, WORM, DOC, BRILLO"

From the Black Forest of the Fatherland to the wilds of Wyoming, Eric travelled the world and came to rest upon USNA. Quickly gaining a reputation for his open-mindedness, he awed his classmates with his affinity for original poetry: "Bubble gum on my shoe . . .." His intellectual superiority in everything led him to purchase a 1972FIVEWHEELMENACETO-SOCIETY which he repaired constantly using his keen manual dexterity and mechanical aptitude (example: not being able to open a Coke can without cutting himself). He will probably lose his way to his first ship, where he'll probably be made navigator and lose the entire ship. We wish him smooth sailing nonetheless (and much luck).

THOMAS J. LAGERSTROM
"TJ"

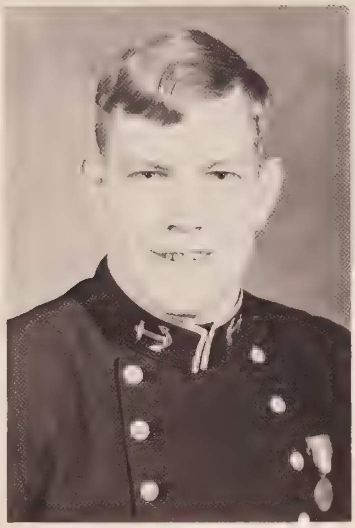
Tom has always been one of the hardest workers in the company with plenty of gravy on his 3 point QPR. A leader in the Electrical Engineering field Tom has diversified and spent a great deal of time becoming well versed in history and philosophy. He was known in the sports field also as a Plebe and JV Fencer and for a summer of sailing through hurricanes in the Annapolis to Newport races. What made Tom popular with the underclass were the tailgate parties he sponsered as the wardroom president and we firsties are all grateful for parking tickets the car rep got "taken care of." Tom's road rallies have become a popular event for the Brigade. This tall slender Nebraskan, who would have first selected Army Armour if offered, will join the elite corps of officers selected by Admiral Rickover for Nuclear Power training. May he excell throughout his career.

SAMUEL LOCKLEAR
"STORK"
Brigade Commander

Sam glided in from Greer, South Carolina, never one to hide his affection of the opposite sex, spent half his time deciding which girl to go out with one week and the other half figuring out what was wrong with the one he went out with the week before. Stork could never decide what he wanted to be in life, a farmer, a professional lover, or of course, a singer. One thing for sure, his tenure as a naval officer will be shorter than most Brigade Commanders. 4-1 will never again be blessed with one so talented. Once in a great while, he found time to recall his major, and even study and maintain his 3.0. Sam gifted with the natural ability to say the right thing at the right time, will always be remembered as an honest, hard-working, true friend. If anything four years have shown is that South Carolinians don't lose their accents and this place can't keep a great man down.

WILLIAM J. MICKLER
"MICKS"

Bill came to us from Bessmer, Pa. Some say he was a champion salesman, and they are probably right. He set up his own travel agency here at USNA. Bill's home was the meeting place for anyone that stopped by. Somehow when you went to see Bill, he would come back with enough money for his trip and them some. "Anyone want to buy the Bay Bridge!" Bill majored in Operations Analysis, dancing, and speech here at USNA. Bill is different from everyone else; he chews "babble gum." He decided that Surface Line was the way to go, so he will be heading to the west coast after June Week. He may eventually get married if some girl can get him off of the dance floor. GOOD LUCK BILL!



KEITH DARREL MUNSON
"ORG"

Keith Darrel Munson being from Austin, Texas has been a dedicated U.T. fan throughout his four years here at Navy. Somewhere during youngster year he was graciously given the name "Org" because of his Texas size appetite. However, to go along with his appetite he also has a Texas size heart. He has earned the respect of all his classmates due to his convictions, his determination, and his hard work. He spent many long hours studying at the library and stuck by what he thought was right. In whatever he does in the fleet and throughout life, he should be very successful. Yet inspite of all his success Keith will say,

> "I count all things to be less in the view of the surpassing value of knowing Christ, Jesus, my Lord."

ALLAN R. NADOLSKI

To Al Nadolski New Jersey and ice hockey are facts of life and everything else is just a bad dream. He's good at most everything and has more than once dazzled us all with his athletic talents, not to mention his uncanny ability to turn even the most solemn of occasions into hours of hysterical laughter. He's truthful and honest and sincere. If ever there was a friend who will always be remembered . . . it is Al Nadolski.

JEROME T. NOSKY
"GERR"

Jerome Nosky came to this institution by way of Buffalo, NY. He arrived one sunny July afternoon not fully knowning what to expect and it took only a few months to find out that there was going to be a basic conflict of interest. There were many trying times for Jerry but he always managed to come out on top, even though it seemed as though the deck was always stacked against him. In his sports career, Jerry was the mainstay of the second batt team handball team's four year monopoly of the championship, and he revoltuionized fast pitch softball with his infamous "blue slider." During his last year here, Jerry injured his back badly and one of this institution's wisemen saw this as Jerry's last hurrah against the Navy. It was a shame that his title ends in USN instead of US Medical Corps, for surely he has infinite wisdom on a matter that has Bethesda guessing. One can only feel that Jerry will win this battle too, and he will return to Buffalo with the cup.

DONALD J. NOWICKI
"NO"

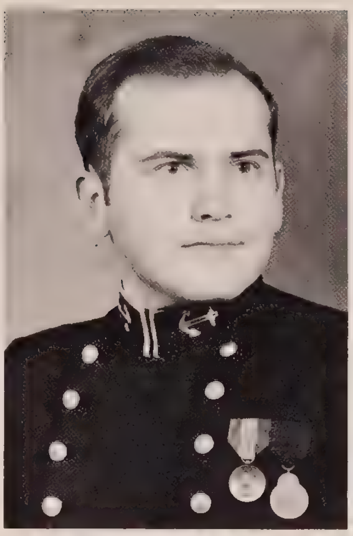
Don took an unusual route to the Naval Academy. After spending a wild and wasted year near his home at Rutgers University, he spent a life-changing year at the Naval Prep School, and then at the age of twenty years, Don became a mid. While at NAPS, Don invited Jesus Christ to become a permanent part of his life, and he is avidly pursuing a personal relationship with our God. Although somewhat of a phantom in the company at times, Don made his presence felt on the soccer and heavyweight football teams. Admiral Rickover, being Polish himself, drafted Don into the Nuc program where he should make a refreshing and meaningful impact.

STEVE ALLEN SEAL
"CUBBA"

The Confederacy was surely brought to Navy when "Cuba" entered the gates. When Steve Allen Seal entered the Academy from Morristown, Tennessee, so did the spirit of Lee, Jackson and all the other heros of the South. Steve was most disappointed to find that the Confederate army was not one of the service selections offered. Above all however, Steve brought to us humor, talent and a good friend. All of us wish "Cubba" the good success which he is most certain to have in Navy Air or in what ever career he chooses to pursue.

RICHARD LAMBERT SNEAD
"SAMMY"

Coming from Clinton, Tennessee, "Sam" came to us with a smooth golf swing and a million stories about the putt that almost dropped. As friendly a guy as could be found, Sam could somehow b.s. the night away, miss three classes every day and still manage above a 3.0 in Naval Architecture. He will always be remembered for his ". . . foot in the bight of a line" remark to a distinguished Admiral, as well as the way Sam could always stay two steps ahead of the game. His golfing ability enabled him to excell on the fairways and win not only a few varsity letters but matches and nassaus as well. Sammy intends to turn his attentions to Nuke Power, and we are all sure he will continue to obtain maximum results from minimum efforts. "Awh s — Sam," is the best way we can describe a freind we'll all remember in 23 as they surely will in 7.



WILLIAM M. TEATER JR.
"TEATS"

From the land of Dan'l Boone and Col. Sanders came Kentucky Fried Teats, (alias Billy Mead). We'll never forget that little bald banty rooster squawking his slogans: "This place ain't military enough!" and "When the South rises again, why . . ." The Marine Corps is surely getting one of its few good men when it gets Billy Mead — who'll ace the TBS O-course for sure, having gained so much practice here. Steal his cake, DI, or give him a "wild man" and you'll have a natural killer on your hands. Don't fret none 'cause he's easily soothed by liberally dosing him with Bourbon balls and Coke, then tucking him off to sleep, . . . and sleep . . . and sleep . . . and sleep. One of Teats' biggest personal disappointments was that he didn't go to the Foreign Legion after youngster year. We'll always remember our Billy Mead for his colorful wit and perpetually offkey singing ("Dropkick me Jesus through the goal posts of life . . ."). He was a great friend, quite a character and will be missed by us all.

DANE SWANSON
"DIZ"

Dane is one of those rare individuals who never seems to have rainy days. When "The Diz" modulated down from Avon, Connecticut, Seventh Company received one of its finest sons. Dane's ability to translate Naval Architecture into CB parlance bewildered his professors for four years until they learned that his great Dane handle didn't refer to a shaggy dog. Whether on the ski slope or hitting the books, Dane pursued his goals with that same carefree abandon that will serve him well in Navy Aviation.

EIGHTH COMPANY

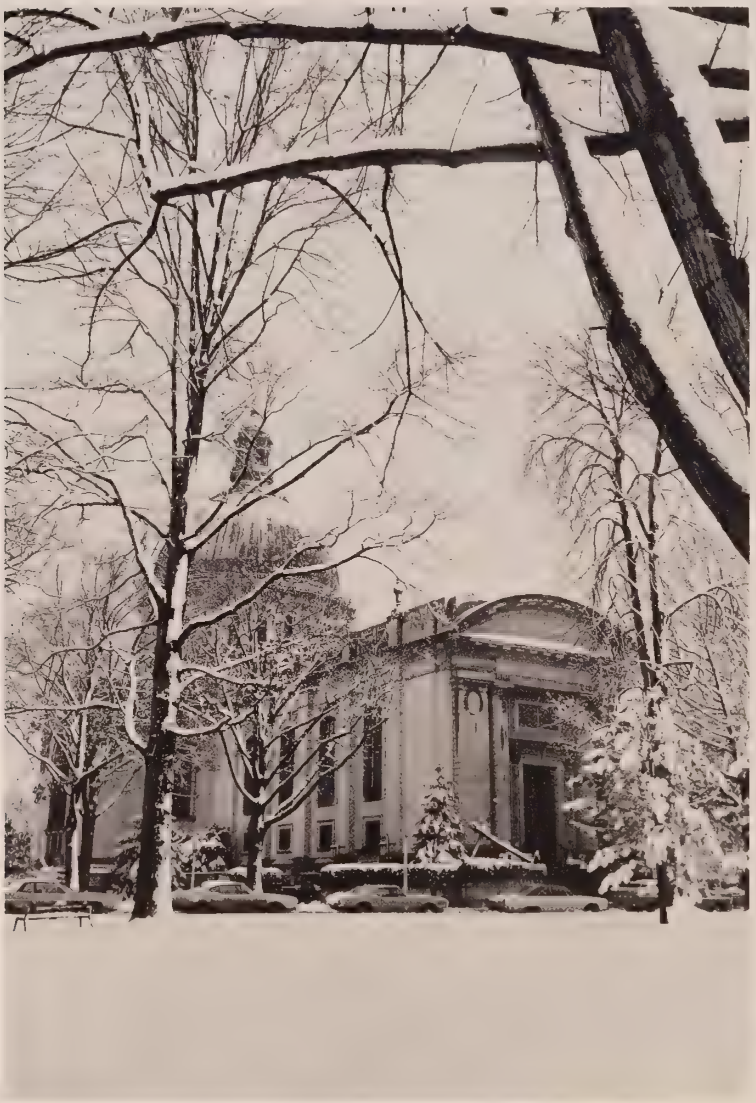
FIRST ROW: (L TO R) A. Welch, J. Costello, K. Wray, J. Will, R. Chapman, M. McCrabb, J. Hollyer, D. Topolewski, K. Roey, P. Monaghan, V. Moore, S. Holman. *SECOND ROW:* W. Robinson, K. Walsh, D. Boland, W. Tallman, R. Stivers, D. Lott, M. Hurley, G. Shipman, J. Gonzales, G. Mankey, B. Rochon, J. Oldham.

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) J. Wallin, R. Larys, H. Lyon, B. Deroos, A. Bagnoli, M. Weis, G. Labuda, S. Johns. *SECOND ROW:* R. Saylor, N. Larimer, M. Murray, R. Silliman, J. Burton, R. Garcia, R. Roll, S. Sichko, B. Zell. *THIRD ROW:* G. Los Banos, M. Kennedy, J. Frost, M. Leigh, S. Tolis, R. Dupuis, R. Bond, R. Leeker, J. Lyons, M. Seaman, T. Summerour, J. Miller, J. Makiya.

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) S. Stapler, J. Speer, T. Huck, B. Marks, D. Secor, J. Smith, B. Hudson. *SECOND ROW:* D. Anderson, B. Smith, L. Dato, A. Saballa, J. McCarthy, J. Garrett, P. Giliberti, M. Guidoboni, C. Spohnholtz, M. Ales, T. Coleman. *THIRD ROW:* D. Young, J. Callahan, B. Smith, A. Bartow, W. Nixon, D. King, R. Macinnes, E. Spear, M. Seaward, J. O'Connor, G. Joy.

ANTHONY JOSEPH RANDOLPH BILOTTI
"TONY"

Tony, our token Italian, has been known to possess many outstanding qualities, not the least of which is his "Golden Throat." An NFO by service selection, Tony will make an excellent bombadier owing to his experience with cigarette ashes. A frustrated artist whose notes look like Picasso's sketch pad, Tony will be remembered most for his expertise with and on sailboats his last two years and a fling as a rock star youngster year. Tony's consistent good humor and ability to relate to all kinds of people will be an asset to him as he pursues his Naval career.



ROBERT JULIAN
"JULES"

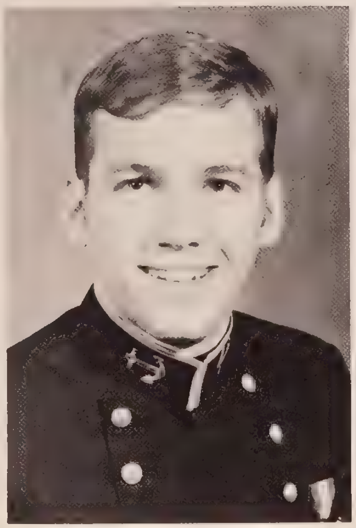
Riding on the North wind, Bob was driven out of the cold and dark winters of northern Michigan and decided to seek out the warm and sunny climate of Annapolis. Although Bob descended from the cold, he impressed upon us a sincere and friendly personality that is unrivaled.

He is an achiever, good at anything he has done whether it be a good student in a tough major, a fine athelete or a skipper of a Class A sailing vessel in spite of never having sailed before he came to the Academy.

Bob is a man of honor, respect and purpose. Through his diligence and industry he will advance far in life. He is a professional and will prove to be a fine asset in a fine service.

JOHN E. THORP
"HOMBRE"
2nd Battalion Operations

Torn from the cactus and clear skies of West Texas, and dropped into the cloudy land of crabs on the shores of Navy. Hombre was never one to complain. As Young Texan of the Year in 1973, John entered the Academy faced with the task of upholding the moral implications of such a title. He scored well. Hombre abandoned us for a semester in the "Foreign" exchange program. John turned up in the middle of the long grey line. Being too radical for the Woo Poos, they put him on waivers and we bought him back for a rookie Plebe and a second round draft choice. John was a slash all week and burned the midnight oil while his roommate slept. But on the weekends he could be found anywhere from the Mexican Buffet at the Holiday Inn to North Carolina. An Excellent student, John will do well in the Nuke Navy, and though he probably won't run for President, he'll be sure to have a hell of a good time wherever he goes.



KENNARD M. BUDDENBOHN
"KENNARD"
2nd Battalion Sub-Commander

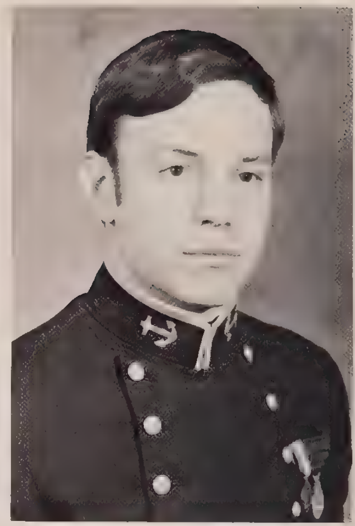
From that booming metropolis of Randallstown, Maryland came Ken looking for the action and excitement of Navy. Ken made himself known quickly in his plebe year especially with the boys of 75. The running was hard but Ken came through and even added more misery to himself by majoring in Ocean Engineering. But, books have been no trouble for this "bead" as he continued to excel. "Lover boy" in high school, he has found it more difficult to maintain that status even though he has haunted the neighboring campuses. Ken is now one of Rickover's boys, and even though he knows girls and leisure time are gone from his world, he has taken it well and the Nuclear Navy will surely turn out to be his new love.

RICHARD W. WHITE
"WHITEY"

Rick left Cheektowaga, New York, in June of 1973 to join the Big Blue. "Whitey" became one of the more acceptable nicknames adopted by his classmates. Whitey was an avid sports fan and supported the Buffalo Bills and Sabres with much interest. Being an accomplished bowler, his efforts were not wasted, being chosen team captain during 1/c year. Whitey's room was often referred to as a "Stop and Go Snack Shop," which provided a steady supply of food during the lean months. Being a Nav Arch major, Whitey never let his education interfere with his schooling. Many hours were spent down at Bancroft Lanes in pursuit of knowledge. Whitey will join the surface community on board a minesweeper upon graduation.

GEORGE F. BARTON
"COCKROACH"

George came to us from the mighty metropolis of Philadelphia. At one time a budding Aerospace engineer, he decided that it was not that much of a challenge to him and opted for the more demanding management and technology major. He was a determined cross-country and track runner in his early days at USNA, but retired to the intramural way of life. His wit and outgoing personality has earned him many sincere friends at USNA. He could always be counted on to be there when needed and to be an inspiration to his classmates in all that he does. Upon graduation George has decided to take refuge in Pensacola where his goal is to become a Navy Pilot. With the enthusiasm and determination that he possesses we are sure he will make a good one.



PAUL D. GRAAFF
"GRAAFFO"

Graaffo came to us from a farm in central Washington State. Among many pastimes Paul can usually be found either "out of control" in a sail boat on the Bay or schussing down a snow covered mountain anywhere in this country or Canada. Having an interest in aviation, Graaffo chose Aerospace Engineering as a major and Navy Air as a service selection. Paul will always be remembered for his humorous personality and his "modern Naval sayings."

GREGORY J. CORNISH
"LIPS"

Greg came to us from the Steel City area. A true sports fan, he's noted for making ridiculous bets on any Pittsburgh team.

An unsuccessful plebe basketball player, he turned to intramurals and played on some equally unsuccessful 8th company teams. Greg's enthusiastic attitude and professionalism have been an inspiration to us all.

A determined oceanographer, he went to see Admiral Rickover and came away with one of the shortest interview times on record. Since the big man decided that anyone in oceanography is truly worthless, Greg will pack his faithful Monza and in July head to SWOS school to start his career in surface warfare.

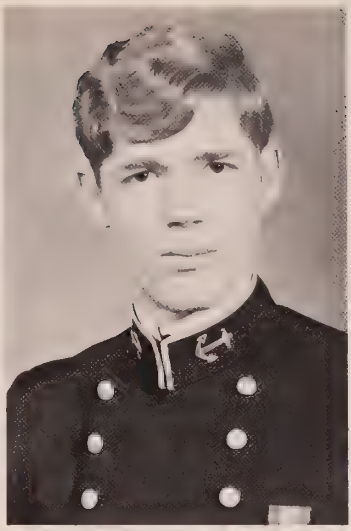
STANLEY L. SAUNDERS

"SANDY"

Stoodly was hatched during one of the frequent Saturday night "rockouts" plebe year. Never one to pass up the opportunity for a beer or a chance to go over the wall, Sandy soon was an expert on watching the sun rise.

Second class year saw Sandy turn to rugby, banjo picking, and Ketunia. Between rugby parties, trips to Buffalo, and jokes about Chris and Clinton, his moral development was complete. Sandy's academic performance over the past four years was similar to a random number generator, usually below 2.0, until 1/C year when he forgot 2.0 for 3.0.

After graduation, Sandy is destined to tie the knot to his hometown sweetheart and then fly Navy. He will always be remembered as a true friend ever ready with a quick joke or a helping hand. The last of the "Downtowners" is finally departing.



KENNETH MILHOAN

"K.D."

K.D. was determined that he never was going to make it through the Naval Academy. Now, four years later he will graduate and then attend Admiral Rickover's School for the Learned. With his fiery red hair and quick-draw temper, Ken was always one to get along well with his classmates and managed only a couple of fights in his history at Professor Kool's Fun School. When he was not out trying to pick-up townies at Buzzy's, Ken could be observed at his favorite past time, spending money. However, he will always be remembered for his distinguished swimming career in the Severn. Never a one to be troubled by grades, Ken will do well at Nuclear Power School. Nevertheless, the silent service will have to contend with K.D., along with fast cars, fast women, and fast moves.

KEVIN KINPORTS

Kevin came to us from LaGrange, Illinois (that's near Chicaaa-go) a robust young man determined to make his mark in the annals of Navy swimming. Although this ambition was quelled after two years, Kevin gave up swimming only to move on to bigger and better things, varsity sailing. After innumerable hours of sailing up and down the East Coast, trimming sails, working foredeck, working afterdeck, working underdeck, hanging over the edge of the deck, Kevin finally found himself in the cockpit as skipper of one of the Academy's finest yachts.

As fine a student as he is a sailor, Kevin hopes that his Naval Architecture major will someday lead him to his own boat, sailing on to some exotic land and life that he already loves.

Through all the nicknames we acquire here, those rendered to Kevin are all synonymous with a good companion. He has made these Hollowed halls brighter for all who have endeered these years together, because his share of the load has always consisted of a little of someone else's.

RICHARD L. THAYER

8th Company Commander

After growing up as an army brat, Rich decided that the Blue and Gold was a lot flashier than the Black and Grey. He was an Annapolis man at heart and took the long road in through NAPS.

Richard's easy going manner and sharp wit are well remembered by all of us. His love to needle is exceeded only by his love of sports. Although not an outstanding scholar, there are few who can match his leadership ability.

The future will prove Rich one of the best officers to graduate from Annapolis. His dedication, determination and talent can be summed up in two words: professional integrity.

JAMES EARLE BOYLE

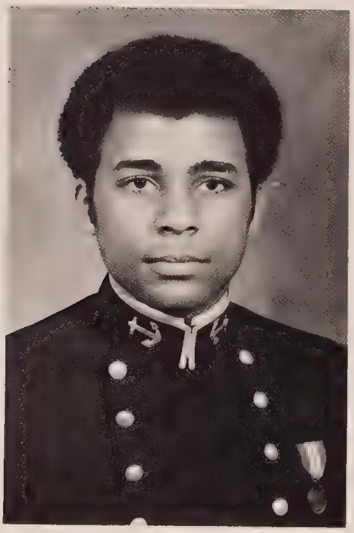
June 2, 1976
June 8, 1977
And Finally
July 20, 1977
Mary? . . . Mary? . . . Mary? . . .

THOMAS G. GREENE

"GREENIE"

Greenie came to the academy after flirting with the Navy in NROTC at Holy Cross. Tom was always quite a marcher in drill and kept us up on all the girlwatching techniques. Being one of the now extinct dinosaurs, Bioscience Major, Greenie was often asked, "What's that after shave your wearing?" after he had just dissected a dead shark. Often attending nightly rituals at such esteemed nightclubs as Clancy's and Archibald's in D.C., Greenie's romantic talents grew. To see those killer elbows and spidery legs fit into an airplane, will really be a sight. His sobriety and maturity marked him as a true friend to all of us.

J.P. JOHNSTON



CHRISTOPHER DORY
"CHRIS"
Brigade Drill Officer

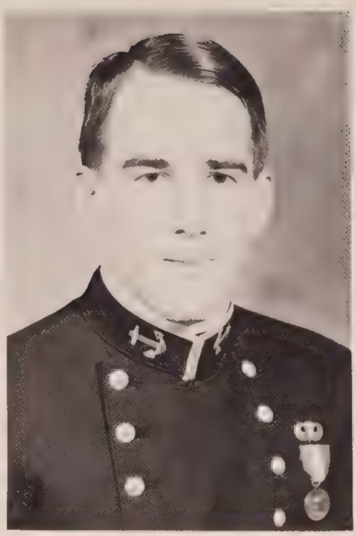
Coming from Lanham, Md. in something of a daze, Chris Dory touched down at the Naval Academy in the summer of 73. During his stay he managed to stay out of trouble and have a good time as well. He was never known to frequent the barber shops after plebe year. His hair mysteriously remained regulation length. Being a lover of seafood he majored in Oceanography. On those rare occasions when he opened a book he did extremely well maintaining a 3.2 Cum. Chris' love for the study of water was matched only by his desire to dive in. He spent many an afternoon in the instruction pool getting his varsity "S." Chris will be remembered for his friendly smile, warm conversation, and a strange attraction to mirrors. He will be a great asset to the Surface Navy.

CLINTON HUGHES HALLMAN, JR.
"T.C."

Clinton came from the snoozing hamlet of Aiken, S.C. to Annapolis Plebe year, he amazed everyone with his lightening-fast chow calls, which no one could understand, and his seeming inherent professionalism. He then dropped out of sight, trying to stay warm during the winter months. Clinton occupied himself with intramural fencing, softball and football when he wasn't trying to find some extra blankets for his rack. When awake, Clinton vigorously pursued a major in Mechanical Engineering, or should we say it pursued him. Clinton will always be remembered for his distinctive laugh that was often heard and frequently scared many people. As the years passed by he became a little less interested in the books and a little more interested in the finer things in life. He will always be remembered as a hard working professional individual. He will undoubtedly make a fine naval officer.

RICHARD GOONER
"GOONS"

From the eastern shore town of Onley, Virginia came Goons to be a part of the Big Blue. A promising football career was stopped short plebe summer with a knee injury. Numerous knee operations didn't affect the Goons' sense of humor. Goons holds the academy record for the 400 yard crutch sprint. After plebe year Goons began to pursue academic goals with long nights, gallons of coffee, and some occassional rack. His efforts paid off with some outstanding grades. Most of his classmates consider such a program sweating but Goons has never had time to acknowledge the charge, obliviously continuing to pursue academic endeavors. The Supply Corps will get a diligent man who has earned the respect of his classmates, although few of them will admit it.



JEFFREY F. BERG
"FELIX"

Jeff, known to his classmates as "Felix," came to us from a raisin farm in California. His quick(?) wit and uncanny humor have been an integral part of our lives here at USNA.

A committed grunt until 1/c cruise, Felix decided to see "the man" and went Nuc-Power. "The man" had Felix sign his life away so now Felix spends his time studying and playing his favorite sport, "The White Knight."

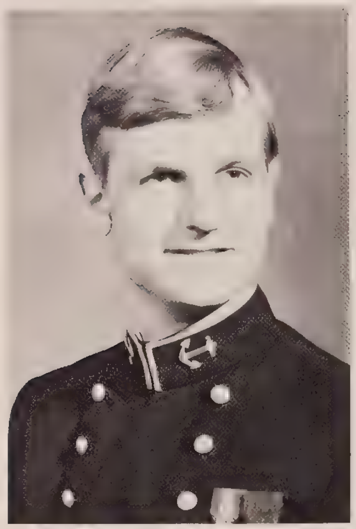
Jeff is the type of man that will succeed in whatever he does as his dedication and spirit are boundless. We'll all miss him as he descends to the bottom of the ocean, never to "ride" again.! Ehhh!

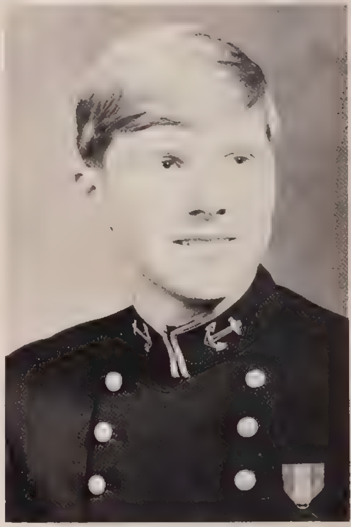
COLIN MACKENZIE
"THE MACHINE"
8th Company Commander

He came to us from the midwest, "Portage" he called it. Colin has always graced us with his friendliness especially during the lower moments. He was one to give someone a pat on the back whenever it was needed the most.

A hard charger, Colin was the head cheerleader (I really think he wanted to ham it up on T.V.) and Company Commander for the second semester. He was a person to turn to whenever things needed to get done.

Colin will go far in the Marine Corps, he has all the tools, an indomitable spirit and a strong desire to do the best he can in his chosen profession.





JOHN TAYLOR
"KAPUTSKA"

John grew up in a sandbox with his toy Marines and tanks and jeeps. Needless to say, he will soon be a member of the green machine, provided that their machines are unbreakable. An often heard comment around John is, "Easy John, it's breakable!" John came to us from a pawn shop in Wilmington, Delaware. Being an avid junk collector he always has been one to be ready for anything, which perhaps explains why he has a functional model of a 45 cal. pistol, a stuffed gorilla, and a stuffed piranha. It's not uncommon to see John sneaking down the hall at night, gorilla and gun in hand ready to pull a recon on some unknowing individual. In any case, John's enthusiasm and creativity, especially in the area of room decorations will be missed by the Eighth Company. The Marine Corps is definitely getting a good man. Favorite saying "I'm not late, I just don't like wasting my time walking."

PETER OZIMEK
2nd Battalion Sub Commander

Oz came to the Academy from Westfield, New Jersey after doing a hitch at NAPS. He has played around with electronics all his life so when he arrived here he took up EE as a major. He is totally dedicated to whatever he does. He has spent much of his time sailing and has succeeded in becoming the skipper of one of the class A racers. Winters are spent looking for snow to ski on. Pete has chosen Nuclear Power as a service selection and should go far.

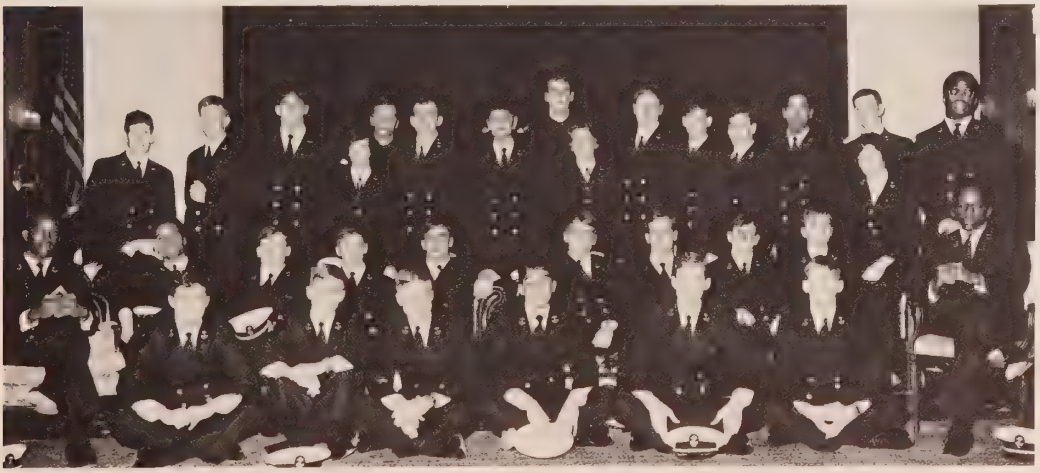
DOUGLAS HANNUM
"DOUGIE"

Doug has been the company expert on such professional topics as skateboarding, gymnastics while sitting in a chair, and his specialty, skiing. "Dougie" as he is affectionately called, has been known to pinch himself repeatedly after a big meal, for what reason no one knows. Doug's ability to mix with all kinds of people, like his roommate will aid him in his future as a pilot or NFO, whichever way his eyes decide to go.

NINETH
COMPANY

FIRST ROW: (L to R) H. Woods, R. Yarberry, J. Fernandez. *SECOND ROW:* M. Sweeney, W. Miles, S. Brady, J. Foley, L. Price, A. Shuit, D. Smith, M. Fisk, M. Sagness, C. Jackson, M. Haring, W. Leon. *THIRD ROW:* J. Spegele, T. Goodwin, M. Matalz, B. Barth, M. Ruth, L. Tucker, D. McCready, R. Goodman, J. Rosa, L. Weiller, R. Schwartzbeck, M. Olechnowicz, S. Stafford.

FIRST ROW: (L to R) D. Patton, T. Brummett, W. Toti, G. Stahl, K. Becker. *SECOND ROW:* R. Vanderwerken, S. Stackley, G. Costello, J. Lemmons, T. Concannon, M. Shell, W. Dargan, D. Sonnefeld. *THIRD ROW:* P. Nicolai, C. Jacobs, S. Aitaie, P. Stephenson, M. Statler, Raite, P. Corkhill, G. Adan, M. Marciano, T. Blaine, J. Smarsh, S. Fillipow, P. Price, L. Reese.



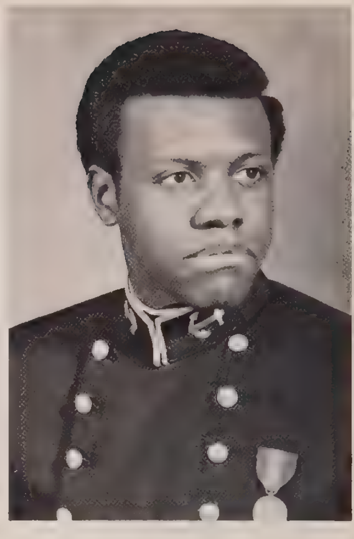
FIRST ROW: (L to R) M. Sowell, M. Wetmore, R. Kastner, R. Rivera, D. Scouil, K. Kiser. *SECOND ROW:* R. Greer, K. Lindsay, S. Stanko, D. Streed, K. Lynch, S. Johnston, L. Smith, J. Hill, M. Chapline, S. Grubbs, E. Gay. *THIRD ROW:* M. Grissom, R. Stotts, R. Farley, P. Murphy, B. Hennegan, B. Incze, D. Davenport, J. Kotovsky, E. Baylor, R. Loyer, K. Scott, J. Walker, F. Diemer, R. Trass.

STEPHEN BRIDGES
"BILGE"

A man of many nicknames, Steve will answer to any of the following: Bilge, Space, hummer, and beggar. Upon finding out that he would have to get one haircut per week during Plebe Summer, Steve made his parents move from New Hampshire to Annapolis. Sporting a teeshirt of his favorite Disney character, Steve served in the tradition of a true wardroom "junkie." Steve spent many a night mainlining popcorn while waiting for his favorite James Bond or Natalie Wood movies on the tube.

The last of a rare breed, Steve will be one of the few who will carry Plebe Summer habits with him after graduation. Sporting ancient leather shoes, Steve still manages to survive noon meal inspections. Resident Sci Fi expert and Physics major, he well deserves the nickname Space. He will definitely do well in Pensacola come graduation with his orbiting mind and aerodynamically designed ears. To sum it up — if it's bizarre, it's Bilge.

— The Rats



DOUGLAS COOK

"COOKIEMAN"

This young heartbreaker left the streets of Miami, Florida in search of himself and some new wool.

Modesty was never one of Doug's strong points. He gained a reputation for being a big talker and flashy dresser, something he says he owes to Peerless. He could always be found in close proximity with a mirror and a comb. The beard he sported during first class year was an immediate success with everyone, especially the Deputy 'dant.

Doug never had very good luck in the land of Acadamia. He spent much of his USNA career in the neighborhood of 2.0, give or take 0.2. He was however, an expert in majors, having been in at least four of them.

After months of careful thought and a coin toss on Service Selection night, Doug finally decided that Scarlet and Gold was the way to go. I am sure he will be one of the few good men. Be good to the ladies and keep on truck-in' down Dirt Road.

GERALD V. COOK

"WHARF T. RAT"

9th Company Commander

Wharf T. Rat started out in life wanting to be a truck driver, but later decided not to go that route. He has been attending these Uncle Sam schools since 1971, spending a year at NAS Memphis, a year at NAPS, and the rest of the time right here. But it hasn't been completely academic. Somehow he found the time to participate in the JFK 50 mile run, which was one of the crazy things he did, and he also tried killing himself by going down a river in a kayak. The things he enjoys the most are music, cheese, and folding clothes. The service selection question was answered with surface line, and he got a ship on the west coast with everything he wanted. You might even say that the ship had his name on it. He will report aboard the USS Cook with several harmonicas and a book full of terrible puns which have made him famous throughout the company.

ROBERT DROPPA

"SKI"

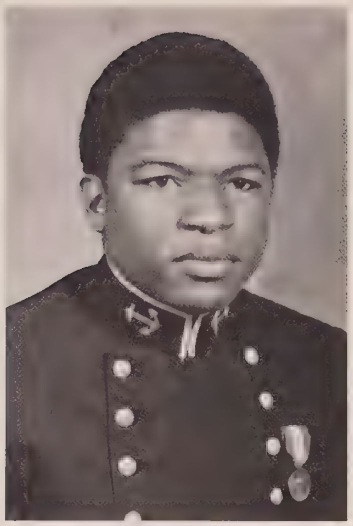
9th Company Commander

Bob migrated to the Naval Academy from Irvington, New Jersey. He came knowing little about the Navy but quickly found his place as one of the more successful men. While at Navy, Bob has successfully attacked the Aerospace Engineering major, but warns of occasional, violent counter-attacks from the same. Nevertheless, Naval Aviation will get a man well schooled in the field. More interesting memories come from being one of the renown "BUTT BROTHERS" (Good Luck George), and of course, his best and most important memory LOUISE.

Marriage, fun flying and the enjoyment of the "LITTLE THINGS" in life are in store for the future.

JEFFERY VALENTINE

Jeff came to us from Nashville, Tenn. While at the Academy he made many valuable contributions, with most getting side tracked, such as his table of priorities: women, sleep, watch, class, anything else and then finally homework. He was known for many things, among them being his spelling ability and muscular body. He had a unique talent for the ladies. C&P Telephone will greatly miss his business. Though vanity was not one of his most prominent characteristics, he has been known to wear out four mirrors during the course of one semester. One of his favorite sayings was, "Darn I'm good looking!" All jokes aside, he's one heck of a guy and will go fast, well far anyway, in the U.S. Marine Corps. Though he has not found Miss Right yet, watch out women of the world, because he is still looking.



MOSE L. FLOYD
"MOFO"

Mose is the moodiest guy to ever enter the Academy's gate. He comes from the thriving city of Cantonment, Fla., whose population varies directly with the traffic density on I-10. Even though he maintained a good CQPR, in the Oceanography Major, his best freiend at Mother-B was the Z-Pad. On the weekends, he could be found at the B-Ball court, the wardroom, or on I-95 going south to see his OAO (whose initials are J.I.L.L.). On the athletic side, Mose ventured into the land of the 150's, and returned more blue than black. Upon graduation this fine product of the R.M.E. will go to the Basic School, and quite possibly to Supply School, where he might once again meet up with the infamous Hooter.

MAX A. GIANELLONI, III

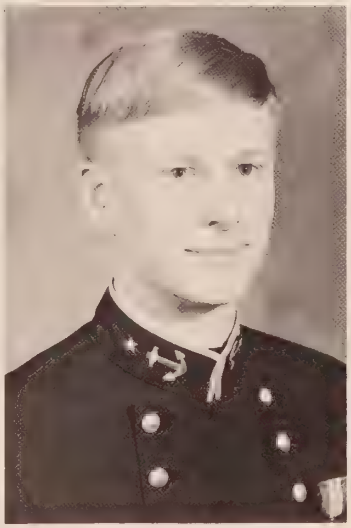
Max is the only bayou coon ass, little green amphibious monster in the Brigade. As an ex-Marine he brought with him all kinds of good habits, like how to stand up straight and walk with tunnel vision. He is best known for his dedication to becoming Mr. Shorty America. While he has graced our presence at Canoe U. he has tried a dozen different ways to kill himself, like jumping out of perfectly good airplanes and swimming with sharks (the likes of JAWS). He has stuck to his major in Ocean Engineering and is looking forward to raising some hell in the Corps. If he could choose a motto, it would be, ''DEATH from above and below, LOVE in between.''

CHRISTOPHER GUNDERSON
''CHRIS''

Chris grew up watching ''Sea Hunt'' in land locked Dayton, Ohio. He came to USNA dreaming of joining Jacques as an oceanographer, utterly ignorant of the reality of surface line. Due to a cooperative case of colorblindness, he just might get his wish. Clumsy, but determined, Chris was an avid athelete. Gymnastics and an occasional fifty mile jaunt kept him in shape. If he wasn't running up hills he was downshifting his alpha, which as his true love, took all of his money.

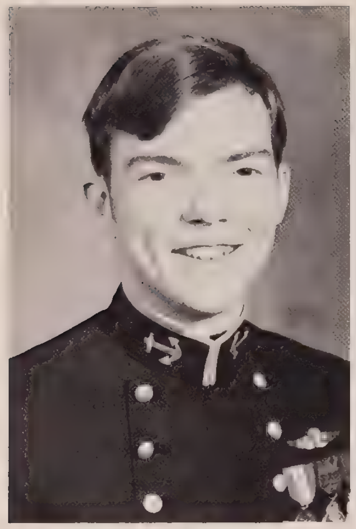
HARRY GUTHMULLER
''HOOTER''

Harry, better known as Hooter, is a New Yorker from his heart. He has the distinction of being one of the few mids that can do the hustle while maintaining any sense of dignity. Hooter came to the academy being a likely candidate to become a two letterman, but due to a few ''bad breaks'' only lettered once. However, these breaks were not all for naught because the second break brought a gorgeous brunet into this young man's life and also sentenced him to the rugged, rigorous and all but unbearable life as a supply officer. This young lady should provide a very stabilizing factor for this future Navy Supply officer. Ah, the Hall will never be the same without the notorious Gamester there to provide those most untimely breaks during study hour.



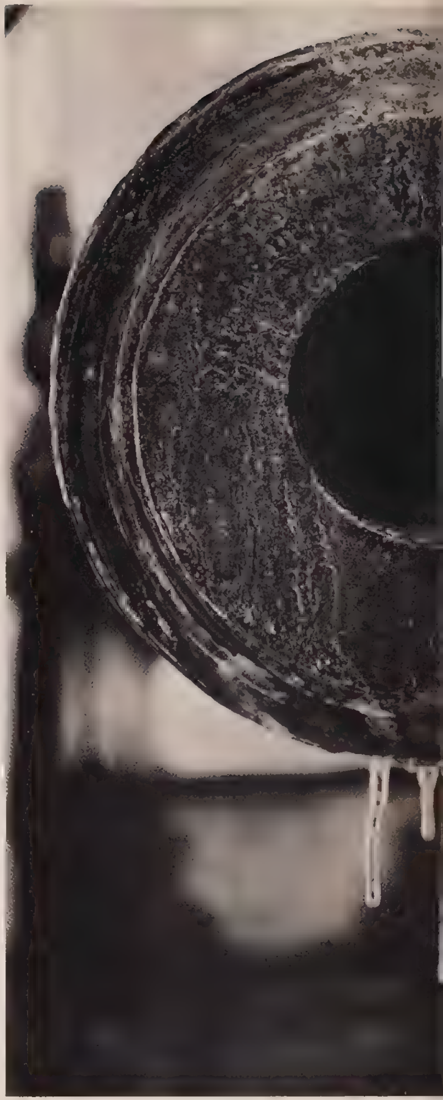
ZACHARY ADOLPHUS HENRY, JR.
''BO''

Zach strolled into the U.S. Naval Academy straight from Big Orange Country and the beautiful mountained woodlands of East Tennessee. A slow speaking, young man, ''Bo,'' as he was backwoodishly called, found the transition to military life an easy one. His confidence in God, himself, and his capabilities helped to establish his performance in the upper echelon of military achievement. In addition to outstanding grades as an aero major, ''Bo-Zach-Smack-Fac'' became famous for his cassette tape recording expertise, consulted brigade-wide, and his demands of excellence from those he led. In 9th Company football there was no equal. ''Golden Henry,'' as the team called him, baffled defenders with circus catches, spindly legs, and blinding speed. However, with all his accomplishments aside, Bo will be remembered most for his honest, conscientious, and unselfish character which guarantees the Navy a strong, industrious leader and an outstanding pilot. May you soar to greater heights of excellence Zach.



DANIEL M. LAMBERT
"DANNO"

Dan has had his share of problems the last four years, but he made the jump from mechanical to general engineering and graduated. The soccer team and the Military Parachute Club have both benefitted from his managerial skills. A hard core surface-liner Danno has already set his sights on command at sea.



PAUL G. McMAHON
"FAST EDDIE"

Paul, better known as 'Fast Eddie', slipped into USNA from Springfield, Virginia. Coming from a Marine Corps family, he is a case of self-discipline and perseverance leading to a promising lifetime. His interests include active participation in the Drum and Bugle Corps where he holds the record of breaking peoples' noses with a single flag. In the area of sports, Paul would usually be found jogging around town or practicing his snaps from center on the sandlot football team. He also enjoys spending a few days up in the mountains skiing with friends. Many miles have been driven by him in his travels back and forth to Mary Washington College on the weekends. Seems partying is his favorite pasttime. Paul has proven to be a hard working person with a "go at it" attitude. Always lucky with grades, he majored in Systems Engineering and landed a job in the CEC. A good friend, Paul will be a sure success in any of his endeavors.

W. VINCENT TSAI

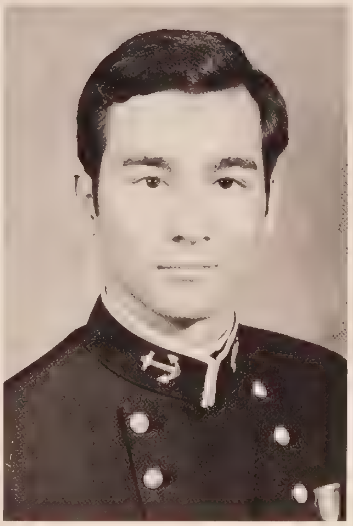
Vince came to the big "N" from Palo Alto, California. He soon found out that lifestyles in Bancroft Hall were different than those in California, after falling on his sword a number of times. His unique ability to change colors before your very eyes earned him the name "Chameleon" or "Mr. International." Vince was also very much into the music scene. Playing organ & piano with the Variations and the NA-10 his first two years here, Systems Engineering cut his music career short, at least temporarily. Still, he kept on top with his album collection. Most memorable experience for Vince was meeting all the people that he now knows. Future plans, Surface Line, Mighty Fine.

GEORGE G. SPRUNG
"BEAR"

One of many Sprungs, the bear hails from the wheat fields of Kansas. A definite believer in vivarin and coffee, bear now stays awake long enough to make formation and eat meals — with a real desert. During consciousness, Bear can be found attempting any number of tasks — aside from studying. As a guy with poor luck on finals, George still manages to hold his 3.0 cum., while as an individual with strong resolve he has cut back his nicotine intake to 12 packs a day. Sure to remember his delightful evening with James and Mac, bear gave thanksgiving to Ralph. A real leader, Bear should make a big splash at Pensacola.

ROBERT D. ROTZ
"BOB"

Bob came to Annapolis from Wilmington, Delaware. He developed an early reputation for neatness and organization. Plebe year saw "Jacques" getting an early start on his future career in surface line as a member of the YP squadron. After two years of work and overnight trips, Bob retired. He then took up soccer, earning a reputation as an aggressive competitor on the field. He carried his talents into winter sports, terrorizing opposing quarterbacks in company football, when he wasn't colliding with other people. Athletically, he will best be remembered for his imitation of a rock in the 400 yard swim. Bob picked Ocean Engineering for his major, and has been heard to regret his decision many a night. Penn State looked awfully good at times! When he was gone from USNA, Bob could often be found at his beach cottage, or on skis in the winter. After his two year layoff, Bob is returning to the sea on his DDG, where, with his determination and drive, he is sure to be a success. Good luck, Bob.



ROBERT ANGELO SINIBALDI, JR.
"BOB"

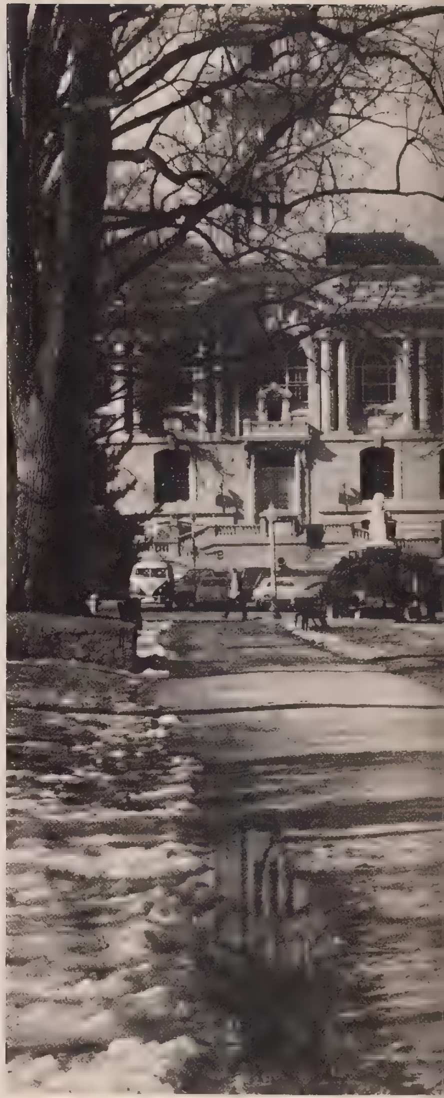
Sporting a wardrobe only Liberace could truly appreciate, Sinbo came to Navy from somewhere in Connecticut. He was determined to major in oceanography and with that came the idea that he would take over command of the Calypso when Jaques retired. Unfortunately service selection did not leave him that option.

A real physical guy, Bob spends a lot of his spare time in the weight room, some even say that he will soon stop spotting and start lifting. Rumor has it that he managed to run and crawl 50 miles in a mere twelve hours.

Driving a Tonka-toy-ota and generously disbursing his monthly pay check Bob is rarely seen at U.S.N.A. on weekends. As a matter of fact he isn't seen too much during the week either. Despite all of this Bob has maintained a 3.122243 (roughly) and is ready to fill a vacant seat at Pensacola as an NFO.

WALLACE L. TART
"WALLY"

The hugest member of the Rats, Gator has established himself as the Rat's frolicking minstrel by virtue of his fabled Gator Tales. Gator, a reknown Fiat test driver, proved his expertise by stopping the "pizza mobile" with it's front bumper instead of the brakes. A weight-room stallwart with a well rounded routine, Gator has developed a "tough-guy" image with his jack-head philosophy. Sporting a regulation Marine Corps haircut and possessing the ability to improvise, demonstrated during Plebe Summer with his all-purpose trash can, Gator will surely uphold the Scarlet and Gold image. Ah — if only TBS were in D.C.!



FRANK HODNETT SCOTT

KIRK A. BARKER
"BUDDY"

W.J. HERBERGER
"HERB"

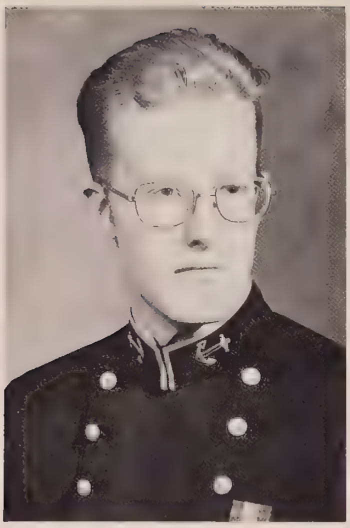
Hailing from Cameron Valley, Herb was appointed the Rats' Minority Affairs Officer by process of elimination. When not found jumpin', spinnin' and shootin' on the B-ball court, he is likely to be found rappin' at the Wenney-Beeney. After an enjoyable second class year (and a half) Herb now spends his long weekends munchin' bacon-blues at Joe's. Herb qualified for his government drivers license in a vette by chauffering Hods to and from the Navy Yard. After a brief stint of TAD in D.C., Herb will be flying the friendly skies of Pensacola and establishing himself as a real regular at Machine Gun Kelly's.

GEORGE McKENZIE
"SKIP"

Mac, already a celebrated war hero and veteran of the Maplewood Serviceman's Committee, has emerged as the Rats' Burt Reynolds. His reknowned sweet ones and full chest of turf are envied by men and admired by woman alike. Anchorman and Captain of the Rats' all star drinking team, Mac once leaped the Sampson bushes in a single bound-propelled only by a few brews. Mac's credentials remain unscathed as his league leading statistic of one career fair catch will surely endure. Mac should do well at Pensacola come graduation as he is one guy who knows how to have a good time!

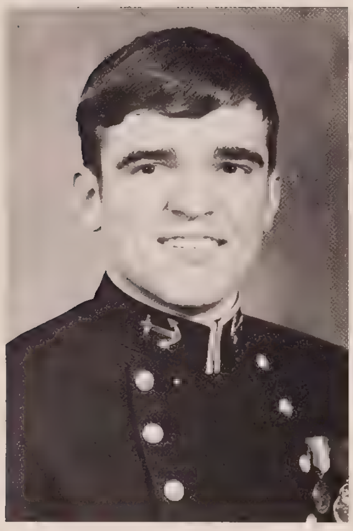
DANIEL JAMES JERABEK
"JERB"

Jerb, the Rats' den mother and one man planning committee has spent the last four years studying more than the other five Rats combined. This academic prowess is reflected in his 3.5 cum. On one of those rare occasions when not tipping a few brews with the boys, he can be seen cruising around College Park in his Flipmobile with Babe snuggled up close by his side. Jerb, as resident legal advisor, has definitely saved many a Rats and non-Rat's tail in their time of need. Come June, Jerb is sure to excell in Navy Air with his carefree attitude of "Whatever happens, happens!"



ANDREW ARTHUR AHLGREN

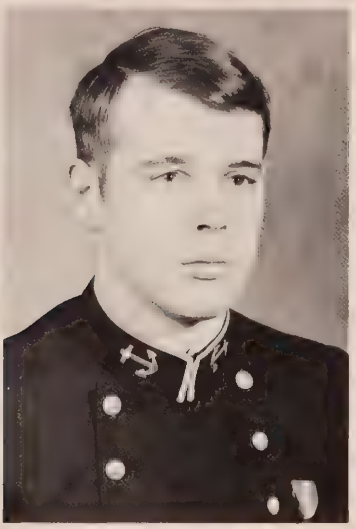
Otherwise known as "Drew" or "Triple A" but always recognized as "the Hotcomb," Andy was born and raised in San Francisco. Wanting to join the Navy since an early age, which is strange because insanity does not run in his family, Andy attended Prep school before coming to the Academy. He will always be remembered for his exotic taste in roommates and casual attire as well as his glib criticisms in the tube room. The fact that he was a Systems major did not detract from his duties as chief director of the N-Ach men. After the worlds shortest interview with Rickover, Drew went surface line. Although he did not get a battleship, his friends wish him smooth sailing in sunny San Diego.



ROBERT WILLIAM ANDERSEN

1st Regimental Supply

Andy flew in from Chicago leaving behind all thoughts of attending Purdue. He fell victim to the traditional "dear John" letter, but soon had his Irish O.A.O., whom he wrote every night. Fame came his way through the company Christmas parties with his hairlip jokes and impressions. Wearing stars was a one semester experience that earned him the name "Anderbead." That soon faded with the onslaught of the first class slide. Despite constant pressure he remained a loyal John Denver fan, even when his albums were in danger of becoming frisbees. When service selection rolled around the nucs almost got to him, but he came to his senses and joined the ranks of the navy air corps.



JAMES EDWARD SHELDON

"RECON"

Ed came to us from the white water rivers of North Carolina and has been trying to keep his head above water ever since. "Recon" was an activist in spirit related activities and was involved in a number of ECA's. He finally decided that turning on the lights was his calling and proceeded to evoke a revolution, eventually electing himself Juice Gang President. His skill at manipulating the power structure didn't carry over into academics, however. Commonly found battling the computer, the Systems Engineering curriculum proved a challenge to him. His only relief from the academic beating was crew and occasional summer cruises. As a Golden Shellback, Ed will return to the Pacific as a salty Surface Liner.

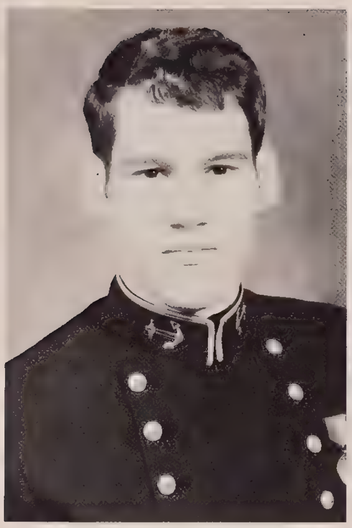
STEPHEN J. ESHMAN

TENTH COMPANY

FRONT ROW: (L to R) McCracken, L; Countryman, W. Sellner, S; Gulley, R; Curtis, J; Walston, T; Saenz, R; Uglow, R; Ehlers, J; Katilius, J; Herbig, J. *BACK ROW:* Cook, D; Nugent, A; Whitehouse, T; DeMarco, G; O'Brien, E; Divers, L; Simpson, G; Waldie, K; Ives, G; Baker, A; Diffie, C; Martin, J. *MISSING:* Sowell, R; Yeager, W; Petri, S.

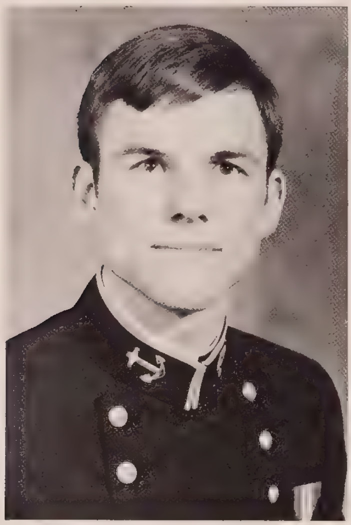
FRONT ROW: (L to R) S. Jones, S. Whitney, B. Serge, D. Olmstead, S. McKenzie, T. Gibson, D. Rogers. *MIDDLE ROW:* S. Ahmadi, A. Konecny, E. Russow, R. Wilson, K. O'Sullivan, C. Mark, J. Burnette, J. Edmondson, W. McAulliffee, T. McDonald. *LAST ROW:* W. Gray, E. Baden, J. Jolliffe, P. VanCleve, F. Schulley, R. O'Donnel, T. Williamson, R. Belles, C. Molleson, S. Kline, T. Brandl.

BOTTOM: (L to R) J. Reed, J. Esparza, P. Hayase, S. Matts, S. Struble, D. Delonga, C. Edwards. *MIDDLE:* M. Sonnefeld, B. Personius, T. Kobosko, J. Barrett, C. Kleint, V. Cinnamo, C. Zingler, G. Martinez, K. Duermit. *TOP:* C. Klein, C. Rayhill, E. Forde, P. Kelly, F. Cleveland, M. Serafin, J. Stenzoski, D. Senerius, S. Southard, D. MacEslin, B. Taylor, E. Stein. *NOT PICTURED:* M. Matson, C. Edwall, R. Anderson.



WALTER R. ADAMS
"EDIE"

Walt silently slipped into USNA from Hamilton, Ohio. With his feet on the ground and his mind fixed on the sky, only the aero major would be appropriate. Edie, friend to everybody, will be remembered best for those few occasions when he "broke into words." That flashy fighter pilot image was evident, though, with his high grade stereo and speedy Jag. This ambitious guy, always looking to expand his horizons, took weekend courses for four years at Hood College to prepare himself for some future "big day." We wish Walt well as he climbs into the cockpit and follows the Adams tradition into the wild blue beyond.



KEVIN BROCK
"KB NECK"

BREAKER one nine for a South Bound to Earth . . . 10-4 Good Buddy . . . This is the 'MANIAC' . . . Come on . . . I'm heading in for a few PBR's. What a pisser!

There were no more academics for Kevin (the Maniac) once he set up his base station on 5-2. What's the latest 20 on the OOD?

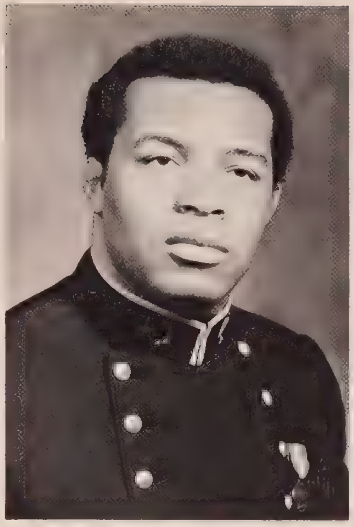
All this is left behind now as Kevin pursues life further as a member of the Surface line community (No one understands why Kevin took Reactor Physics I and II). Good luck to Kevin and especially to Elaine (She'll need it).

THOMAS PATRICK BREYER
"TOM"

Tom descended from the plains of western New York, hoping to begin a real life only to find it was to be postponed for four more years. While appearing to be intelligent and hardworking, we suspect that he was bagging it like the rest of us. Always the big decision maker, he took two majors because they both looked so good. On the side, he soon made a new friend named Honeywell, a relationship of mutual understanding to last all four years. Of course, any one of a series of HP calculators provided personal room services. While usually efficient and calculating (an "analyst" as he says), we could all talk to TP and expect an attentive listener. Although forced to turn in his dolphins for a cloak and dagger, we assume Tom will go far no matter where he directs his energies.

LARRY ROYALTY

Since escaping the mystic occult world of the physics major and joining the burgeoning phy sci ranks, Larry has learned to take life at the un-college a little easier. As a matter of fact, Larry hasn't missed a meal, a green alert, a firstie b-ball game, or an hour of rack from worrying since the last time Club magazine came a day late. Not that Larry didn't enjoy life before that (who can forget that night spent in Va. Beach with Gallo's finest ($.59/gal)?). But there have been some changes — why this year the normally reserved and thoughtful stud from Lexington Park, Md. got so excited once that he broke into words (previous longest speech: Pass the meat, potatoes, ice cream, etc.). The false start in physics brought Larry a QPR approximating the square root of 4, so he dropped early plans for a visit to Uncle Hymie's Game Emporium and opted for the Marine green. With his talents and his ability to get along with weird people (the rest of the Men of Ten) Larry will excel in the rest of his military career.

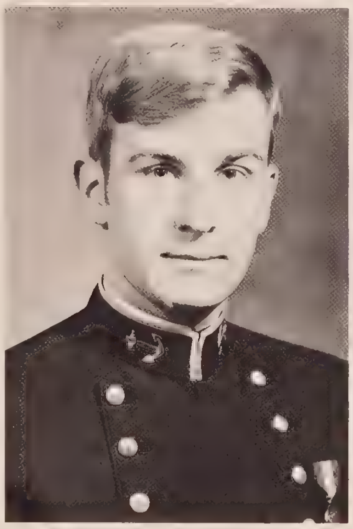


ROGER VAN MITCHELL
"MITCH" "KONG"

Roger made his trip to USNA from California, via a one year stop off at a military school in New Mexico. At Navy Rog wrestled for four years, played judo and stuck it out with his E.E. major. Mitch was always one for a party and when he was not out driving his Z, he could be found at one of Annapolis' night spots, having a few. But whatever he did, Rog always had that same old relaxed, carefree attitude. Roger has decided to make Nuc Power his career and to spend his time, down under the water in a SSN. Well, his next year will be full of a lot of hard studying but he is sure to make it.

JEFF POTTS

Jeff came to USNA from Humboldt, Tennesse with an open mind and a desire to succeed. After giving up a childhood dream of going to West Point, he decided that the Naval Academy was the only way to go. Plebe year took its effect on Jeff as he battled the rigors of academics and "all calls" come-arounds. Although during his later years at Navy, he became conservative during the weekends, the first two years saw him as a first class party man. As far as athletics went, Jeff spent many a winter after-noons at fieldball. He wasn't a bad tennis player, either. We'll remember Jeff for such great lines as: "That's not cost effective." After second class summer, he decided that the Marines needed a few more good men and we all know that the Marine Corps is getting a good one.



THOMAS F. KEELEY
"T"

Boston sent their "Barney Rubble" look alike to the boat school with a short lay-over at NAPS. Tom decided that the Supply Corps was the only way to go and immediately sought an NPQ status with lung trouble and by joining the Hockey Club, but he proved to be a tough athlete and traded his dreams of "Pork Chops" for NFO wings. Youngster year Tom began working as company barber between watching his favorite shows on his television set. He also tried to improve his grease by letting firsties sleep with him, but he did insist they wear their socks. During second class year weekends, Tom could be found in his room waiting for his "Vette" to arrive from Detroit. First Class year, Tom could be found in his room waiting for his "Vette" to be repaired. He was Hockey Club President, Company Sub-Commander, and rode a WUBA GANG MOPED on the field during home football games. Most important-a great friend.

JOHN SCOTT NELSON
""NEL""

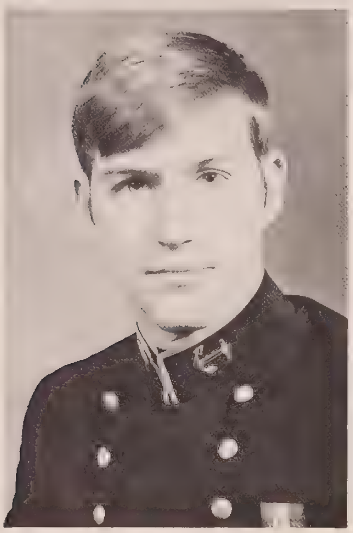
John blew into USNA from here and there via NAPS, and presently resides in Old Tappan, N.J. After an easy summer, John decided to join the ranks of the varsity athletes, on the dinghy team. All those freezing afternoons and long weekends finally paid off, and he obtained his Varsity letter Youngster year. Unlike most of us returning from 2/c summer, John knew that this was the place for him. Two weeks later, he ordered that MG he'd always wanted.

One could always tell NEL was coming down the shaft, "listen to those ankles!" Being the old salt of the company, his advice was sought out by many. We knew he was happiest when he muttered,, "We like it" or "That's cooool" or burst into a verse of "Oh Susannah." For the future, John is headed toward Pensacola and NFO wings, providing he doesn't fall asleep in class.

Best of luck, and thanks for all the help!

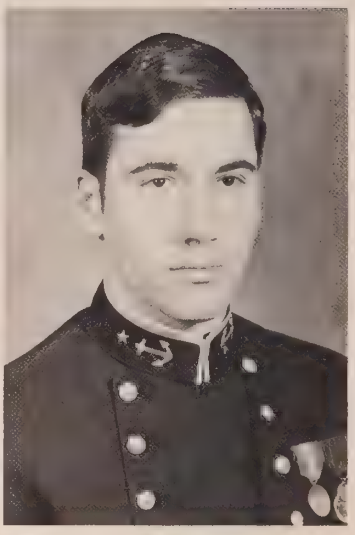
GARY MICHAEL HOLST
"THE WUBA PUBA"

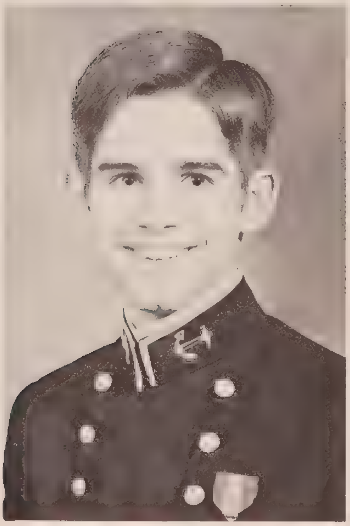
At the '76 Christmas party each of the firsties were required to draw a card from an ordinary Bicycle deck as part of the fourth-class skit Gary Holst inadvertantly drew the joker. The deafening applause that followed described more about Gary than any written words. He led the BAC force as the big cheese, the greatest member of the WUBA gang, and youngster year led the brigade as supreme conduct consultant. A certain BOOW will remember one of Gary's escapades; it was a quiet night, both Gary and the moon were full. He was invaluable to company heavies, both on the field and in the wardroom. His typewriter was invaluable, too, as it could turn out 4 term papers in 4 days, straight from mental dictation, no notes, good grades. Gary is joining the surface community and will be travelling west with his new wife, Beth, during the summer. After spending his entire pre-mid life in New Jersey (God's country), he wants to see the Pacific. The men of Ten will remember "Gare" and his unique descriptions of everyone; Gare, we don't get mad, we get even.



RANDE M. KESSLER
"KESS"
10th Company Commander

Kess first stomped into USNA in the summer of '73. Totally non-descript in nature, he managed Plebe Summer easily and it wasn't till AC year that he proved himself insane. Ocean Engineering was "the way" until the Mardi Gras one "Soybean Queen." Kess then switched to the homeowner mode and was rarely seen at Canoe U again. Token appearances during exams convinced striper boards he was "squared away," despite dartboard targets on his cork board, snow tires in his 2/c closet, an occasional UA from taps, and those great "dining out chits!" Having a sincere want to be a real Midshipman, he volunteered to miss all those first class march-ons by joining the WUBA gang. The most Redneck member of the gang was personally responsible for all those homecoming calls to the Dant. Service Selection almost saw Kess attempt to go Subs, but the non-carrier capability of the P-3 so impressed him he went NFO. We wish him luck and continued wild parties as the fleet accepts a multi talented Ensign and his lovely wife.



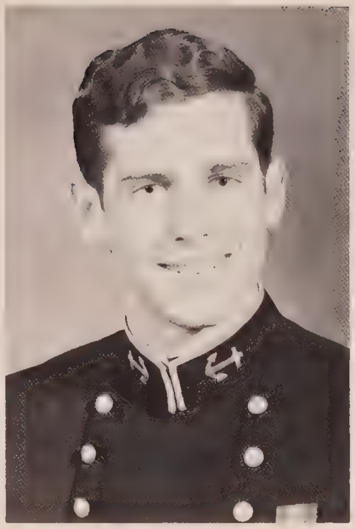


MICHAEL L. SCHMIT
"SPIDERMAN"

Schmitty rappelled into USNA from the hills of Southern California with visions of being a giant among midshipmen. He accomplished many things during his short stay here, including learning how to paint Mickey Mouse and how to use the computer for all sorts of things (including scheduling head calls). He won't have to worry about bumping his head on his submarine! Sorry this one is so short, Schmitty . . .

GARY L. BEAVER
"BEAV," QUASAR, MAXIMUM"

Gary made that painful choice of traveling the rocky road at USNA when he could have been playing it cool with those Southern belles. Fortunately the Corps has him for at least 5 years, probably more. One of the more dynamic members of '77, Gary was one of the few who reaped the few bennies that USNA had to offer. A semester at USAF made a nice break from the BOAT school. The "Beav's" sports career was directed in many varied areas. His intensity and aggressive attitude on the B-Ball court was equaled by his nastiness on the Varsity 150's that was exceeded by his intake at the dinner table. His love of the beaches and the beauties that grace those shores will always be first in Gary's mind. Only the coldest weather could keep him away from the surfing, sun, and that marvelous scenery. The Beav will bring to the Corps a warm sense of humor and friendliness that will be noted by many.



MICHAEL FREDERICK CANDERS
"CAMPERS, EDDIE HASKLE"

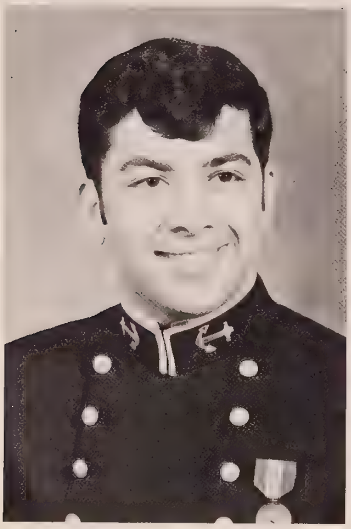
A founder of GOOD TIME TEN! "The most important thing before a test is a good nights sleep." Yes, Mike spent alot of time working under cover. A born athlete who spent most of his free time on the lacrosse field scoring goals. An easy going Long Islander who takes life one day at a time. Never one to have his wings clipped, Mike chose Navy Air. His love of the sea is why we'll find Mike in the front seat of a P-3. Mike was the company watch coordinator. He had more watch experience than anyone in the company because he stood more CMOD's than anyone else plebe summer. Ask him, he'll tell you. He also has a way of presenting platoons to Marines. Seriously though, Campers is a guy whose future is pure sunshine. One of the truly great MEN OF TEN!

JOSEPH ANDREW WALSH
"WELCHER"
Deputy Brigade Commander

Joe Walsh, SO WHAT? The man from New Jersey with the Brooklyn accent. Joe got tired of engineering first class year so he learned about boilermakers. He learned so well that many of the guests at the Sheraton were charmed by his pleasant disposition. An airedale from plebe year, Joe decided on nuke power because "there's just no future in air." The fine athlete he is, Joe enjoys soccer, football, lacrosse, and girls, not necessarily in that order. He was selected as MVP of the Wardroom Football League in his senior year. He'll do well at Orlando, mainly because Disneyworld is so near by. He's almost a sure bet to be deep-selected as Coke and snack officer aboard USS Cashew (SSN 18). Without his talent in the classroom, much of tenth company wouldn't have graduated. A Trooper till the end, we are certain that his successes will be many and great.

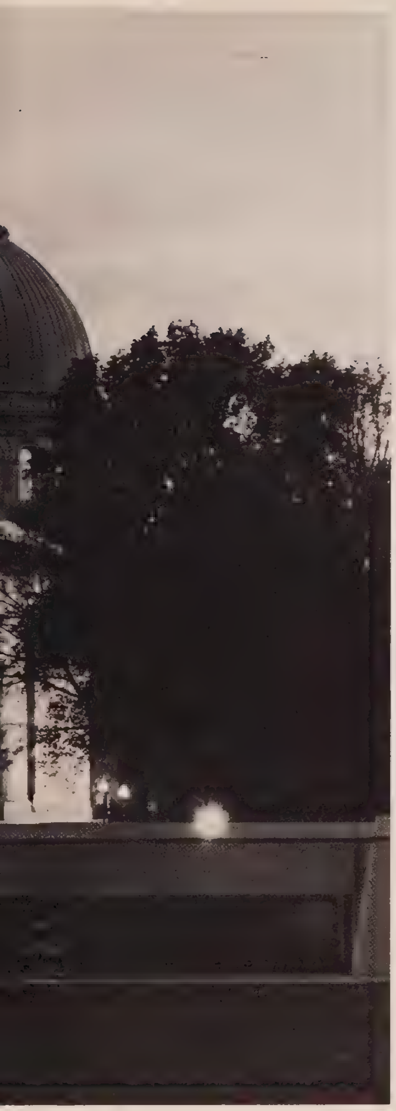
PAUL LAWRENCE ESTEL DAVIS
"PLED"

IF
. . . If you can trust yourself when all men
doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
. . . If you can dream — and not make
dreams your master;
. . . If you can think — and not make
thoughts your aim,
. . . If you can meet with Triumph and
Disaster and treat those two impostors
just the same;
. . . If you can talk with crowds and keep
your virtue;
Or walk with Kings — nor lose common
touch,
. . . If you can fill the unforgiving minute
with sixty seconds' worth of distance
run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it



JAMES TRIPODI
"TRIPS"

Tap dancing in from Sewickley, Pa. Jim, also known as "Trips" began Plebe summer by receiving the coveted award as the slowest uniform racer ever. Jim is also famous for being the only midshipman who ever enforced USNA Regulations and at the same time followed them himself. Recognizable for his big smile and dark Italian eyes, Jim has a bright future ahead in the Surface Navy. Jim has found the living Jesus Christ to be the answer to life's seemingly unanswerable questions. Since prayerfully asking Jesus to come into his life and be the Lord of his life, Jim has shared God's magnificent plan of salvation with others, and helped many to find this new life of meaning in Christ. After graduating in June, he will continue to serve God and country never forgetting the Commissions he has received from both. To this you were called, because Christ suffered for you, leaving you an example, that you should follow in his steps. I Peter 2:21



GEORGE W. HENNING

Settling in at the ship school on the Severn in the summer of seventy-three was a Skokie (Illinois) schoolboy named George Henning. The summer was long, hot, humid, and hard, but George endured, suffering only occasional anxieties. Ac-year came. New room, roommate, squad, squad-leader, BOOKS, BRIGADE'S BACK . . . . . MORE ANXIETY. Probably the main reason George was anxious was because he wasn't sure of his relationship with Jesus Christ. Sure he'd heard that God loved him and had a plan for his life. All George had to do was be sorry for his sin, accept the gift, and then he could live eternally with God.

Service Selection could have made George anxious again, but he knew who to trust. Navy Air will have George flying high — a bit closer to God and His plan. "For I know the plans that I have for you," says the Lord, "plans for welfare and not for calamity to give you a future and a hope." Jeremiah 29:11.

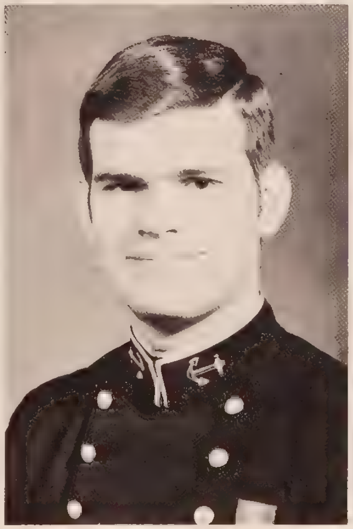
CHRISTOPHER MICHAEL FRANCIS O'CONNOR
"CHRIS"

Innocent, zealous, squared away, seeking manhood by the Severn, Chris found reality, lust, love, and grief enroute to maturation. Although no Huckleberry Finn, Chris follow'd Twain's advice; If you would education win, keep school in her place. The Blarney Stone this infant soothed in place of pacifier; Goldmund learned German, French, and Dutch, ignoring Hymie's ire. To tour shimmering Europe, (surely Paradise on earth), Chris fled old frosty Crabtown, leaving friends to books and hearth. But roads are rough in Europe too, paradise escaped him. Memr'ry jarred, old friends, new cars, America seemed sweeter. Still new vibrant friends he'll find to love and to inspire him, Heaven lies in Marine eyes, his challenge clear: to lead them.

Believing, he seeks to understand.
Understanding, he seeks to believe.
Inspiring, he seeks inspiration.

WILLIAM E. JACKSON
"SCOOP"

"Scoop" came to us straight from Lincoln High in Port Arthur, Texas. It must have seemed a long way from the evening of May 29th to Induction Day July 9, 1973. Tall, skinny, and naive, Bill made it through plebe year in fair fashion, (if only Ruppert could have managed to fatten you a little bit more), along with his two roomies, Paul and Feeds. Bill was treated to his first sweet taste of youngster year aboard the U.S.S. Denver, in Natron 74, the last of the great floating Bancroft Halls. The next few years seemed to drift by for Bill, literally, and only the emergence of "Scoop" as Echo Co. Sub Cdr. during Plebe Summer 76 saved him from total obscurity First Class year. Bill has, however, enriched the lives of everyone in Goodtime Ten with his sincere christian influence. We all wish him the best of luck and every blessing as he sails through life.



GARY A. MALOCHE

The month of June will be a very special one for Good Time Ten's Gary Maloche. All the folks back home in Monroe, Michigan, will certainly have much to be proud of when this firstie graduates. Gary can confidently look back on four years of continuous preparation with a sense of accomplishment and satisfaction. During these years he successfully transitioned from the slightly bewildered candidate we all knew Plebe Summer to the remarkably calm and assured first classman who knows where he wants to go. This was achieved by much hard work and perseverance on Gary's part and a firm belief that God was in charge of the situation at all times. On graduation day Gary will pass an important milestone that will no doubt be just one of many to come. He has invested many thoughtful days in planning the future and you can be sure that a good surface ship and the girl that helped make it all possible are a part of those plans.

BRUCE JAMES BUCK

"B.J."

10th Company Commander
Baseball All Star (2nd Team)

B.J. arrived in Annapolis from Newport, Rhode Island. Coming from a Navy family, he fit right into academy life. As a plebe he knew more about the Navy then a lot of the first class.

Since the first day of plebe year, B.J.'s key interest has been baseball. An excellent second baseman, he has been a starter on the Varsity for three years. In recognition of his fine performance on the baseball diamond over the past three seasons, B.J. was elected team captain his senior year. He also follows professional baseball closely, and is a diehard "Yankee" fan with some leaning toward the Red Sox.

B.J. has several sayings that are famous on 5-2, those being "STOP IT!" and "YOU CEMENT HEAD."

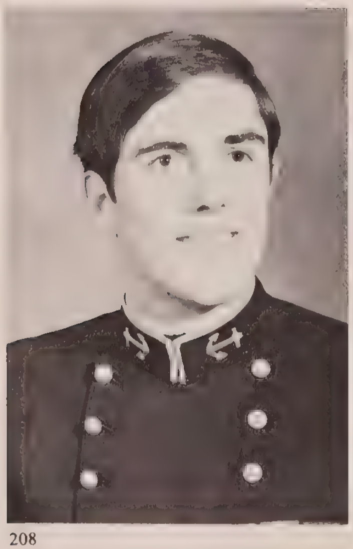
After a tough choice between Surface Line and Marine Corps, he decided to follow in his dad's footsteps and go Surface. Many say Surface Line is Mighty Fine. B.J. says Surface Line is "H".

MICHAEL JOSEPH VIETEN

"VIETS CRETIN"

Mike came to USNA from Northport, New York and now resides in the big city of Birmingham, Michigan. Known to everyone as Viets, he was a standout in Battalion football, Lax, and his favorite intramural sport, fieldball. Always a food lover, Mike was able to stay in shape over his four year tenure and still place numerous orders on many "burger run" lists. During Plebe summer, he established himself as a milkshake and cookie man, and one trip to the Coke machine after taps cost him a few demerits. Viets was nocturnal when it came to studying and could usually be found in the rack during daylight hours. His ocean engineering labs were the primary cause for his late hours, but he and his company lab partner always seemed to polish them off the night before they were due.

Mike's future in the Navy will be underwater as one of Rickover's select submariners. We all know he will be a successful one, and give him a pat on the back for helping us through the JORR.



PETER RUCCI

"RUCC"

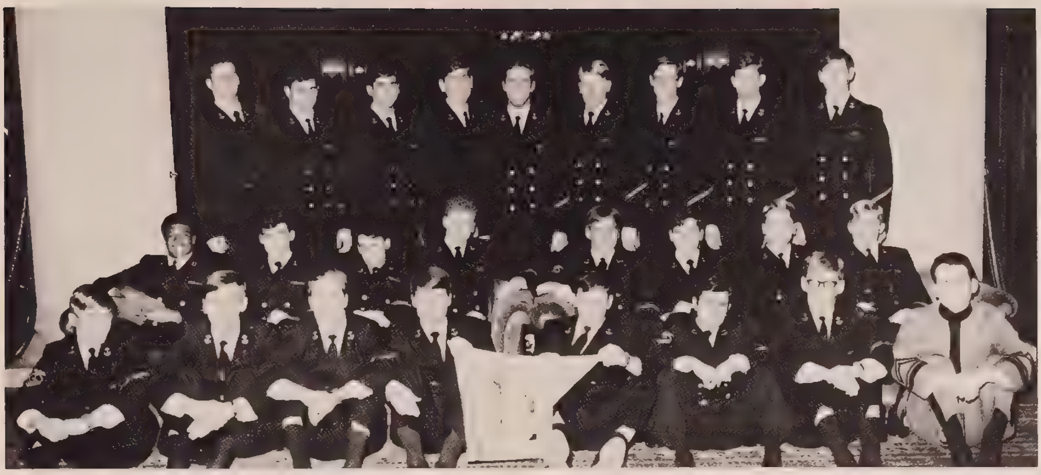
"Rucc" came from Long Beach, California, his #1 love, "to this?" He quickly set his priorities straight: Sports, Music, Girls, then academics. From the beginning, we could see that he had to go through the biggest change of his life. However, he tried not to. He played in enough rock bands to qualify for a Music major, although officially in Math. Within four years he had memorized all the bricks on the fifth-wing terrace, either by marching at sunrise or "catching rays." He quickly became an asset to us, though, with his barber skills and participation in company sports. During second-class year, pictures of Debi mysteriously began appearing in his room. This settled him down (a little) and during his last year he dedicated himself to Debi, the NA-10, "cheezing," and as a member of the WUBA Gang. After graduation and the wedding, Pete and Debi will drive to Pensacola in his van loaded with keyboards, where he'll be the first Navy pilot to put a moog in his A-7. We wish him all the best of luck.

ANDRE PAUL FOSTER

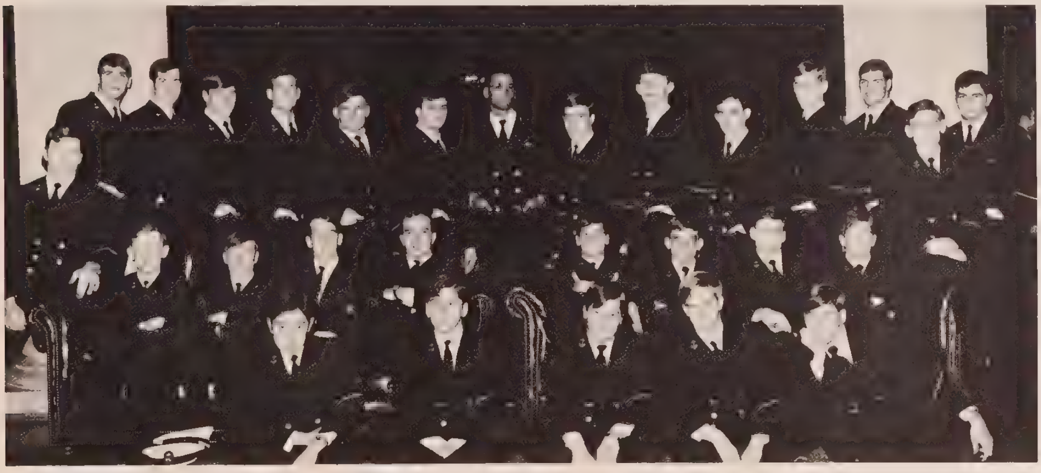
"LITTLE OLD MAN" "ANDER"

Hailing from Birmingham, Alabama via a layover in Los Angeles, the "LITTLE OLD MAN" was in the rack most of time while at NAVY. However, when he finally got up, he could be usually found in the company wardroom, coaching an unbelievable fieldball team, and wondering where are the women and his car. Nevertheless, when completely bored he was known to study — "the boy was a genius!!" After a little time recruiting and sailing the seven seas, Andre will join the real NAVY — and FLY!!!

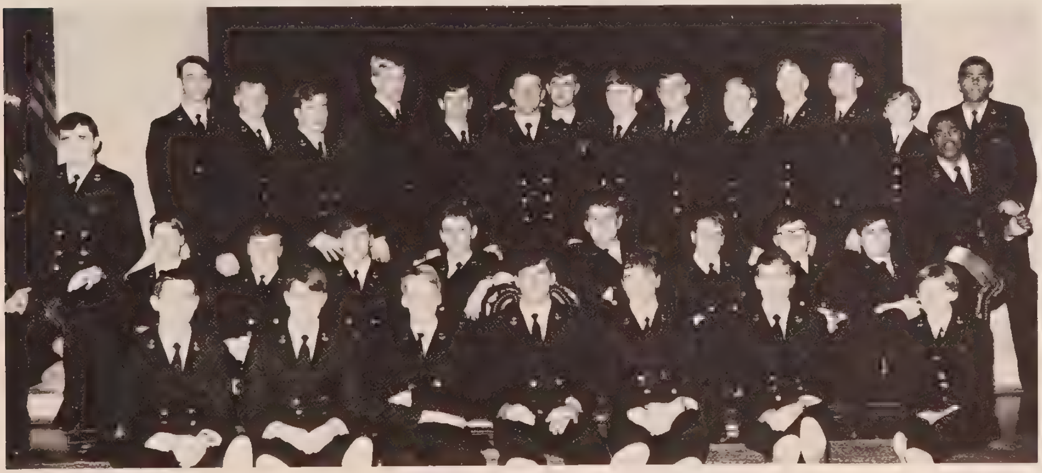
ELEVENTH COMPANY



FIRST ROW: (L to R) G. Billy, S. Laser, W. Brown, S. Brashear, T. Wood, V. Balderrama, B. Gillette, S. Wolscak (USMA). *SECOND ROW:* D. Wood, J. Vanderkamp, T. Crowley, M. Drake, Doroshuk, D. Marzetta, T. Plautz, G. Lovegren. *THIRD ROW:* R. Welch, J. Kurowski, P. Winters, M. Elias, P. Hall, R. Cone, M. Lewis, S. Rodgers, B. Buechner.



FIRST ROW: (L to R) D. Shikada, J. Brady, J. Daniels, B. Borrows. *SECOND ROW:* S. Gray, B. Sparks, B. Post, J. Sebastion, B. Sampson, B. Skogsted, P. Pilewski, M. Meredith, M. King, M. Eusor. *THIRD ROW:* S. Colenta, E. Patterson, J. Boyle, P. Nettles, D. Beeler, J. Smith, W. Lewis, J. McFather, T. Giardina, F. Montero, A. Howell, D. Loman, D. Moorwood.



FIRST ROW: (L to R) S. Lloyd, E. Crawford, J. Bowden, T. Bourassa, W. Bastian, S. Lantz, B. Geraghty. *SECOND ROW:* D. Heaney, C. Knapp, P. Subchak, S. Head, P. Stevens, R. Slater, J. Gosnell, M. Bennett, A. Anchondo, V. Smith. *THIRD ROW:* R. Clager, G. Gallop, E. DiGirolamo, R. Bott, G. Glosser, R. Sexauer, D. Ernest, K. McIlhenny, P. Brissette, D. Jennings, P. Jones, C. Folger, S. Welch, P. White.

LAWRENCE CHARLES BECKER
"LARRY"

This Navy Crew jock, displaced from the beaches of sunny California, came to USNA after a brief tour through the backwoods of Pa. Larry's four years at The Boat School were everything but passe. While not one of Navy's scholars, the Battle of the Books seemed like an endless fight. However, with a little help from above and a few other places, he finally won the war. Beck or "Ba Ba" Becker, as he was more recently called, was very dedicated to the sport of crew. He logged in many hours on the Severn River rowing his way to three varsity letters. Beck had three loves that kept him fairly well occupied most of his long weekends. They were: a cold beer, his Z-car and any pretty girl, not necessarily in that order. He always took advantage of all the liberty that was granted, and then even some that wasn't. After graduation, Larry is taking off, on a wing and a beer, for the Wild Blue Yonder. Navy Air will be gaining one fine fighter pilot.

MICHAEL JOSEPH BLAZIN
"BLAZE"

Mike, also known as Blaze, came to the Academy from the wilderness of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. From the beginning he worked hard at his academics and regularly made the Dean's List. Though not a stellar athlete, he was always ready to give company sports a "little touch of Blaze." Originally set on Surface Line, Second Class summer made him a devout advocate of the underwater Navy. Underneath his studious and concientious nature is a cheerful personality and optimistic outlook which will take Mike far in life.

PLES J. BRUCE

MICHAEL BURNS
"MT"

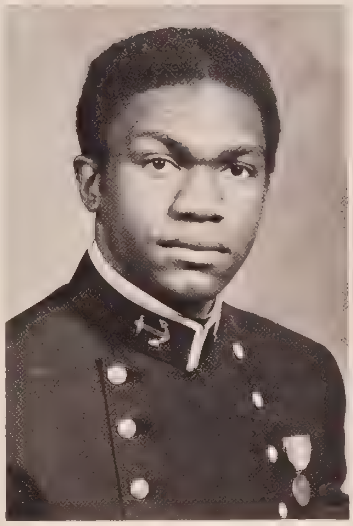
We pledge allegiance
All our lives
To the magic colors
Red, blue and white
But we all must be given
The liberty that we defend
For with justice not for all men
History will repeat again
It's time we learned
This World Was Made For All Men
(S. Wonder)

DAVID T. WALTERS
"DAVE"

Dave feels the Academy has been interesting . . . to say the least. Coming here as a Marine Corporal, he is anxious to get back into the Corps and fly "anything supersonic." Known as "Scrooge" in the 11th Company, especially immediately after returning from any leave period, he has been looking forwards to "the commission and the sheepskin" ever since first coming here. Onwards and upwards for this man after USNA.

JOHN RUSSELL VERBRYCKE IV

John made an auspicious first appearance at Annapolis by rowing down the Severn to get here. He kept rowing for two years on the crew team. John then decided he'd rather be kicking, pushing, and shoving on the Brigade Champion Soccer and Fieldball teams, all the while reserving a spot on the iron pumping squad. Although he was manganized senior year, John also did well in that elite group of liberal-arts majors who dominated the 11th Co. Class of 1977 academics. This occured despite his obsession with cockpits. His first was that of JRV IV 280-Z; the second will be that of the aircraft he gets upon completion of flight class in Pensacola. As John is getting ready to hoof it out of here, probably either to bag more hunting trophies in Sherwood Forest or do some skiing, we're confident that he'll be a great pilot. We look forward to seeing him and hearing about his future exploits.



ELBERT D. WHITE

DANIEL JOSEPH WHITSETT
"DJ"

Dan arrived at Annapolis from the wilds of Tulsa, Oklahoma ready to max out. However plebe year and varsity tennis proved academics would be more difficult than expected. Upperclass academics fell into place due to long hours and large amounts of time in the library.

After two years on the JV tennis team, Danny switched over to Batt Tennis and lead the team to two championships, not to mention frequent lessons to any females who desired them. A true management major at work.

Classmates could always count on Dan for help on any assignments or projects, along with the gouge on any parties in the area on weekends. First class year brought Dan his BMW and gave Navy Air a fine officer destined to work and play hard. What about ships?

"They will never get them off the ground, the wings are to short?"

WINSTON KIM CROW
"KIM"

Winston must be among the most conscientious midshipmen ever to pass through Bancroft Hall. During his stay, Kim always added vast amounts of flavor to life around the company area. Always associating himself with the South, this Texarkana boy, soon became the company's constant crusader and defender of his home state, Texas. And leaving the lone star state meant Kim had to give-up a full ride to Rice U., but after growing used to his surroundings, it didn't take him long to shine. After validating many courses, Kim broke through the ice into intense, higher academics. Not only did he display his literary and linguistic talents effectively throughout his stay here at USNA, but he proved to be an exemplary political scientist. Still, the largest part of Kim's education was provided by an outside source, named Marilou . . .

So, as he would say, Hook'em Horns!!!

TIMOTHY DAVID DI MENNA
"TIM"

There are three things which are too wonderful for me,
Yea, four of which I know not:
The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon the rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; the way of a man with a maid.

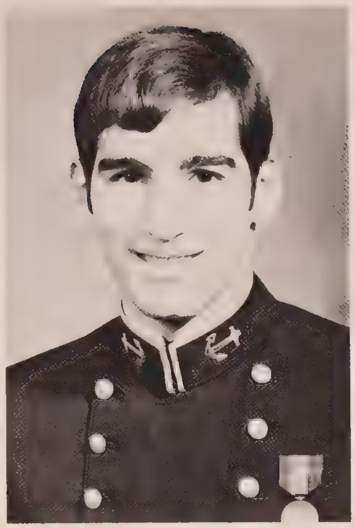
— Proverbs

HENRY J. DONIGAN III
"HANK"

The Class of 74 soon found out that the "slick Mick" came to NAWEE from Bedford, Mass. prepared to give out more than he got. This firey spirit became his trademark whether in the boxing ring or the 5th wing parking lot (with his Class "A" Mama), Hank always gave 100%, and kept "one thing" on his mind. Hank was also one of the company radicals, and more than once a company officer was treated to a special Donigan "Sitrep" just to make sure that the situation was understood. The "Skank" did mellow-out a bit first class year, which might have had something to do with his frequent runs to Philly in the Green Machine. But even a fine young thing could not keep the Czar of the Military Jump Club from taking the dive out of perfectly good airplanes — maybe it was that night at the Hilton when the lights came on a little too early. Despite his going Corps and living with P.E.C.F.B. Becker and Vinnie BAD, Hank was a hell of a friend & I'll be looking to find him in one of those dusty Subic bars with a cold San-Magoo in his hand and another one for me!

CHRISTOPHER EDWARD FEENEY
"CHRIS"–

Setting precedence in his family, Chris came to Navy for a different experience. Always hard-working, he eventually achieved the position of Head Football Manager (and his N* sweater) and thus, a phone in his room. This was something his two roommates didn't mind, except for those hour-long phone calls. Really Chris, we were expecting calls too . . . Being the invisible man of the company, he reappeared in time to distribute the Army tickets first class year. Keeping true to his pioneer spirit, he was the first to start car fever in his room, and stunt driving on ice. NEVER lucky with cassette decks, he is still probably trying to find one that will run at one speed consistently. Does Kodak make tape decks? Chris will be remembered by all those he helped get by these necessary inspections, and especially by all those that didn't quite make it. Who else could have taught the tennis playing rock to swim? Navy Air is where Chris's hope and future lies. Good luck! and "Dave, Help me, Help me!"



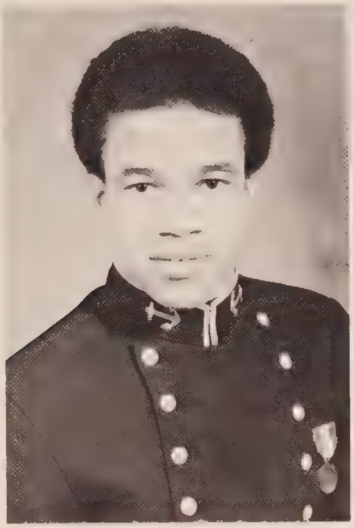
LOUIS JAMES GEANULEAS
"CRAZY LEO"

All the way from Kingston, N.Y. came "the Greek" to a 4 year stay at Nawee. A greaser at heart, this "Heap of Sweat" felt lost in the 70's with only Springsteen to believe in. Plebe year proved to be a breeze despite a chat with the dant about his company officer's ECA as a pusher. A productive Youngster cruise was highlighted by Seattle and "Wake up Maggie." Although a history major, Crazy Leo was picked as one of Adm. Rickover's "few good men" and the future looks to be a long sunless cruise. A self-professed athlete, Craze was one of "marchin' 11's" few great D-backs. Between trips to Kingston, San Antone, Colgate Irvington, and that "jewel on the Gulf," Indian Pass the Craze made the rounds and got to know "one thing" well. It will be classic scene when Lee departs "heaven on the Severn," in his 190SL with the top down, a Cat hat on backwards, 2 days growth on his face, a warm Carte Blanca in his hand, a cigar and chew in his mouth, and the sun at his back. "A town full of losers and I'm pullin' out of here to win."

DAVID LEE FREDERICK

When I look back on my four years at the Naval Academy I hope to remember only the friends that made the stay worth while. Friendships I'll keep long after this book is sitting at the bottom of a cardboard box in the attic. Don't have any desire to make admiral, just a desire to see the guys on these few pages in the years ahead. They're special to me, I will miss them.

Loved the people, hated the place.



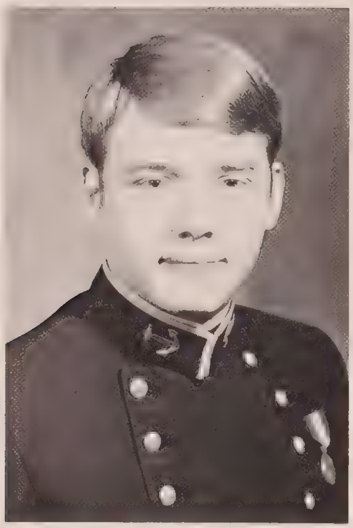
J. HARRINGTON

LARRY INDIVIGLIA
"BARETTA"
11th Company Commander

Baretta came to the boat school from Franklin Square, N.Y., and cheered his N.Y. teams as often as he could, while being the resident sports expert for baseball questions. Late nights were common to Larry as chemistry and wires received alot of his attention. Both courses will never recover from his presence, nor will the mirrors in the company area. Athletically, Indivigs ran the gamut of the intramurals, eventually settling down as a member of the "French Connection" line and going on to the Brigade soccer championship. When not knocking out last minute term papers, rearranging his date book (C 2), or pumping iron, one could find Larry trying on his new clothes for an audience, or more frequently helping a classmate with a problem. Larry is best known for giving up his own time to work on a project, joining in a raid, or just listening. One of the hardest workers ever to pass through Navy's gates, Larry is sure to be at the forefront during his career, so it's off to Cal. with fond memories of 1/C year and Bruce Springsteen.

MARK JEE

The #1 tennis player for three years with NCAA's fresh and soph years Mark came to be a Navy doctor, but liked phy sci better, maybe due to the loss of his wisdom teeth; anyway, BEAT ARMY! Not too many people fall asleep while touring Europe. Swimming definitely not taught on tennis courts was new to the Californian but his roommates somehow made the rock float for 40 min. Searching to improve his game, he found Hood once a week did wonders and stuck with it. Surface line on a destroyer on the wrong coast is Mark's future. Fair winds and following seas.



WES JOHNSON

JAMES MICHAEL KELLY
"KEL"

The "Wizard from Westwood" ran into the University of Navy with high hopes. So high that he decided to take extended liberty to Baltimore plebe year. Curtailing his activity thereafter, "the Kel" and his incessant personality smiled his way through both the good and the bad. Adding four more letters to his twelve from high school, he culminated his running career by being Captain of the cross-country team. Never at a loss with the women, "Four-cool" set out upon a few excursions when not involved with running. Thought to be in touch with the Leprechauns, this fiesty Irishman survived well the rigors of Navy's academia. In the end however, perhaps Kel's major accomplishments were rooming with "Broadway Bo" for four years and making those long trips to the northern country in his "Z." The Wizard left us by taking to the seas aboard the "Bull" and we look for him to add a totally new and outstanding dimension to the Navy with his success. "The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart."

BURLIN DAVIS MABREY
"BEAU"

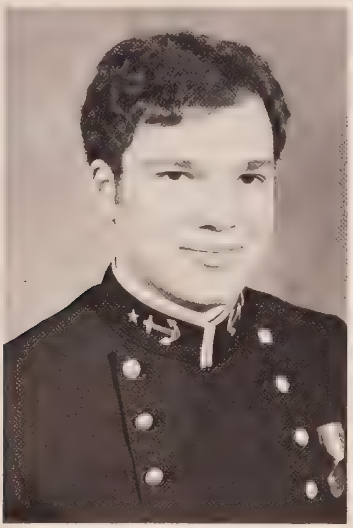
Beau blew into the Academy like a thunderstorm and will leave like a nuclear blast. He can be found any night of the week on 7-2 drinking whatever the special of the week is. Beau has broken more female hearts than anyone around and when he sets his mind to it, no girl stands a chance. Beau will be getting married in June and rumor has it that he will finally settle down.

Beau is the Chairman of the Board for the Brigade A.A. team. He has gone to so many "Happy Hours" that you'd think he was Red Skelton. Over the past four years he and Gillis have totalled four cars between them. In each case they could have easily walked a crooked line if asked to by a cop.

Justice would have been served if Beau had been placed in the 16th Co. They had to go out of company for platoon leaders. He would have fit in nicely. Beau chose Navy Air as his future and will definitly be flying high. Watch out Pensacola because here he comes.

DAVID G. PADDOCK
"DAVE"

Coming from San Diego, flying and fine women are this man's love. Involving himself with Masquerders and the glee club kept himself busy and in contact with females. His first play was a winner and played in the Kennedy Center. He earned athletic distinction by tying an intramural hurdles record. He earned the covetted black N* award for actions after one b-ball game. In Hawaii one summer he logged time in P-3s and TA-4s. First class summer put Dave with the induction of the coed class of 80. He will never admit that "Flaming Foxtrot" wasn't fun. A ship in San Diego with an option to fly in two years await him after graduation. Best of luck to a great guy and a hellofa roommate.



CHRIS LEO PASHOS
1st Regiment Operations

From the day he was strangled by a spiffy and took his vengeance out on an innocent locker door, Chris (or Pitter Patter Pashos as they say) has led an active life at USNA. Being the brigade Mr. Wizard in his International Affairs major (which did not impress Adm. Rickover), Chris swung a four-month European holiday disguised as first class cruise. It took him from yodeling in the Swiss Alps to testing the swinging reputation of the French Riviera. Nevertheless, seriously pursuing academics, Chris qualified for an Olmsted Scholarship. Not confining his talents to academia, Chris was a strong soccer player and culminated his long career by helping 11th company win the brigade championship senior year. As he drives off in his Datsun 280Z, Chris will be a fine addition to the Nuclear Navy and is a classmate we would all like to cross paths with again. Perhaps we will sip some ouzo, and hear him say that "the Greeks were born into the world to take no rest for themselves and give none to others." (-Thucydides)

BRET C. MERRIAM

ROBERT DAVID POWELL
"BOOG"
1st Regiment Operations

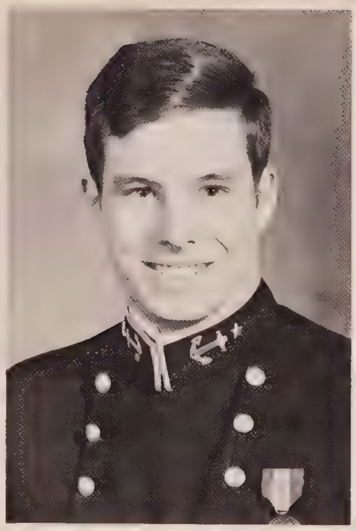
From the very first day Boog was there to help when his classmates needed him. Plebe year was easier for Quiet Bob because no one noticed him except when he was choking through chow calls or wearing hush puppies. He acquired the name Boog from the Firsties on the swimming team. When he was no longer able to keep up with the younger distance-men, he took to sailing and water polo. His classmates soon found he had a weakness for two luxuries, blonde's and BMW's. When the final summer came, Boog was again testing his voice as Reg. Adj. (only this time on the parade field). Things couldn't have been easier though as 1st Reg. Ops. (except for the grades). Boog hopes to find happiness as an NFO in the P-3 community (if not, he'll greet you as a civilian ASAP).

OLIVER M. READ IV
"OLLIE"

"OMRIV" . . . "Ollieee" . . . "Gorilla" . . . Coming from a fine naval tradition, Ollie hit the hallowed halls of Mother B, wanting to be an electrical engineer, wrestle, and lead men. Most midshipmen trade their original goals for some with a coefficient of difficulty much smaller than first planned. Not Ollie. He finished strongly in systems engineering, with a minor in rugby, not to mention an engagement with a nuclear reactor. The surface nuclear fleet has adopted a good partier, a gnarl of a fieldball player, and a fine officer. It will never be the same.

VINCENT SHAKER SADD
"VINCE, VINNY"

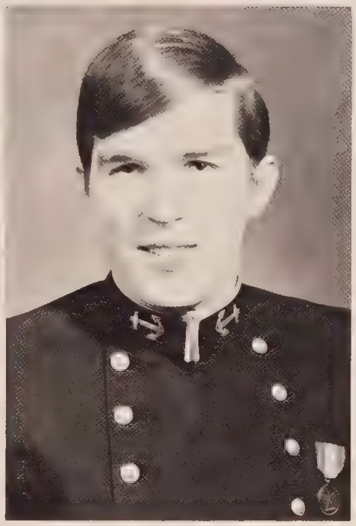
Good-looking women, fast planes, and fast cars all rate highly with this man. Hailing from the hills of West Virginia, Vince came to Annapolis-by-the-bay by way of the frost bitten land of Maine, prepping just to gain admission to Canoe U. Plebe and youngster years saw a tremendous struggle with the academics as Vince lost many battles but ultimately won the war. Second class year was a fight to keep the Vette hidden and yet still visible from the fieldhouse parking lot . . . That effort was successful but others weren't as a couple of F's in conduct didn't do much good for the multiple. Vince's first class year was especially rewarding as he got the chance to fly by the skin of his teeth. Tomcat Sadd will be flying and Naval Aviation will be better for it.



DANIEL JON SCHENKE
11th Company Commander

Dan hails from the rolling hills of Cincinnati Ohio. Straight out of high school, he had to try his luck at USNA. Plebe year was devoted to being shy and minding his own business. This kept him out of trouble.

Youngster year was a time of intense studying and dedication. For these reasons he managed to totally abstain from drinking alcohol. The joys of the wardroom TV never fouled his anchor. It was a real struggle through Second Class year without it. The big reward came as a Firstie. "Schenk-Monster" was voted the Easiest-Going, Most Loved Co. Cdr. Around. NAVY AIR will never be the same



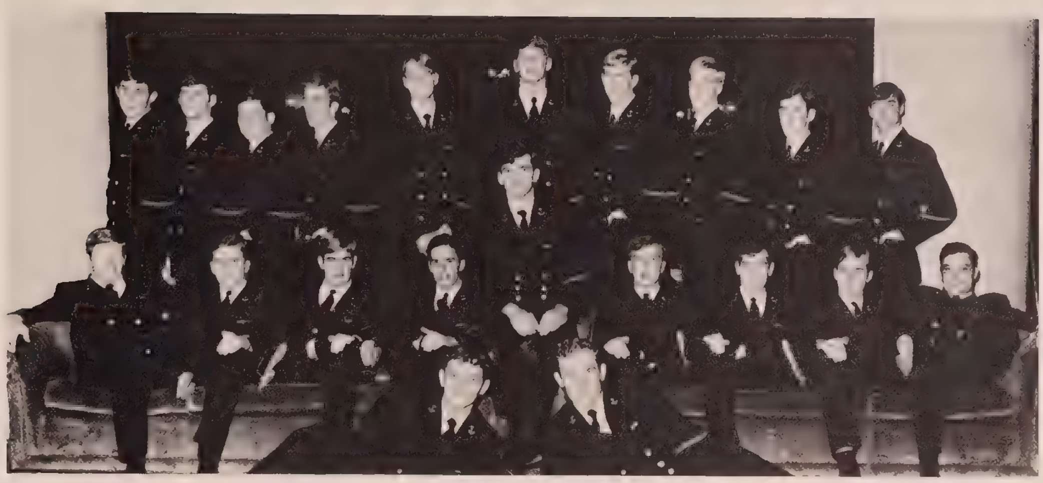
BRUCE S. SMITH
"SMITTY"

Smitty, a pure-bred Texan, came to USNA only after a year at the Univ. of Texas. Unprepared as he was for military life, he adapted easily and soon decided he wanted to join the Corps, the Medical Corps that is. So Doc had to sweat, though just a little, as a bioscience major with a long, hard road ahead of him. Being better than average at putting things off, he quickly became the master of the all-nighter, a direct result of organic chemistry. Never let it be said that he didn't have fun though. First walking, then driving, he was always there for Saturday night libs, cold B's, the Upper Crust, Fran O'Briens, Towson, Walter Reed, etc. Back in the yard, Smitty was an intramural jock at heart, and could be found playing handball, fieldball, or that rough sport of sailing. Other times he was just getting ready for that ever-present mile run. Hopefully he'll be back in Texas for the next four years, but be it there or San Diego, he'll have a somewhat satisfying four years to look back on, and even more to look forward to.

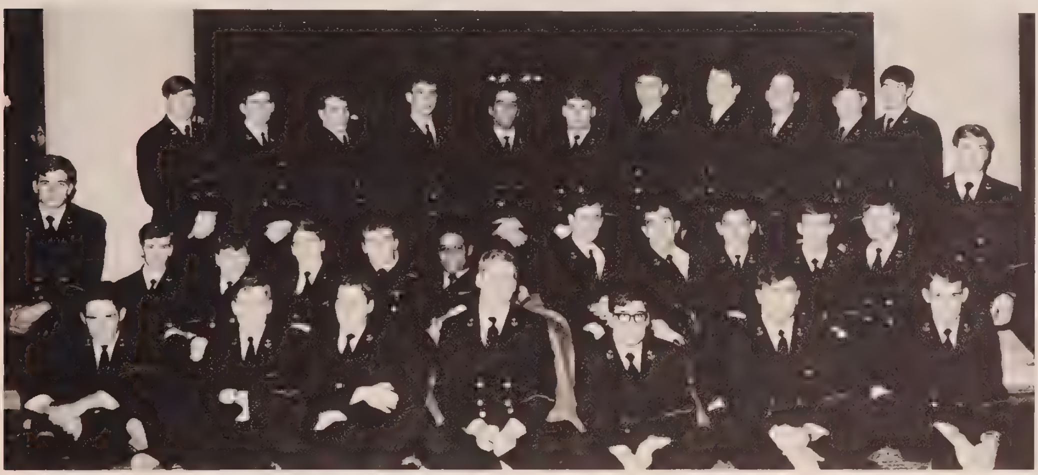
PIERRE JOSEPH THUOT
2nd Battalion Commander

Coming fresh out of High School, Pierre knew exactly what he wanted when he joined the "cream of the crop." It didn't take long for the hard charging Pierre to gain fame as the THOUT MONSTER; and later, CHICKEN MAN when his lust for the fowl was revealed. Before Plebe year was over he was rudely made aware that throwing toilet paper in the halls was "ungentlemanly." Youngster year Pierre had some trouble handling a ZOMBIE and almost didn't make it to the Army game in one piece. Pierre was a natural out on the soccer, football and lacrosse fields each year. With a constant 4000 RPM idle, Pierre was able to consistantly get 4.0's and work the Physics problems for everyone else in his class. You can count on Pierre being one of the top at whatever he does, and for the next five years, that will be NFOing P-3's.

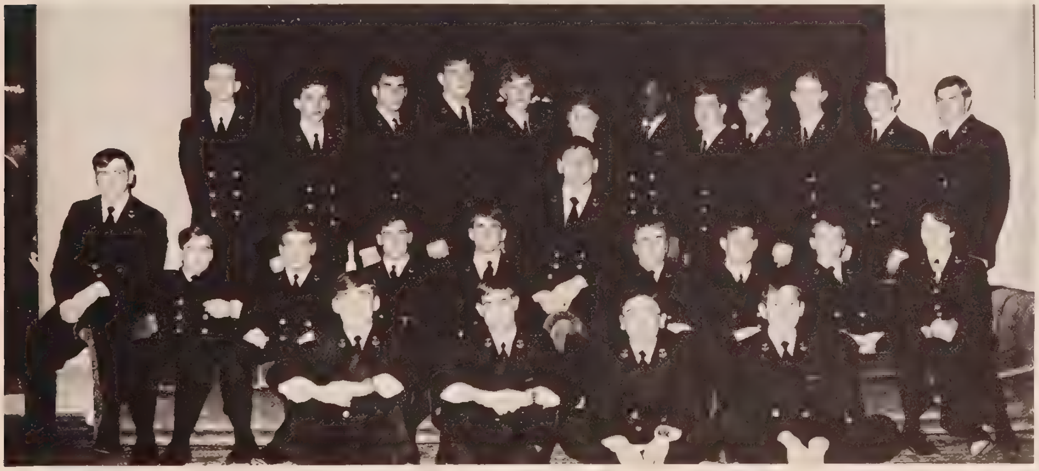
TWELFTH COMPANY



FIRST ROW: (L to R) F. Sheehan, N. Kennedy. *SECOND ROW:* Withers, G. Peet, F. Steed, T. Rose, Davis, Koecinski, J. Fowler, J. Clager, D. Koehl. *THIRD ROW:* J. Rennie, M. Gurny, R. Escher, R. Wren, S. Darling, C. Bickmore, T. Hanifen, J. Rudder, D. Williams, L. Whitmeyer.



FIRST ROW: (L to R) A. Brower, R. Graham, C. Baker, M. Smith, R. Aguilar, P. Cuccio, C. Cable. *SECOND ROW:* T. Teynor, J. Rioux, R. Luti, M. Decker, J. Klingensmith, P. Miller, D. Maroney, S. Tilton, A. Ortega, K. Ward, B. Phillip, L. Kihlstadius. *THIRD ROW:* D. Olson, Fritsch, J. Unger, A. Steel, A. McPhillips, W. Granger, D. Richards, S. Walsh, J. Ballard, M. Foreman, J. Boland.



FIRST ROW: (L to R) J. Pino, D. Haller, K. Reilley, G. Mink. *SECOND ROW:* D. McVicker, T. Ullrich, J. Hults, P. Kelleher, S. Bethmann, R. McCallion, W. Pratt, D. Schlagel, J. Buxbaum. *THIRD ROW:* N. Frostenson, G. Nies, L. Barkell, H. Frerichs, B. Wood, L. Dancer, I. Clark, K. Neubauer, D. Frawley, R. Rogers, E. Grubman, C. Edmondson.

FREDERIC M. KINKIN
"ELK"

Fred came to us at USNA from his hometown of Spring Valley, Illinois where he undoubtedly gained his knack of mannerism and easygoing lifestyle. The Naval Academy is fortunate to have a man of his character and potential in its ranks. He has proven himself in the academic buildings as well as the intramural fields. After a short bout of a youngster year, "I can drink more beer than you syndrom" he and his partner from Tucson sat down and centered their interest on more important things. For Fred it was Mary, his books, and his 6-cylinder Camaro. Undoubtedly Fred's future is headed for success whether it be in the Navy or civilian life. Basically Fred is a good man and even the Navy needs a few of them. Surface line seems to be his fancy, so the sky is the limit for this fine young officer. We have enjoyed his puns and seriousness throughout his stay here in twelfth company.

JAMES R. GEORGE
"JIM"

James R. George, more affectionately known as the Little Cabron came to USNA from Tucson. His great love of that Arizona sun made Jim a little homesick at first but he quickly adjusted to academy life. After keeping a rather low profile plebe year Jim became one of the company's leaders in extracurricular activities especially those relating to parties and bars. Always easygoing and friendly, Jim's major concerns seemed to be his hair and his Camaro. As an economics major, Jim had very little trouble with academics and was always willing to lend a hand to those who did. Athletically, Jim was an all-around performer, playing on the golf team most of the time and being an excellent swimmer, basketball and football player. After graduation Jim will join the Corps, the Supply Corps that is. Undoubtedly Jim will be a success in both the Navy and civilian life.

STANLEY G. GRAY
"STAN"

Stan came to us from nearby Lanham, Maryland and immediately became one of the foremost leaders of our class. Thanks to military schooling earlier in his life Stan adapted easily to USNA routine. During plebe and youngster years Stan dedicated most of his time to football, track, and academics. After almost being corrupted by his roommates during youngster year, Stan regained himself and decided that USNA was really what he wanted. He gave up his varsity athletics in favor of academics in which he spent many hard hours of study. He still remained very active athletically and mainly spent his time preparing for Grunt School. His greatest loves were his dogs, his 280Z, and USMC. One of Stan's best qualities is that he speaks his mind and does not say things he does not believe in. Stan is a proud man and will always be a leader. After graduation, Stan will don the green uniform and the Marine Corps will gain a fine leader.

JEFFREY J. PATTERSON
"HERC, JJ, JEFFWA, THE MOLE"

Jeff, one of the more jovial personalities of 12 co., can always be counted on for a good story told in the true Italian tradition — using more hand signals than a mute. A "little big man," he's little in stature but big in spirit and heart. Always eager to get involved, he often wound up keeping us company marching E.D. in the mornings. The only trouble was that when we were finished, he kept on marching for all the restrictions he had missed. His ambition is to fly for the Corp, but his being allergic to trees has doomed him to stomping through jungles. We're sure that he'll eventually fly in green, either by getting rid of his allergies or his medical records. Although he never reached his goal of 150 lbs, he did make the starting 150 lb football team and finished up his USNA career as a star linebacker. Despite the fact that he earned recognition for being the smallest jock on the team, Kathy and the Marines are getting a truly big man.

JEFFREY N. JONES
"JONESY, MUSHROOM"

Well the Marine Corp is finally getting a few good men and Jeff is one of them. He hails from the land of the Kentucky blue grass and has become 12's resident Physics major. During his waking hours he can be found in one of two places, visiting the Elk or in his favorite chair in the wardroom. Despite his unorthodox study habits (none) he has been able to keep a high QPR and insure an endless succession of long weekends. He is not only the Wardroom Pres. but the undisputed Wardroom King, a title he has earned by insuring the Wardroom is always stocked with supplies and at least one viewer, himself! His good nature and quick wit make him a welcome addition to any television event, at times drawing more applause than "Charlie's Angels." After a few months of shootem up stuff down at TBS, he'll embark on a career as a Marine NFO. Success cannot long ellude his ability and although the ol' Wardroom won't be the same without him, we all wish him luck in the future.

DAVID JOSEPH SKOCIK
"SKO"

Dave, also known as Sko, declined scholarships to several civilian universities in order to try his luck with academics here at the Boat School. An ME's routine is by no means to be slighted, nor are Sko's efforts and achievements, but Dave found out quickly that all work and no play makes for a very dull Dave. Annapolis, Baltimore, New York, Philly, and D.C., (as well as his hometown of Niles, Ohio) can claim to have seen Dave's lighter side. Dave looks forward to school in Pensacola after a short stay in Annapolis as a sailing instructor. Dave will undoubtedly do an outstanding job as a member of this man's navy.

CHRISTOPHER JOHN SPADA
"SPUD"

Christopher J. Spada, also known as Spud, ventured into Annapolis from the legendary community of Grosse Pointe Park, Michigan. Spud lived a nomadic life as a weekend partier before finally setting down in Glen Burnie, Maryland, where he spent all of his free time contemplating some of the finer points of life and the future Mrs. Melissa Spada. Spud, an Economics major soon discovered that there was indeed a point of diminishing returns, especially where studying was concerned. Upon his release from this hallowed institution, Chris will travel to Pensacola via Key West, where he will undoubtedly become one of the Navy's finest pilots.

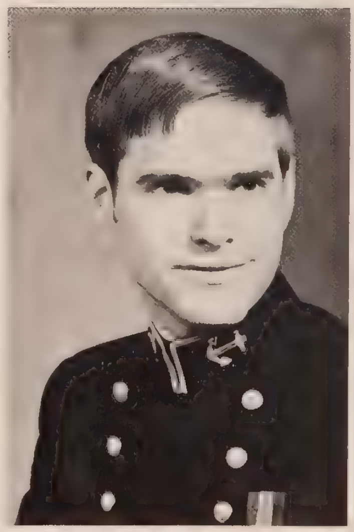
FORREST E. BROOKS III
"BROOKSIE"

Aliases: Stump, Nerd, Captain America, Big Time, Admiral. Food: Jell-o, Red Snapper, Big Mac (two all beef patties, special sauce . . .) Car: 1970 Buick GS Stage 1, 455, 4 Barrel, Dual Exhaust . . . Burn!!! Games: "Stop the Rotors;" "Removing Doors." Artist: "Clapman" (god) Fun: Water Skiing (O'Brien Skis . . . Of Course!) Team: Miami Dolphins Favorite Places: Jupiter; J.D. Notable Traits: His "walk;" His "Laugh"

Ned is known for his insanity on the football field and his affinity for necks (pencil). A true "Madman" with no regard for the well-being of his body. Can usually be found cleaning his room, in Nimitz, or Reading "Naval Etiquette." Enjoys late night talks ("Look at the size of those . . .!"). He will either make admiral or become a High School History Teacher in Florida. "You! You're the one! . . . You deserve a break today . . . We do it all for you, at McDonalds." Duh?? Pearl Harbor, Watch out (again)! One of the true avengers. "Those were the days my friend, we thought they'd never end . . ."

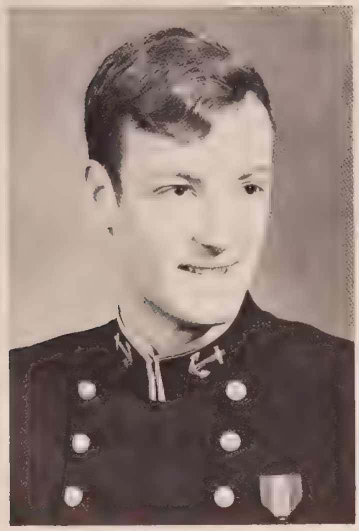
JAMES DALE COULSON
"J.C., IRONMAN"

Jim came to 12th company from the backwoods of Missouri (Macon). A real activist, he could hardly resist getting his hands into everything. The French and chess clubs, choir, and parachuting took up most of his spare time, while life at the Academy included the Tennis team, and teaching SCUBA. In fact, with all the time he's spent underwater, it's a shame he didn't go subs. The Nuc's are losing a good man!! However, the Airdales are gaining what the Nuc's lost. Jim's red hair should make a great target through the windscreen of an A-6 . . . we already know it makes a good target for the area women through the windshield of his Porsche!! Despite his academic pursuits and outside activities, Jim always had time for a quick game of football, or to help a friend in need. Wherever he goes, we wish him good luck!!!



JEFFREY D. WEDDLE
"WEED"

Aliases: Spiderman, Midshipman Buddha, Big Time, Weed. Drink: Dr. Pepper. Food: Steak, Chicken (Foul), Acorns, Salad. Home Of Record: USNA Vehicle: '76 Chevy Van (RFH). Pet: Tarantula. Topics: Chemistry, or Biology (Ch. #13) . . . . "Son, you'd better go home and make up your mind," "Weddle, you Waddle," Stifle, Spiderman! . . . That's right, Spiderman!", "Mr. Brooks, you have a strange roommate," Weddle's your roommate? What a bummer!" . . . . Spidey is famous for many things, amongst which are his Plebe year June week recording in the sink and "Talking" with Ralph on the great white phone at Army. Known for his "Quick" decisions. Can usually be found crawling down the hallway or hanging on the phone, "For Hours." His skiing weekend will soon be on TV, replacing wide world of sports "Agony of Defeat" film clip. Weed has quite a bit of time "under his belt" as a second classman . . . more so than the rest of us! He need never worry of frostbitten hands while sleeping. One of the true avengers.



STEPHEN WEINGART
"TURKEY"

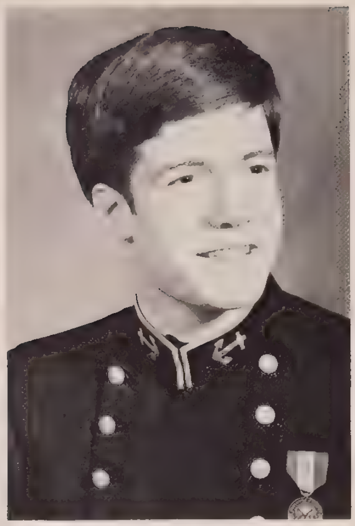
A real Turkey from the Home Of The Mighty Robins, Steve left the Lakes of Minnesota and travelled east to the Banks of the Severn, where he soon developed a clear (?) understanding of the Greek Letters of his Math Major and a passion for Bull courses. Obtaining knowledge from late-night study and combat experience from one well placed boxing glove, he baffled both Profs and opponents with a classic bob and weave. Stereo Steve, who won the tunes from Navy Relief and diamonds from Balfour, still claimed to be honorable while serving a two-year tour as Company Honor Representative. He has enjoyed traveling from the trenches of Quantico, to the hills of San Francisco, always returning with a Souvenir Sunburn. Keeping his options open, Steve finally said NO to the Nukes and set his sights on Navy Air, only to be handed a Ship List the week of Service Selection. But he'll get plenty of flight time with Buick Airlines, and will undoubtedly be successful in his travels with the Navy.

SCOTT A. FONTAINE
"SUDS"

Scott is one of the 12 co's more gifted individuals in the academic arena. Majoring in Aerospace Engineering he could always be counted on to help those of us struggling "bull" majors in our technical subjects. He'll be leaving USNA to fulfill his dream of becoming a Naval Pilot and later hopes to do research in his field of study. Success is sure to follow him as long as the wine, women and song don't kill him first. He can usually be found in the O' Club or the local company party on the weekends. If there's a chance for adventure count him in, especially if it involves stretching the regs a bit. A true night owl, Scott can be found in the rack during study hours but up from 2400 to 0400 nightly. We wish him the best of luck in the future and good luck to the girl that tries to tie him down.

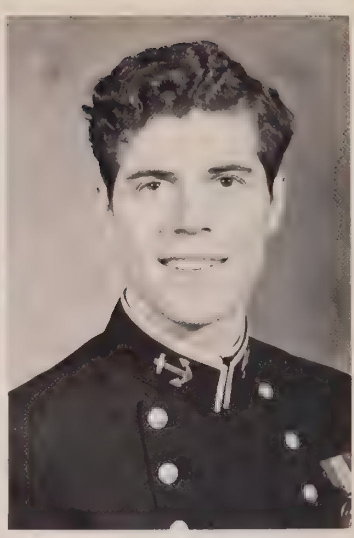
DANIEL GEARING
"DAN"

This veteran Napster from Uniontown, Pa. sailed into the Naval Academy and never stopped. There wasn't a weekend that went by while he was here that he wasn't out sailing or partying. Before long Dan received his skipper qual and proved he was one of the Academy's best ever. His family's sailboat was a second home to many of us and we will all have fond memories of the good times we had there. Dan had some heavy weather in academics but as a true sailor he made it through. He is a conscientous individual and the surface navy has a fine leader among them now.



D. SCOTT JAMESON

A Buckeye from the word go, Scott left the dull, uneventful civilian life on Mainstreet USA to live the good life of wine, women, and song as Navy's guest for four years. Not totally enjoying Navy's hospitality in Hotel Bancroft the first year, Scott almost checked out early to vacation elsewhere. Always promoting classmate loyalty, Scott would not hesitate to invite his classmates to accompany him on four mile yard loop tours, for their own good, of course. Since his sisters got all the good looks of his family, the Navy deemed him qualified to take command of his company's new purse-carrying plebes. Scott's massive dynamic power is stored in a not so massive frame, and can be detected by the pitter-patter of his little feet moving at Mach 2 through the passageways declaring, "I'm not a sweat! I'm not a bull major!" From Hotel Bancroft to Hotel Pensacola, Scott will soon be wearing the golden wings of Navy Air.



STEPHEN ALLAN GIESEN
"GEESE"

Stephen A. Giesen, a former NAPSTER from West Chicago, entered the academy with his heart set on Aerospace Engineering. Steve soon opted for Phy Sci, however, and became a model student with only one purpose in mind — graduation. In his last year here, Steve seemed to spend a great deal of time at A.A. General Hospital, which was slightly odd seeing that he was always in perfect health. Having trouble deciding whether to go Navy Air or Surface Line, Steve finally decided to take the best of both worlds. It was clear to all that knew him that Annapolis' loss was the fleet's gain.

EDWARD F. KING

Ed King rolled into Annapolis from the Rubber and Tire Capital of the world, Akron, Ohio. Plebe Year was, well, we all had a Plebe Year. Ed had a real friend in a certain Firstie; imagine demo-city for passing food with the wrong hand. The wrong hand? Early 3/C Year, one could see that Ed was destined to be a Nuke jock. During suntan season, Ed stayed white. Then there was his major-Engineering Physics which became Physics. Is there a difference? Two of Head's nicknames, 14 hour Ed and RackKing stemmed from his seemingly magnetic personality with the rack. But these weren't fair. Ed was truly practicing for sub life. Since one never knows night from day down there, who cares here and has since spent days sleeping, nights beading. Head also collected alarm clocks which never seemed to get him to his appointments. 2/C Year, Ed extroverted his introversion on the dance floor. We all hope to see Disco Ed driving in his high-rise yuck truck during all that leave that submariners enjoy.

PAUL ARTHUR LaBOSSIERE
"FUNK"

The time has come to crack sheets and even though I'm no longer paying dues I'll always feel like a member.

JOHN FREDERICK VUOLO
"JOHNNY V."
12th Company Commander

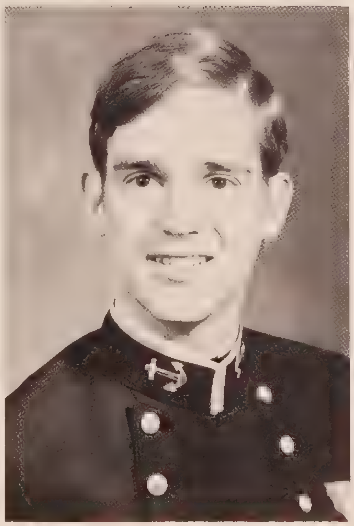
Starting his career as a Napster this Long Islander became the central figure in the company as its commander. "Johnny V." is well known for his Italian blood, his pride for Long Island, and his prominent nose. He became the main character in the role of maintaining classmate cohesiveness. His success at the academy can be attributed to the straight and narrow path that he has trodden. As a history major he has been able to stay in communication with the real world. Almost missing the chance to fly he has now made the selection for Navy Air for his future fate.

PATRICK M. WALSH
"PUP, COACH, RED, #%$&"

Hailing from the Big D, home of Roger's Cowboys, and dubbed by such quips as Coach, Pup, Red, and #%$&, Pat has survived the rigors of the University of the Severn well. Achieving athletic prowess as a Brigade Boxer (who lasted about 9 secs in the ring!), Pup survived his last collision on the Gridiron only to retire to less hazardous sports . . . Volleyball and Squash. (Pat always fanticized flying a hot air balloon . . . but the only balloon he ever owned was the one in his cheek!). Probably one of the most dynamic leaders in the brigade, Pat was the adominable creature of "the Cave" during his Plebe Summer four-striper stint, and was the innovator of the Plebe's after dinner speaking program they so hurriedly detested. Pat, being a politician from way back, will eventually find himself in Jimmy Carter's shoes, but for now . . . On to P-Cola, do his five, and . . . ???

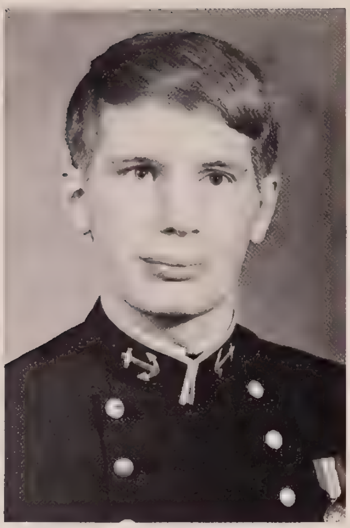
PETER ROALD OLSEN
"PRO"

Names: Pete, Beat, Lance Romance, Thor. Birthday: Born under a bad sign. Hometown: Kenosha, Wisconsin (Life in a bottle of wesson oil). Number: 7. Writer: Stan Lee. Color: Chevy Blue. Schools: Arthur Murray; Moo-U. Song: "Everybody plays the Pete." Secret Desire: To be a thunder God. Foods: Fresh Strawberries, Jell-o, Acorns, Salad. Artist: Frank Zappa. Holiday: Friday the 13th. TV show: Lance Link — Secret Chimp. Game: "Stop the Rotors." Sport: Skiing (Real). Affliction: PW (Paperwork). Personalities: Aquarians, squirrels, swedes. Service Selection: Navy Air. Quotes: "Fun's fun until the damage is done," "Duh, Duh, Duh?" "How can I be wrong if I am always right?" "Wake Up!" "Uffda!" "What are you doing on Saturday Night???" "But it's the principle of the thing." "You're so beat!" "Dig that, like a plate of lasagne!" Drinks: Coffee; "Wink" Country: Norway. Idols: Thor, Silver Surfer, Billy Jack, Bionic Woman. Outlook: "Career Before Marriage;" I Peter 1:6. One of the true avengers.



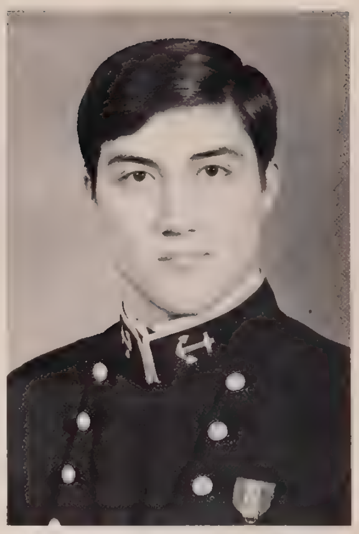
GARY WILLIAM MITCHELL
"MITCH"

When this New Jerseyite came to USNA he didn't know a rifle from a bayonet or his left from his right. Now that he's about completed his sentence here he still doesn't know a rifle from a bayonet or his left from his right. Gary, or more commonly known as "Mitch," once in a blue moon appeared within the company during drill sessions such as an occassional Army march-on. As it is he's the only Mid on campus that could play hide-and-seek behind a football goalpost and not be seen. Between his running and M.E. major, Mitch almost shrank into nothingness. All this gave him many stars on his sweater and only a few weekends to enjoy.



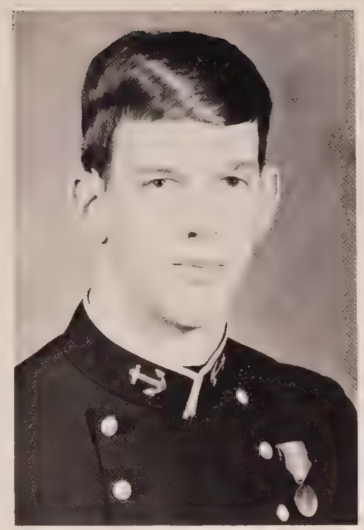
JOHN ALAN SILL
"JOLLY"

"Jolly" John Sill, our resident Eskimo, has a personality that is quite the opposite of what one might expect from our coldest state — Alaska. His "bionic" smile and level head have often helped to keep things cool — especially in his own room, where the windows can be found open even in mid-winter. John supports an unsurpassed T-shirt and record collection and has an equally avid affection for cigars and brew . . . and brew . . . and more brew! It certainly can't be said that Jolly doesn't have a taste for class or an eye for comfort — not if one dares to step into his "ultimate" Camaro LT . . . electric windows, electric door locks, the works! By no means is John lazy, though — a hard worker, he will be pursuing his high aspirations in Navy Air. The best of luck to you, John.



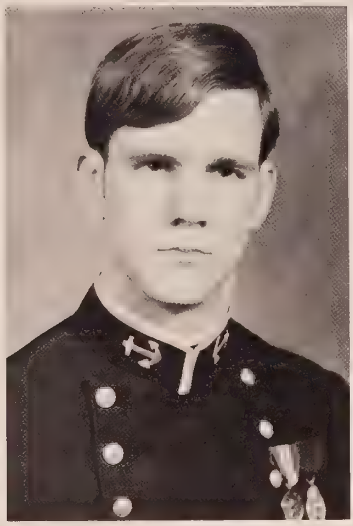
DENNIS LEE SIMON
"STUD"
12th Company Commander

Dennis Lee "Stud" Simon, soon to be called "bubble head" rolled into USNA impressing everyone with his physical feats of daring-do. Not only did he start for three years and captain the 150 lb. football team but he also managed to throw out his shoulder more times than opposing quarterbacks threw passes. Denny always did everything to excess from studying to drinking (I pity his poor wife) and never did he look back. During plebe detail as the regimental 4-striper flamer he terrorized every fourthclassman in sight and was even accused by one frightened plebe of attempted murder (watch out for those home remedies). But Denny always has been and always will be a good man to have on your side . . . Farewell my friend, and until our courses cross again in the offing "May you always have fair winds and following seas."



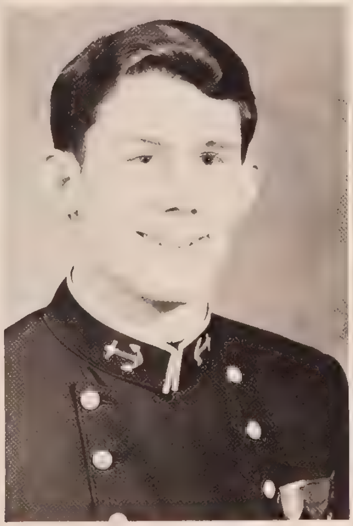
SCOTT M. THOMAS
"MAZU, BEAR"

Bear Thomas, born and raised in the biased, backward bayous of Chaffee Missouri, championed the famous "Mazu" horizontal position, well known in all rack cultures . . . (wow, at least 9 hours a day!!). During his four year vacation at the Severn School, Scott further enhanced his love of home-grown country girls and plans to don the long-awaited bands of gold with the woman of everybody's private dreams. Maz will best be remembered for his days on the mound (not the rack) buffeted by the dynamic Duffer . . . ("get the elbow up, Scott"), his artistic style on the horizontal bar (ooooh, skin the cat?!), his poetic grace in the swimming pool (aqua rock), and finally for nightly foatulations and woofs after certain delectables (brussel sprouts, A-1 steak sauce, and yes folks, good 'ol Navy beans!). To Mazu's new bride: we both hope that he'll chip in to buy you a bar of soap, that he won't puncture his ear drums with those paper clip devices, and that he won't mess up your fresh laundry with his dirty sweat gear & jocks.



JOHN MARK TIERNEY
"MARK"

John Mark Tierney, or Mark as he's known to his friends, came to Annapolis to become a Naval aviator. Sometimes he wishes he were not as persistent and hard working as he is. This is because his persistence has gotten him into situations in which he's had to work hard to get out of. Never one to be depressed, Mark always has a smile and a good word for everyone. After all, what's a few demos anyway? But now the fun is just starting and he's off to Pensacola and wings of gold. Mark's career in Naval aviation will be a bright one indeed if he remembers that airplanes were made to fly, and not to jump out of.



ROBERT VASSAR
"ZERO"

Bob Vassar came to Navy from sunny California on a football scholarship and was disappointed when he found out he could not major in religion. While he was here, Bob was not without spirit but was almost without his life as he tried as a plebe to take (unassisted) a well armed striper to a pep rally. As a youngster, Bob ran into rough seas at Homecoming while introducing his date. In keeping with his nickname (Zero), he forgot her name. As a second class, Bob finally lettered, but only this time with the CMDT's "All Star Team." The tides had turned as a different she got him in trouble, needless to say, the Hulk had to enjoy the company of his loving roommates for two months. As a firstie Bob took up the nite life. If he wasn't shadow boxing in his dreams, he could be found leading Soul Train in the Monster Mash at the "O" Club with some of his favorite rich women. We'll always remember Bob for his quick smile, jovial attitude, and stinkin'-flipper-fin-feet.

RONALD WAVERLY BRINKLEY
"THE BRINK"

Ron, that is THE BRINK-the ribless wonder, was noted for having his luck with females match his eyesight, although a few of his drags must have looked better with 20/400 vision. There is no person and no device which will keep Ron from his lifelong ambition-to be a blip enhancer.

During Ron's sojourn here, he managed the football team through 3 Army victories, terrorized company lightweights, worked hard for NAFAC, the Card Committee, and Black Studies Group and still found time to chairman the Aqua-Rock's no great love for swimming. When asked how long he could tread water, his only response was bubbles and a plea for mercy.

Ron's linguistic ability is such that he knows 50 fancy synonyms for RACK. His German is limited to "Bier bitte, TURKEY!" May the road rise to meet you, May the wind always be at your back, May God hold you in the palm of His hand. I wish you fw/fs.

STUART H. FINLAYSON
"STU"

Stu left the deserts of Nevada and came to USNA with his Johnny Cash records in hand. He soon distinguished himself as a leader by becoming the first member of the Company to be awarded the coveted black "N." (Take heed what you say . . . lest the bird of the air . . .).

Unlike most of us, Navy chow has been good to Stu, and the 40 pounds he's gained since Plebe year fits well on him. He came here to learn, and that he did. Stu's weekends were mostly spent in Mother "B" under the guise of a laboring Mechanical Engineer (M.E.), and his high QPR will attest to that fact. In fact his grades even met the approval of the Nuclear Powered Man in Washington.

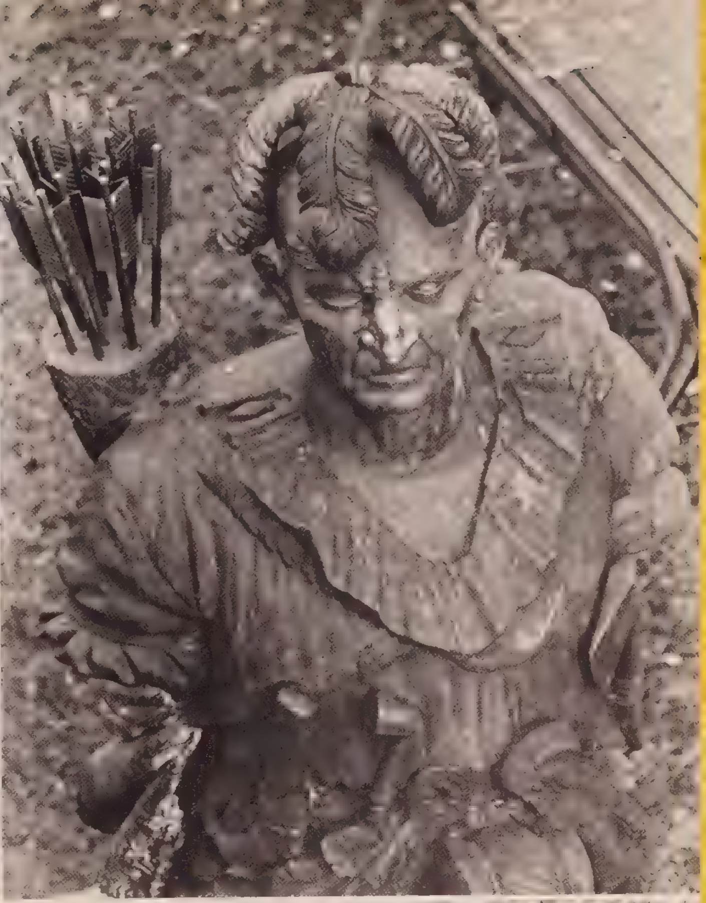
During his first three years at the "Boat School," all Stu could think of was to stay here and see it through to June '77. As a 1/c he quickly made the change to "I can't wait to get outa here!" Well, Stu will be leaving us to embark on his sub. Good Luck!

DEAN ROBERT PODRACKY
"THE COUNT, DRIFT, PODE"

It has often been said that a dog is man's best friend, but for Dean, it's an Analog Computer. Majoring in Systems Engineering, he can often be found buried beneath piles of programs and computer printouts. Definately a unique individual, he can be quoted as saying "I only do two things here at USNA; eat, sleep, and study." Don't let that statement fool you however. Believe it or not, Dean is our resident genius and his QPR will verify that fact.

His good nature and sense of humor make him everyone's friend, and a prime target for the Annapolis women. Don't let that innocent look fool you girls; behind those eyes lurks another Don Juan.

Dean has passed his interview with the "Nuclear God" and will begin a Nuc Power career come June. We wish him the best of luck and hope the reactors can keep him on the ground because we sure haven't been able to.



THIRTEENTH COMPANY

420
NA 8
NA 21
NA 16
NA 1
NA 4
NA 2
NA 6

FIRST ROW: (L to R) C. Serio, F. Von Ahn. *SECOND ROW:* T. Benson, G. Woods, A. Hanarkis, T. Lesh, L. Sutherland, L. Klepack, D. Brutzman, J. Hawk, Brittain, Hannon. *THIRD ROW:* Tyree, C. Seto, K. Bennett, F. Brink, P. Sanchez, Kempistey, Mooney, Shumacker, L. Klikier, R. Holzneck, D. Bruce, M. Cleland, S. Cofee, Leary, G. Evans.

FIRST ROW: (L to R) J. Rogers, J. Fallone, R. Weis, J. Bruno, M. Davis, J. Current, R. Gray. *SECOND ROW:* S. Valdez, D. Rich, J. Doswell, Bartlatt, P. Jolly, J. Reus, M. Stoutmire, W. Calkins. *THIRD ROW:* N. Lizzo, D. Thomas, R. Sassman, D. Enloe, E. Doyle, Marshall, A. Hurloe, R. Wray, P. Kurzenhauser, C. Brihuny, J. Lieble, D. Covsin, S. Hanson, Thompson, Gehweiler.

FIRST ROW: (L to R) J. McGuire, D. Kern, L. Randall, C. Miller, B. Kilkenny, J. Novak, T. Gottlieb. *SECOND ROW:* D. Ray, M. Stapleton, G. Kraus, J. Huegel, R. Langmead, M. Whitfield, H. Coker. *THIRD ROW:* S. Perez, G. Byers, T. Grey, R. Ryan, K. McBride, J. Taylor, B. Schneck, G. James, S. Stroop, L. Miller, J. Tomeo, L. Di Rita.

MICHAEL D. ANDERSON
"ANDY"

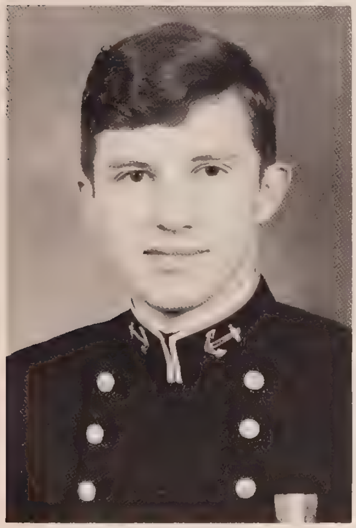
July 9, 1973, Root-big puppy, Rog-your grandma, Corb-drums, Laney-the trip, Gallobu, Cal, Des, Harbor House-Mike the bartender, Georgetown-the boys in the band-brown sugar, the Dove, Mac and Pete-the bomb, Greg-contro, Simpso, Scoot, Turtle, Mur, Corpi, Jeff-a-du, Schuls, Grid, Rusty, Hert, Lee, Rich, the rest, the Van, the Stereo, Pensacola-F-14?, Linda-the Wife, June 8, 1977.

MARK BARSHFIELD ANDERSON

Mark, "the other Anderson," came to the Academy only to find out that his brother, a '74 grad, had not quite gotten around to telling him about plebe year. Mark weathered the storm, though, and was soon an upperclassman. An OA major, he was able to learn mostly by osmosis, to the amazement of his classmates, while at the same time being on the varsity sailing and swimming teams. He never seemed to be at a loss for a girl on the weekends and soon narrowed his sights on a steady. Mark's personality redeveloped over these years with the help of some great friends, and is a better man for it. We wish him luck in life and in his future as a Nuke. He may learn how to skate backwards yet.

DUANE MARTIN BAKER, JR.
3rd Battalion Operations

Duane Martin Baker, Jr. came from West High School in Columbus, Ohio on induction day. He participated in a number of different sports while at the Academy, including sailing, varisty and plebe pistol, Batt. Wrestling and ended up as a conditioning squad instructor. Having come to the Academy to learn Engineering, he majored in Mechanical Engineering and landed in the upper part of the class. For Service Selection he continued on with Engineering and went into the Nuclear Power Program.



DAVID CLYDE BEAM
"DAVE"

When Dave arrived in Annapolis one July 9 from Morganton, a sleepy hamlet in the mountains of North Carolina, he had no prescience of what to expect. He soon found himself outfitted with new attire, friends, overlords, and a nickname — Beamer. Having long before determined to become a lawyer, Beamer never completely adjusted to the academic side of life at USNA, with its heavy emphasis on science and engineering. Always keen on his major, political science, he compiled a fine record in this area. Outside of the classroom, Beamer and his roommate Bergs will long be remembered for their outstanding contributions to intramural athletics at Navy. Service selection night caught Beamer by surprise, but ere it was over, a sleek destroyer won him for the blackshoes. On a more serious note, this Southern gentleman, with his competence and congeniality, seems destined for success in whatever field he elects to pursue.

DAVID LEE BENTLEY
"THE GRID"

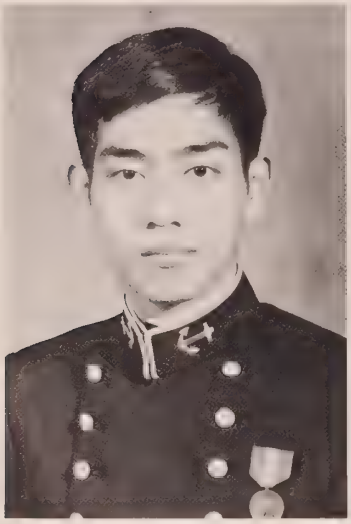
Gone Fishin'
Signed, The Grid

JAMES ROBIN BERGER
"JIM"

Jim enlisted in May of his senior year with hopes of graduating from NAPS. Once accomplishing this, he looked forward to saving all of those $300.00 pay checks in order to buy a Ferrari at graduation. Needless to say he had to settle for a '69 Charger.

Even though Jim misses Nebraska, he has spent every weekend for two years with a family who refer to him as the "Dustbowl Admiral." While he dreams of returning to his homestate someday he now finds himself going off to Italy for four years with a fantastic home entertainment system, named Teri.

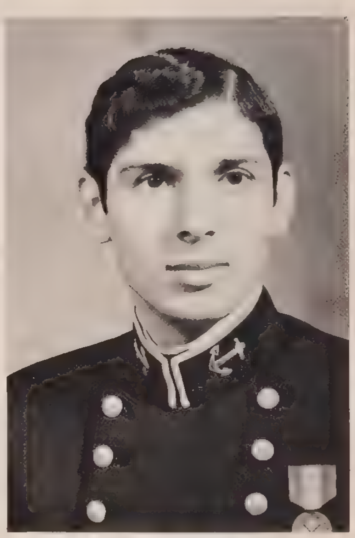
Jim has discovered during his four years at Navy that life means more than hard work and has therefore decided to enjoy it more. He also feels that concern for others is essential to the success of any man.

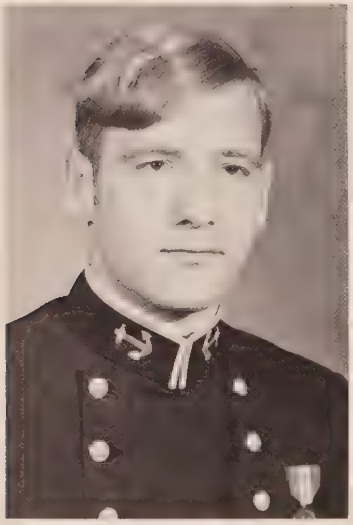


JOSE R. CORPUS
1st Regiment Adjutant

Dick came from Seattle Washington with a hunger for knowledge, desire for exotic foods, and a happy-go-lucky attitude that could carry an entire company through a dozen dark ages. Soccer was his sport, for he was the companies leading scorer and first class coach.

But, Dick's main asset was the books, to him if he couldn't derive it then it was impossible. Nuclear Power School should prove to be a true challange and his warm sense of humor will be welcomed in any wardroom in our Nuclear Surface Navy.





RUSTIN J. ECKSTROM
"RUSTY"

Rusty came to the Naval Academy from Marshall, Minnesota. He has been a diver on the varsity Swimming team since he was a plebe, and with three letters he was one of the co-captains of the team his last year. On weekends, when he isn't at a meet, he is usually camping, one of the company's fishing experts. After reading "How Deaf People Pass Hearing Tests," he got a waiver so he could join those magnificent men and their flying machines at Pensacola.

CHRISTOPHER TURNER BURNETT

After a close tough decision between colleges, Chris chose the least used path at his first fork in the road and went to Navy. Despite a preliminary knowledge of the rigors and seclusion of Navy life, because of his background as a Navy junior, Chris had a number of misgivings and difficulties with his choice. Gradually he worked his way into enjoying the life at Navy by appreciating slowly earned friendship, increasing privileges and female companionship on weekends. His performance in Political Science was consistant, never deviating much throughout his stay from a 2.8 average. Chris' sports and outside activities varied widely from sailing to cross country and the study of finance to skiing. Chris' hard work and sarcastic humor should carry him far in the Surface Navy and throughout life.

RONALD W. HERTWIG, JR.
13th Company Commander
(Color Company)

From the land of cold and the Green Bay Packers, "Hurts" came to Navy with many ambitions and desires. Hampered by his third knee operation Plebe year he had to give up any desire of future varsity athletics. But, his strong desire and love of athletics couldn't keep this true jock down. Settling for the highly competitive intramural program he helped the companies basketball team to a divisional championship second class year. Also his ability to cope with tough problems and his ability to handle people got him the company second set. From jock to striper, what does he say about that . . . "variety is the spice of life."

JOSE L. GALVAN

His name is Jose L. Galvan from Torrance, California. For sports, he has been on the Plebe and Varsity Cross Country, Indoor and Outdoor Track teams as well as Batt Cross Country and Track, Batt Handball and Company Softball. His hobbies are tennis, handball, swimming and coin collecting. Having a First Class Summer Cruise on the USS JOHN MARSHALL (SSBN-611) and majoring in mathematics didn't hurt his chances in getting accepted into the Nuclear Power Program. After graduation, he plans to take thirty days of leave and then take TAD recruiting in Los Angeles, California before attending Nuclear Power School.

GENE PYNE JORGENSON

After his parents moved to Alaska during his plebe year, Gene never knew where to call home. Stubbornly refusing to let our beloved academy even be considered, he finally decided to continue to call Colorado home. While at Canoe U., Gene spent his time on church, weekends, TV, and occasionally even study. Overcoming his adversion to short hair, Gene elected to go green on service selection night and that "D—— Mormon Mid" from now on will be that "D—— Mormon Marine" Bye Bye Hair.

MICHAEL F. KUHN

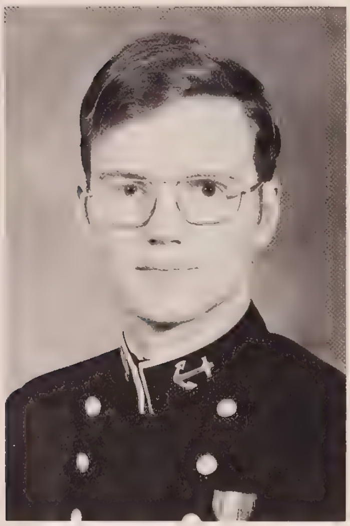
Mike, a Navy brat from Va. Beach, came to N.I.T. via NAPS. Wrestling was his sport and he developed a likening for free style and was beginning to do well till his recurring shoulder problem caused him to leave the sport. He then turned his efforts to something more constructive; fishing and camping. Mike could be found trying to catch the big bass that got away. His love for the sea sent him to the surface community where he had always wanted to be. When he gets there he should be able to get his long desired command.

PETER MARK KNOETGEN
"PETE"

Four years ago a group of us stood in the field house wondering what was in store for us. We found out bit by bit, one day at a time. It was hard in the beginning working and living with strangers, but things came easier as we blended into a bunch of friends. We learned how to help each other without thinking of what we could get in return. Along the way we've had to say goodbye to lots of good guys who decided to take a different path. Now it's our turn to leave and move on to bigger things, but there are memories of good times and bad times too, that we'll take with us. Lots of times we tried and failed, but when we struggled and won, it was all worth it.

Thanks to my folks for encouraging me when I needed it, and thanks to a great bunch of guys.

See you in Durango.



MARK ELLIOTT LAMB

There was a lot of space between the top rung of high school and the bottom rung at USNA. But the ladder here has been fun to climb with things to do all along the way. There was the physics, where they teach you F=MA and then tell you it's wrong; and Masqueraders, which contributed to numerous weekends in Baltimore; and especially the Glee Club, some of the best people in the world. Even Rickover likes to hear a song now and then.

Yes, it's a long ladder, but as we spend all our lives climbing ladders, it's time now to start a new one. I hope this next one is as enjoyable as the one before.

JEFF LONG
"LONG-MAN"

Lacrosse All-America (1st Team)

Four long years ago, this young mate left his ancestral home in Irondequoit, New York, home of Molson's Canadian and Genny Cream, and made the long journey to Disneyland on the Severn. He came, lacrosse stick in hand, to serve his country and become a professional officer in the naval service. Somewhere along the way, however, Jeff came under the influence of the devil brew, and consequently lost sight of his original goals. A derelict of sorts, he haunted Pete's, McGarvey's, and the Astroturf in search of the elusive national championship he deserved so much. Quite good-natured, Jeff was always a steady head: around when you needed him, and ever-willing to contribute to the cause, whatever it might have been. Long-man is currently enrolled in the five-and-out program, but what comes after that God only knows. Whatever it may be though, this future NFO is bound to meet success. See you in the ballpark Long-man.

C.C. MURRAY

GORDON K. McELROY
"MAC"

Mac dropped into the Academy from the small town of Tecumseh, Mich. following two years in the Marine Corps. Adjusting to Academy life quickly, he soon became bored with the hum-drum existence of a Midshipman and turned to skydiving to vent his frustrations. As a result, Mac is a walking tribute to the Navy medical dept. His numerous broken bones held together with plates, pins, and screws earned him the well deserved nickname of "bionic-mid." Not one to be tied down with academic endeavors, his minor in "Geo-Physics" left him enough free time to acquire his black N-Star Youngster year. Mac's only goal while at the Academy was to return to the Marine Corps and learn to fly. His motivation and desire should give him a good start in reaching that goal. ". . . And who if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall not be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory or defeat."

RICHARD O'SULLIVAN
"RICH"
3rd Battalion Sub Commander

Rich found himself in the Academy after a six week interlude of backpacking in Europe and immediately asked himself why anyone in their right mind would trade in such a free and easy lifestyle for the "rigors" of military life. But Rich soon came to his senses, and after a somewhat normal plebe year, he emerged as one of the more colorful youngsters in the company. It seemed that the longer he slept every day, the higher his grades would rise. This trend continued through second class year, but with somewhat less time spent in the rack and more spent sailing. First class year finds him as a yawl skipper and three striper, but still addicted to the rack, Rich looks forward to more sailing, a career in Naval Aviation, and fun in the sun at Pensacola.

DAVID LAWRENCE POWELL

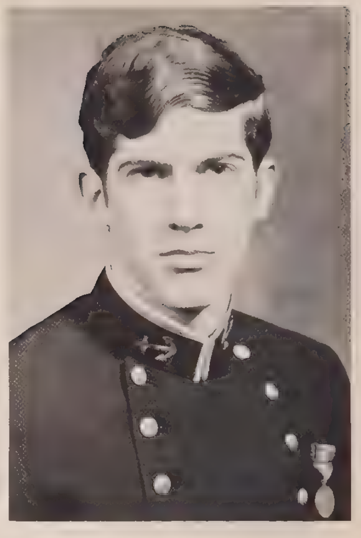
Dave entered the scene at USNA four years ago with an N* in his sights and wound up with two N "scars." Captain of the midshipman hospital ward his last two years at Navy, "wheels" Powell qualified early in his Naval Academy career for the bionic knee program. This 2.00 million dollar man was lucky to graduate under his own power. Not exactly a trident scholar during his four years at Navy, he excelled in the field of orthopedic recovery. Dave is now going on to bigger and better things in his true natural environment — NAVY AIR. Pensacola bound with his Kris by his side, Dave is aiming for that one F-18 waiting for him at the end of the training command. It will be zoom and boom from there on out.

Thanks Mom and Dad for always being the greatest,
We Made It!

NAVAL ACADEMY FIELD HOUSE

GEORGE ALLEN SARRELL
"TURTLE"

George "turtle" came from nearby Silver Spring, Maryland. George made the company sport systems click with his outstanding play as the quarterback on the football team and shortstop on the softball team. Everyone was astounded to learn that he had plucked a beautiful blossom named Patty during Easter of second class year. George in his first three years spent all hours studying. He finally learned that there is more to life than books. As he sets his feet out upon graduation he will be in one of those man made birds and able to reach up and touch the face of our Lord.



MARK SCHULER

"Schu" brought some of the California experience with him when he entered Canoe U. and he hasn't lost it. Concern for the "Military" has never been at the top of his list, but just try to find a better source of gouge for ocean engineering or a better yawl helmsman. He leaves USNA with a bright future in aviation and a beautiful bride to be.

DONALD BRUCE SCOTT, JR.

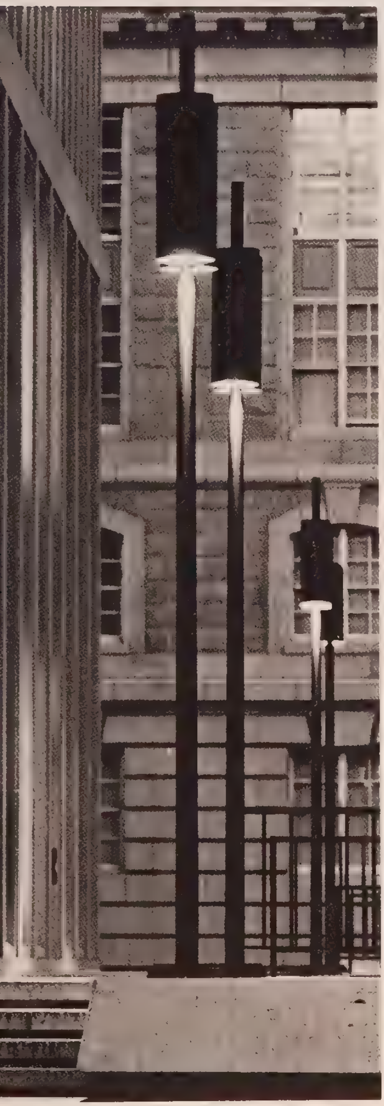
13th Company Commander
(Color Company)

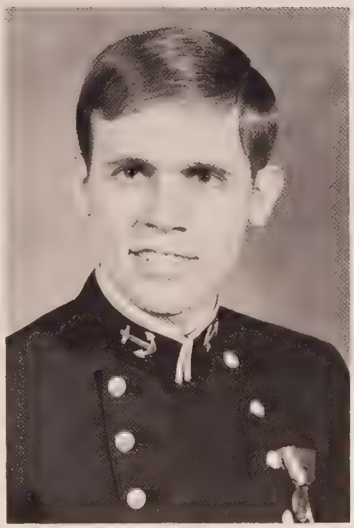
"Don't be selfish; don't live to make a good impression on others. Be humble, thinking of others as better than yourself. Don't just think about your own affairs, but be interested in others, too, and in what they are doing.

Your attitude should be the kind that was shown to us by Jesus Christ."

Philippians 2:3-5.

Thanks Mom and Dad for showing me the way.

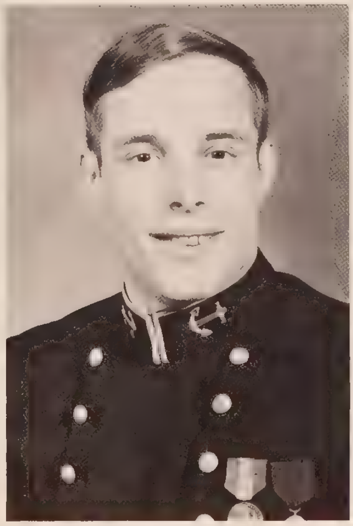




JOHN MARSHALL SHARP

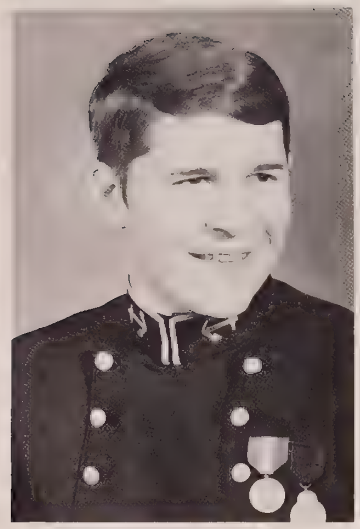
John came to Annapolis from deep in Dixie — "way down yonder in New Orleans." He has spent numerous hours defending his southern heritage from attacks by his northern classmates, yet all in good fun. While having some worrisome moments over his academics at first, it looks as though John is leaving the Academy with some well deserved gravy. Not an avid party man, John found satisfaction on weekends cruising the highways, listening to music, and in working to increase his knowledge of the stock market and financial world. His lovelife (or lack of it) has been a constant source of amusement and interest to his classmates.

His quick smile shows his love of life and his strong faith in God. It looks as though John will be joining the proud ranks of the "Silent Service." If his determination to do well here at the Academy follows him through his life, John will be a strong asset wherever he goes.



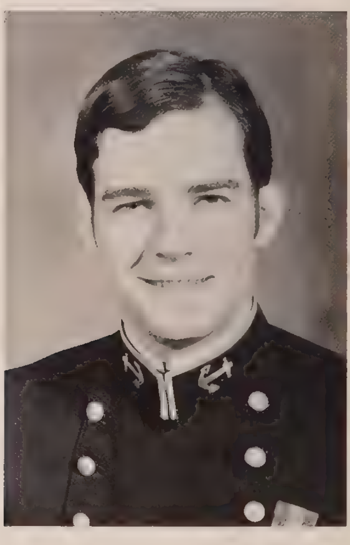
LAWRENCE DEAN SIMPSON
"SIMPS"

Coming from many places Larry found a home at the Naval Academy. He adjusted well to academy life as shown by his great efforts in academics. His perseverance on and off the football field were encouragements to us all. Always a helpful person if Simps couldn't be found in the hall you could be sure to find him helping the Meekins clean out their refrigerator. But most improtantly Lawrence's faith in God was and inspiration to us and as he leaves and heads out to sea he will be missed but not forgotten.

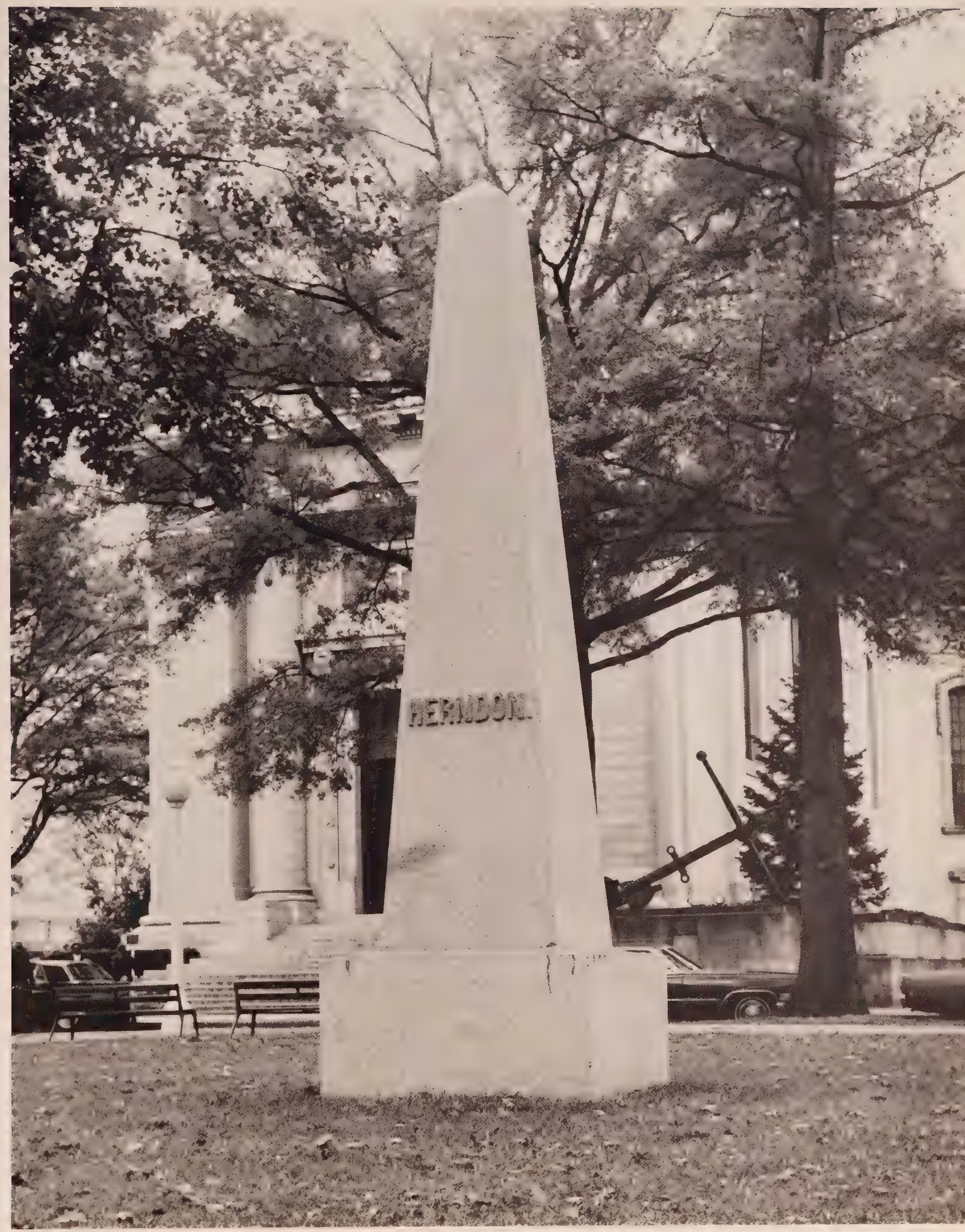


LEE T. SLAUGHTER

Following high school Lee chose to leave the Sun City of El Paso, Texas, to come East to Annapolis. After a try at the crew team, Lee went in for the glamour of company sports and finally found a home in the Sailing Squadron. Free time is spent in pursuit of many interests, camping, driving and working on his car, and community activities. Always steady and a hard worker, Lee will head for Orlando after graduation and has a bright future ahead.



JOHN GREGORY STEELE
"GREG"


HERNDON

FOURTEENTH COMPANY

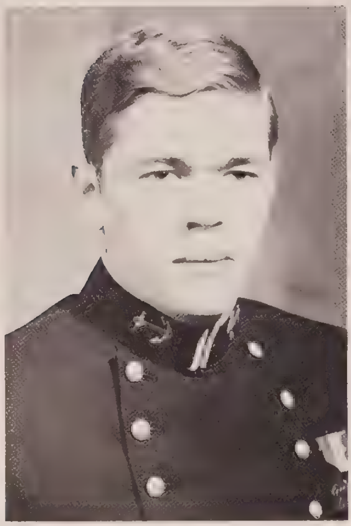
FIRST ROW: (L to R) J. Bly, R. Smith, L. Ducharme, L. McCabe, M. Kozlarek, E. Sheldon, M. Fields, E. Rodriguez, F. Webster. *SECOND ROW:* B. James, V. Berry, C. Bell, E. Kamradt, G. Gray, K. McGhee, R. Guy, C. Maszun, J. Leidig.

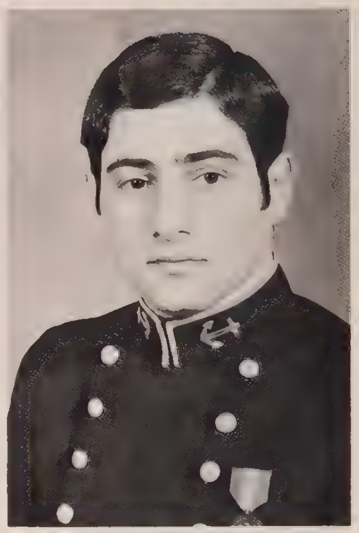
FIRST ROW: (L to R) D. Havrilla, M. Hecker, M. Parrott, J. Munoz, B. Meader. *SECOND ROW:* M. Divinnig, F. Loble, R. Quarles, D. Karp, R. Fitewater, T. Ruddy, B. Grider, F. Cruz, J. Johnston. *THIRD ROW:* G. Hamrick, D. Reilly, L. Rice, F. Aalbue, J. Patooba, G. Wilson, K. Church, G. Jones, G. Brown, r. Fredrick, D. Zaiss, H. Harblet.

FIRST ROW: (L to R) J. Lone, P. Taylor, H. Skidmore, M. Peers, M. Arnold, J. Hevao, M. Zeiser, T. D'Agostino. *SECOND ROW:* T. McKinney, L. Korzan, D. Whitlock, J. Berry, T. Pearson, M. Kunkel, W. Davis, J. Bush, K. Flack, W. Cescher. *THIRD ROW:* B. Gieri, R. Seiler, S. Albertson, J. Brinkman, R. Jordan, J. Stuart, D. Beares, R. Langer, T. Stambaugh, A. Portillo, B. Peterson, J. Latoe, A. Tosiati.

KENNETH ANDERSON
"K.A."

But thanks be to God who gives us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord. Kenny, better known around Mother B. as K.A., was known for his strong and sincere relationship with his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. K.A. was also known for his two-toned Grand Prix, his constant complaints about his "shakey" knee, and for having the best looking girl in Academy history. K.A. will always be known for his predictable greeting "Hey Man." Kenny will make a fine Naval Officer on a LPD out of San Diego. This one classmate we will all miss. Praise 'em K.A.





CHARLES H. BREEN
"CHUCK"

Disowned by his family and friends at home, Chuck came to the sunny shores of Annapolis by way of Lowell, Mass. A diehard Bruins fan, it seems Chuck was disappointed a bit and thus switched his support to the Big Blue. An origional charter member of the Bears, he was quickly dubbed Boo-Boo. As a Plebe Summer boxer Chuck gained some valuable knowledge that was to help him outside the ring. He never had to worry about any alteration of his good looks. The Al Unser of Annapolis he certainly was not. USAA still cringes at the renewal of his policy. Offered a job by NAPHA, Mug opted for Surface Line.

KEVIN J.M. SULLIVAN
"SULLY"
Football All-East (Honorable Mention)

"Big Sully" came to Canoe U. from a year at Wyoming Seminary Prep. and they say Philadelphia was never the same when he left. He came to USNA to play football . . . and play he did. He ended up as one of the top ten Navy all-time receivers as well as co-captain his senior year. Off the field, Kevin was a ladies man and there are "thousands" of girls who will attest to that fact. But no single one was ever fortunate enough to "tie the kid down." He chose Navy Air as his career pattern and has high hopes of flying choppers. When graduation day in June of '77 is over, the fleet will have added to it a valuable asset in Ensign Kevin Sullivan. by J.D.

VAN K. DAVIS, JR.
"V.K."
14th Company Commander

After a year at boot camp and NAPS, "V.K." came to the good old Boat School. From "just Plano, Texas," his wide shoulders immediately earned him a spot on the heavyweight crew team his plebe year. However, he decided to leave that billet in pursuit of a "higher education." Big Van was a natural leader and eventually ended up as the company three striper. Although he has 20-30 vision, he always had an eye for a pretty face, and I guess that the girls were doing the same because Van always got mail. His decision to go NFO was good because he loves golf and should tear up the course at Pensacola with a golf swing like his. In June, the aviation community will not only get a fine graduate but a fine gentleman too.

JOSEPH DUENAS CAMACHO
"J.D."

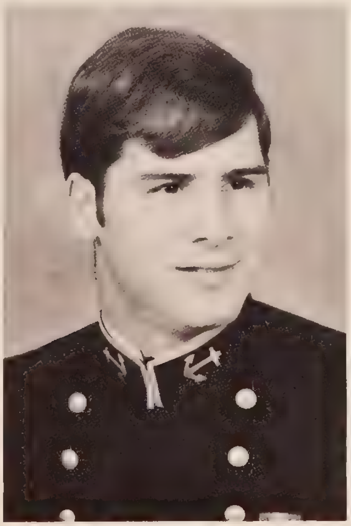
Son of a Navy Chief, Joe spent a couple of years at a couple of different colleges before coming to Mother B from California. Navy Air was always his no. 1 priority and his four years at USNA were considered by him as the "fun years" before the real work began at P'cola. Although J.D. logged in many long hours of E.I. and E.D. (not necessarily in that order) he managed to find time to play in a rock and roll band and to be the President of the USNA Karate Club. He always had an eye for the ladies, although he was known to spend all of his weekends with one special one. Right now he's got his eye on the F-14 and if he does as well down in Pensacola as he wants to, there won't be anyone in his flight class graduating in front of him. At any rate, on graduation day the Fleet will have as it's complement another fine ensign from '77.

JEFFREY CINCIRIPINO
"CINCO"

Jeff came to Annapolis in search of wild women, having exhausted the supply in Pheonixville, Pennsylvania. An easy person to get along with, "Cinco" liked all company officers except those at the Naval Academy. After drying out plebe year, Jeff moonlighted on weekends. He labored hard at Buzzy's youngster year, was promoted to Timmy's second class year, and seldom missed a Friday night of work at the Officer's Club as a Firstie. Never having trouble with grades, Cinco spent long hard nights in the wardroom watching T.V. and occasionally taking a trip to steerage. Possessed with a strong arm, Jeff was a prominent member of his company's softball and fieldball teams. In his never ending search for wild and sleazy women, Jeff will be trying the West Coast next year, doing twelve ounce curls, and when time permits, riding an LST.

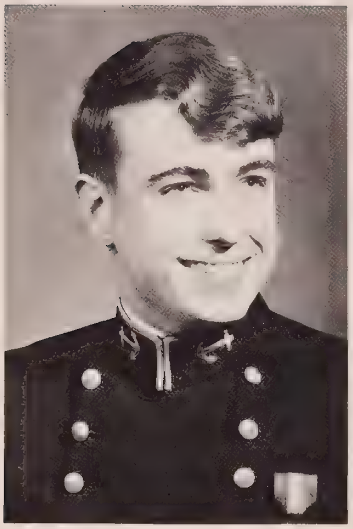
PETER J. SISA

The Palisades glistened in the morning mist the day Pete left the safety of downtown Newark and headed south in his gypsy wagon. He traded in his golden earring for the life of a Mid and a sword. He slashed his way to an N* and wore his letter sweater everywhere, even to bed. Zoomer liked fast cars and faster women (Dutch and Italian models). Never one to resist nodding in Nav class or tipping at Timmy's, Pete went out with a BANG, especially on weekends. Pete has a sharp mind, which is usually miles away from his body. He had a nasty habit of forgetting unimportant things in other peoples rooms, such as books, hats, ties, shirts, pants (!?). Gypsy enjoyed turning his spare time into sleep and would sleep through formations, classes, at lectures, even in the head! Rather than study, Pete apportioned his time between The Honeymooners and The Late Movie. A round of applause goes to Peter, a "regular riot." Forsaking the destroyer force Pete chose the hard life on an oiler. Look out, Hawaii, "It Looks Like Rain!!!".



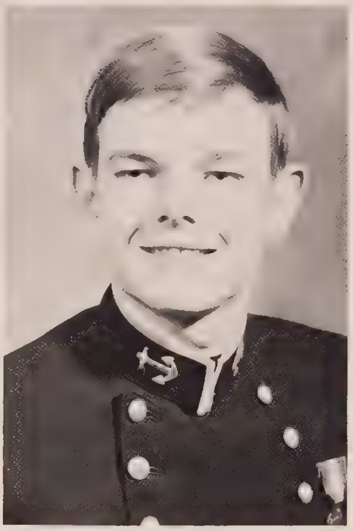
THOMAS J. BEHRLE
"BURL"

Go East Tom Behrle go East! So he loaded up his tractor and lumbered out of sunny Phoenix for dreary Annapolis. "Farmer" arrived with a B-ball in one hand and a six pack of Coors in the other. He was equally dextrous with both. In an effort to improve his facial features, he put on the boxing gloves. It may not have improved his looks much, but it didn't scramble his brains. He took naturally to academics and perservered through a math major where others were dropping like flies. He has dedicated himself to a career as a used car salesman — we can see it now, Honest Burl's Used Cars. Realizing that boats are more fun than tractors, Burl went surface line, although his real heart was in Nuke Power. But as "the General" will always tell you: "You just gotta do it!" Whatever he does we can be confident that he will do it well.



ROBERT V. BURNETTE
"ROB"

Hailing from the land of Marine Green and grits, Jacksonville, NC, Rob turned down offers from Renssalaer and Notre Dame in order to reside within Mother B. After a start in Physics, he finally saw the light and settled into the Electrical Engineering department only to find the light to be the fire beneath the frying pan. His first two years were spent debating whether to go bowling or dating. Early second class year, the girl back home took care of that problem, moving to Annapolis just to keep an eye on him. A 6:29 return from a weekend was typical. He spends his free time coaching squash, arranging picnics in the hall, administrating the enforcement of the Realistic Military Environment, and ensuring no one "accidently" sleeps through class. Sixty-three days under water first class summer failed to knock any sense into his head, so ADM Rickover has another mind to play with. He has been known to say, "The only good Marine is a Submarine." Rob will make a fine addition to the nuclear submarine force.

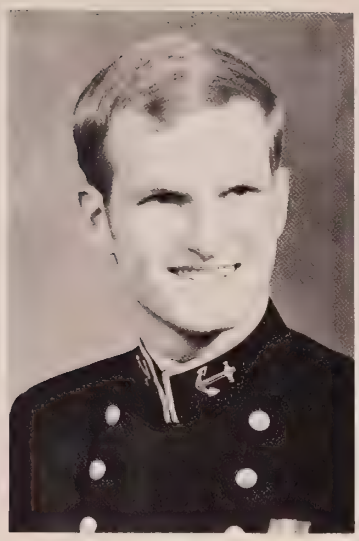


PHILIP J. CORBETT IV
"PHIL"
1st Regiment Sub-Commander

From historical Concord Massachusetts to hysterical Annapolis, Md. Phil came to join our ranks. Hopes of playing lacrosse for the Big Blue had to be forgotten Youngster year when he traded his goalies stick in for a pair of crutches and a set of railroad tracks on his left knee. Beginning his academic career as a Math major Phil decided to come down out of the clouds and finished the course in Operations Analysis. He served two terms as Regimental Sub Cdr. during Plebe Summer, and then again first semester of First Class year. Phil claims his success in the academic arena was due to a belief in the theory that if it can't be done by midnight its not worth doing. Headed for Pensacola after Graduation, Phil hopes to become a Rotorhead and continue his crusade to prove that what really matters is quality not quantity.

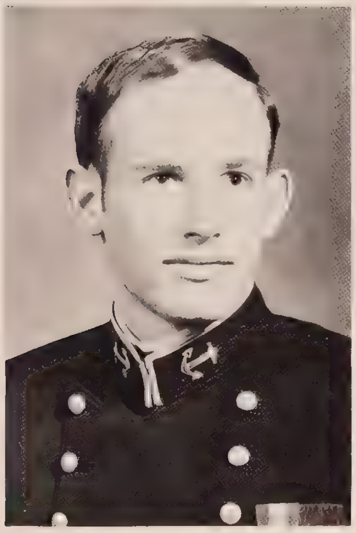
DIRK M. GALLAGHER
"PADRE"

Four long years in fleeting moments . . . lifelong friendships . . . 14th Company millionare and financial aid . . . four year brother to "Snydes" . . . Irish Californian . . . latent bogueness . . . soccer and tennis freak . . . Mathematician at heart . . . grateful for the opportunity and experience of USNA . . . pensive of present and future . . . Naval Aviator, the only way to fly . . . passing thoughts of an enjoyable era . . .



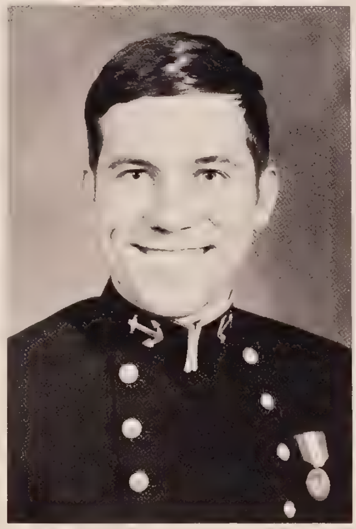
TERENCE MAHONEY
"HONES"

Terry Mahoney . . . "Hones" . . . The redhead from San Francisco . . . love that West Coast . . . short soccer career ends youngster year . . . instant star of hall hockey league . . . Rat's sidekick . . . sports trivia expert . . . never known to pound the books too hard . . . EOE made Rickover Hall his second home . . . vocal member of most sarcastic wardroom in the Brigade 7-4 the Penthouse . . . oh well, what the heck . . . watch every sporting event on tube . . . vulnerable to every distraction . . . motto "got to have a good time" . . . in the crazy room with Sully and the ninja . . . flyboy from day one, look out Pensacola and the rest of the world . . .



RICHARD FLA SNYDER
""SNYDES""

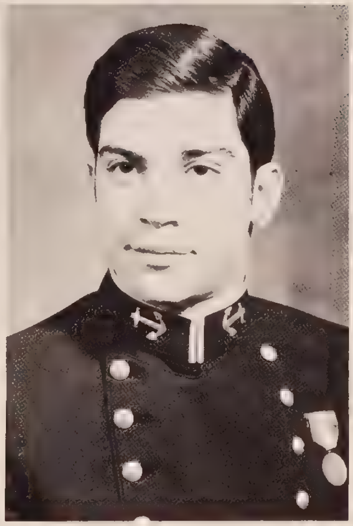
On that fateful day in July, Snydes sailed from his warm and cozy homeport of sunny California to brave the stormy and dangerous cruise at Canoe U. Danville has never realized the loss. Annapolis was not able to recognize her gain. Spending four years with "Padre," Snydes put up with much ribbing, but all in fun. Having learned that there are but two kinds of ships in the Navy; targets and bigger targets, Snydes realized that the only safe place to be is in a hole in the ground and promptly joined the green machine. He then turned traditional and thought, "What the Heck" and had a June Week wedding. But what other way to go is there?



DANIEL FRANK KALUZNY
"DAN"

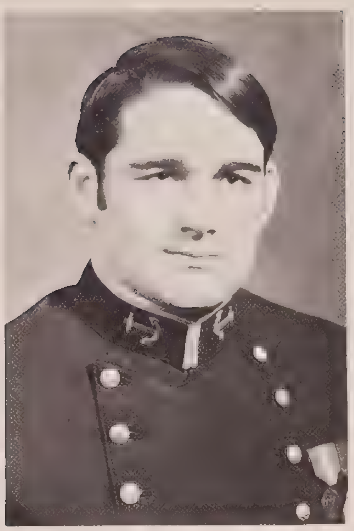
The icy clime of Beer City exchanged for the abrupt defrosting of the scorching U.S.N.A. summer of '73 . . . sleep pre-empted by Physics (the science that studies time as the clock ticks past 3 A.M.) . . . hard work . . . Sigma Pi Sigma . . . the friends made . . . Club 14 . . . the evolution of a softball finatic . . . the excitement of Navy Air . . . the arrival of new motivation . . . all these things shape the last four years.

Gratitude, hope, and determination fill the future!



JOHN MADAIO

This local ladykiller from Flushing was transplanted to this sleepy town by the Bay and proceeded to ply his trade and display his wares. As all of us, he was liberated by the inevitable "Dear John," although a little later than most of us. So he pulled out all the stops and the local women stood by for the siege and put up a valiant but futile struggle. John spent a lot of time in intramurals, in the rack, in other people's rooms and incoherent — anything to keep his mind off studying which he avoided religiously. "Robin Hood" was known for doing it everywhere. Next year he hopes to do it in a P-3, soon as he starts to fly the Jersey Turnpike will be a little safer. Good Luck!

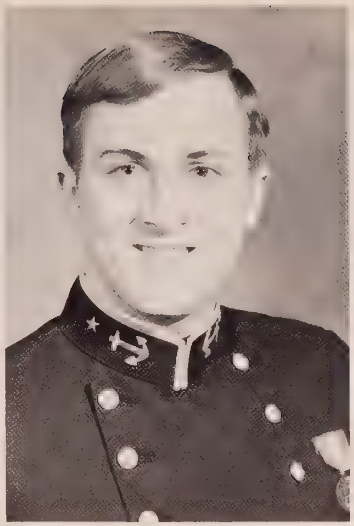


DANIEL OLIVIER
''OLIVE''
14th Company Commander

Dan came to USNA as a H.S. football hero with a chin only Jacob Reed could love. ''Popeye'' gave up football because he couldn't find a helmet to fit over his ears, so instead excelled in Rugby and academics. Each semester Olive would come up with a scheme to become famous such as; plebe year vator rides, gym shorts sales, and thanks to Doughboy, a $300 haircut. He enjoyed stretching his liberty to the limit and holds the World Record for the D.C. to Annapolis road rally. Although he claims to be an American, we all know that he is a Honduranian wet back. Soon to be engaged to a healthy Louisiana lass, Dan will have the reception at Hardy's and the honeymoon at the Hill Motel in Millersville. Watch out Navy Air, Dan the Man's coming.

RICHARD L. TAYLOR

Rich comes to us from just down the road in Brandywine, Maryland. Living the closest of anyone in his company to the Academy, his house became the traditional site of festivities like our annual Thanksgiving dinner. Never one to pass up a challenge, Rich always applied himself to the fullest, from plebe year when he organized the army project right up to graduation where he did quite well in a tough Electrical Engineering curriculum, and accepted the additional task of editing Lucky Bag. Rich, always a favorite with the ladies, has been known to help out his classmates by setting them up with some of his castoffs. His unique dance style, the "slug boogie" has been admired and imitated by those in the know for years. Rich is going to an DDG in San Diego where with his capability and his determination he is sure to excell.

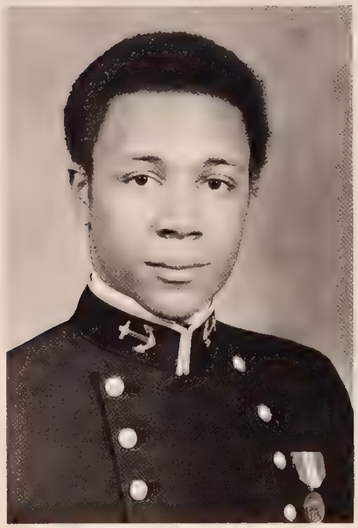


DAVID M. SCHUBERT
"SCHOOBS"
Trident Scholar

The man of a thousand aliases, Dave came out of the heartland of Michigan with a song in his heart and a skip in his step. He still walks funny, but to the eternal dismay of his roommates he was not content to let the song stay in his heart. He must have some talent in this area despite local protests to the contrary, for Dave was a yearly member of the Masqueraders' productions as well as the Glee Club and Catholic Choir (eventually leading them to greater glory as president). Always bemoaning his ill luck and constantly "bombing" his tests, Doughbert still managed a healthy CUM and conned his way into a Trident Project (his constant worry was that they were going to ask to see his results!). Despite the best free advice money could buy, Dave's announced immediate goals are a wedding ring in June and his dolphins as soon as possible.

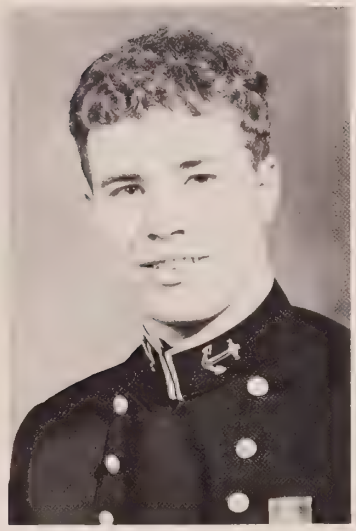
RICHARD EARL SELF
"RICK"
Brigade Adjutant

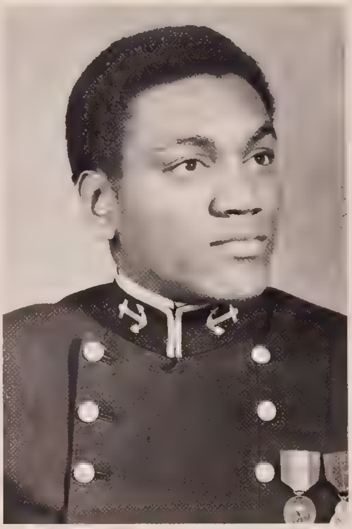
Hailing from whichever Carolina he says he's from, Rick showed up in Annapolis with slight undertones of a southern drawl. Joining the Pep Band and D&B plebe summer, he channeled all his efforts into the former after youngster year and emerged flailing his arms in front of the Pep band in a manner not unlike the Tasmanian Devil as a firstie. Falling easy prey to the second class car syndrome, his Jensen-Healey was reknown for its reliability to do the right thing at the wrong time. Although he attended a total of one march-on in four years, his tenure as Brigade Chow-Caller insured his presence during the spring P-rade season. A diehard ACC basketball fan, Earl spent many an afternoon and evening missing key games to prepare for one or more of the numerous and colorful Physics profs. Ten sunny weeks beneath the cold blue Atlantic convinced this man of countless aliases that Nuclear Power was the only way to go under. Besides, subs provide the only way of getting lower than Maryland.



GEORGE V. STATION

People have many reasons for entering the Naval Academy: service to country, family tradition, educational and financial opportunities, fame, egotism . . . When asked why he joined the Navy, George replied, "Actually, I haven't the foggiest notion. It sounded like a good deal at the time, I guess." The Big Ant, as he came to be known, soon learned the merits of a low profile. He recognized the illusory nature of his plans for excellence, postponed maturity until after graduation, and settled down to four years of mediocrity. A physics major, he retains his love of the science in spite of his unorthodox exposure to second-semester quantum mechanics. Four years of intramural benchwarming taught him the true nature of competition. George has no regrets as he approaches surface line with a diploma in one hand, a credit rating in the other, and a few friends behind him.





CHARLES SCOTT SMITH
"CSS"

Scott came from Fort Worth, Texas and had his first of many submarine sandwiches for lunch induction day. The mad scientist and brew master (coffee that is) could often either be found in the labs beneath Chauvenet or resting up from the rigors of academics. Scott left most of his Texas accent behind except for a telltale "I". He holds several Co. records such as the most time waiting for Admiral Rickover (26 hours), the most Ice eaten, the most time spent under water for an aviator (70 days), and being an animal on the fieldball team. Scott could always be counted upon to have a batch of popcorn ready in a moments notice or to turn his talents as a chef in the room to more exotic recipes such as fresh oyster stew, real orange and grape juice, and shrimp chow mein. Scott was not the most gifted athlete at USNA, but he knew his share of good sports. He averaged three all nighters per week and caught up on his sleep during the day. Scott knew he was ready to leave when the doc said he was allergic to Maryland.

D.J. SCHOOLFIELD

BRIAN O'CALLAGHAN

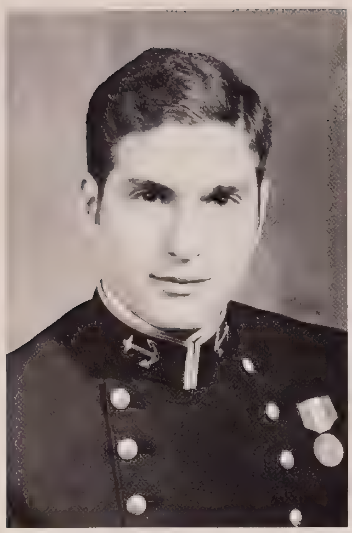
Brian received a warm welcome during plebe summer due to both Maryland weather and the frequency of foul ups on his part. He enjoyed plebe English so much that he decided to take it again youngster year. For all four years at Navy, diving provided Brian with a way out of the blue zoo. Academics, especially in the Math major proved to be the toughest obstacle at Navy. Not "spacey" enough to understand "n-space," Brian and Math Analysis just could not get along. Worried that the "eyes" into the "realm of Rickover" — nuke power. Recovering in the nick of time, he refused the ride to Washington and took the only reasonable choice for service selection — Navy Air. Brian calls Corpus Christi, Texas home.

FIFTEENTH COMPANY

FIRST ROW: (L to R) R. Runolfson, R. Fritsch, R. Findlay. *SECOND ROW:* D. Lafont, G. Trenti, M. Becerril, L. Semanyk, L. Galvin, J. McInerney, A. Watts, K. Carmody, W. Hanna. *THIRD ROW:* M. Lax, R. Romaine, R. Blanco, G. Manzo, E. Kelley, D. Rodriguez, C. Hautau, H. Harris, R. Euncan, M. Ray, C. Nichols. *FOURTH ROW:* B. Harris, C. May, M. Makowicz, J. Koljesky.

FIRST ROW (L to R) E. Miller, C. Miller, B. Reichert, K. Gigliotti, J. Pendley, H. Bouknight, B. Smith, D. Richardson. *SECOND ROW:* F. Hernandes, G. Murphy, W. McKinney, M. Susalla, W. Hoker, F. Burke, J. Rogers, S. Mason. *THIRD ROW:* J. Luxhoj, J. Fotherjill, D. Otterson, K. Schafer, G. Jones, P. Renaud, B. Solik, R. McNeely, S. Jones.

FIRST ROW: (L to R) N. Harmon, K. Kline, M. Vaughan, R. Flak, W. Paul, H. Stovall, M. Browne, J. O'Conner, S. Palmer. *SECOND ROW:* M. Meinhardt, D. Broadbent, A. Mullen, S. Huber, M. Freix, M. Brett, B. Cotterell, M. McBride, D. Bissot. *THIRD ROW:* A. Stencil, B. Beard, B. Petersen, J. Haynes, L. Ingeneri, A. Oka, G. Ramsay, M. Williams, K. Gustafson, P. Kidd, K. Dale, J. Houck, M. Ureede, J. Jimenez.



PHILIP JOHN AARONS

"P.J."

P.J., as he is known to his many friends, strolled down to Annapolis one fine July day after validating a year of high school up in the Big Apple. After someone explained to him that he couldn't do the same thing here, he decided to sit back, relax, and rob every cradle within the 7 mile limit. Don't forget P.J. . . . 14 will get you 20!!!

Majoring in Russian turned out to be a breeze, especially after a trip to Mother Russia after youngster cruise. 2/C year found him a charter member of the 2/C "non-performers," which earned him the honor of being the only 1/C crow in 15th Co. Don't worry, we wish we could have done it with you!!

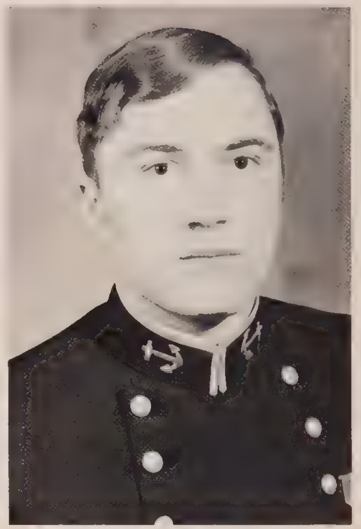
The class of 80 will never forget "Uncle P.J.," and your classmates will always remember that rifle arm in the slow-pitch outfield, the kosher chow packages, and 4 goals in one soccer game. But best of all, we'll never forget four years of good times with a true and loyal friend.

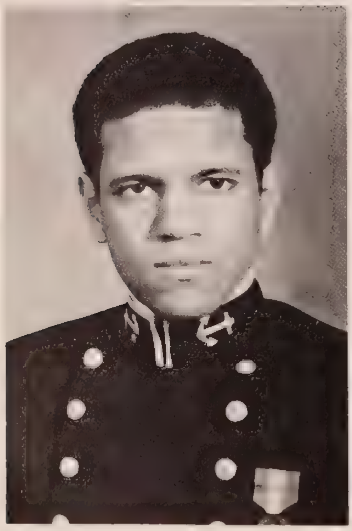
DANIEL A. ACTON

"DAN"

3rd Battalion Commander

One of Miami's finest rays of sunshine, Daniel A. Acton proved his brightness as a Systems Engineer at USNA with grades well above his peers in the difficult program. But academics weren't Dan's only specialty. Dan took the lead in the handball club late in his Second Class year and never lost his number one ranking as a midshipman despite competition from a number of skillful contenders. Dan spent his First Class year staying up late every night, proving his unselfish dedication to his duty as Battalion Commander. But where were his three-striper libs spent in the evenings before those late nights? Surely one fine beauty will never tell! An outstanding member of the company, Dan will inevitably do well as a Submariner.





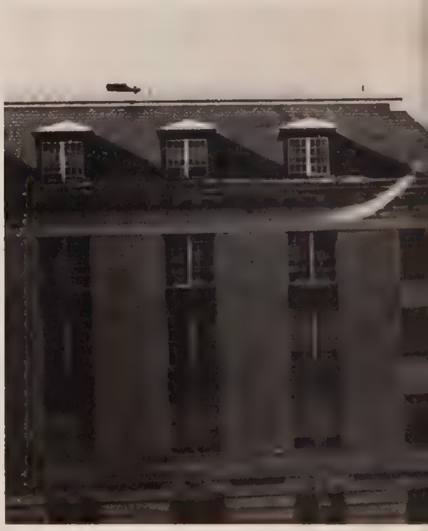
JOHN MICHAEL ALMEIDA

John came to the Naval Academy by way of New Britain, Connecticut, where as a senior in New Britain High, he began running track for the sole purpose of improving his chances to come to USNA. However he soon learned to love it. Running became an important part of every day. It was the first leg in his daily workouts, which ended in Judo practice.

Marine Aviation was his choice on December 9th, as it had been for quite sometime.

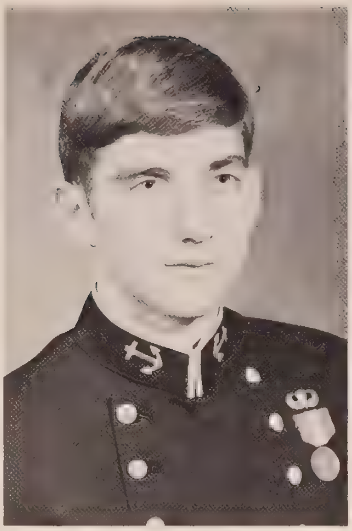
It was just plain relaxation with time to think about nothing, that John liked best. He isn't noted for much and really does not expect to be remembered by much more than the ink on this page, but he will remember much.

"Bow down thine ear, O Lord, hear me: for I am poor and needy."



STEVE ARTZER
15th Company Commander

After going through the rigorous life at Washburn University, Steve decided to take it easy and see the world. As luck would have it all Steve saw was Maryland for five years. Athleticly Steve could never quite make up his mind what to participate in. He went from Plebe sailing to lightweight football to weight lifting, to soccer, to track and eventually to slow pitch softball. Steve quickly realized that singing was not for him as he serenaded upperclass to their unappreciative ears as a Plebe. As the years past by Steve got into the routine of the Academy, that is Saturday nights were to be left to the "spirits." Steve carried this routine on into his first class year with the "Green Alerts." A surface liner Steve came to be a surface liner he ended up.



JEFF CAULFEILD-JAMES
"CRAWDAD"

Jeff Caulfeild-James. Wow, what a name! As Rickover said, "Are you going to add a third name when you get married?"Can't hate it, he got accepted. Jeff ran all the way here from Lancaster, PA. and kept on running throughout his four years at the University of Navy — Crabtown campus. His major of Mechanical Engineering, however, wouldn't permit him to run as often as he would've liked to, especially on the weekends. On the other hand, his ability to run helped him to chase the girl(s), and chase, and chase, and chase. Good job, Jeff. By the way, to bad those three lovely girls in Colorado Springs were cousins, or else those trips would've been worthwhile. When it was time to leave Mother Bancraft for a good time at home, Jeff would frequently go back-packing with Mother Nature, Dad, and brother Rob. Seriously, you can't find a better friend, or roommate, than Jeff; at least one who'll inconvenience himself to do you a favor. Good Luck, Jeff.

JOSEPH LAWRENCE BARNES
"JOE"

Hailing from the plains of Kansas and Claflin High School, Joe soon fit in with the country club set here at Navy. Never one to put academics before anything, Joe dedicated himself to athletics in the finest tradition of Third Batt. Three years of weightlifting put Joe in the heavyweight class in fifteen. Golf, scuba and his Vette took the rest of Joe's time. Majoring in Operations Analysis, Joe upheld the traditions of OA with honor. Friendly and outgoing, Joe always was ready to help his classmates whenever necessary. Nuclear Power snagged Joe on service selection night and his future in the Navy seems bright.

JAMES COLE
"JIMBO"

At the tender age of 18 I arrived at USNA, leaving my loved ones in Waynesboro, Va. Needless to say, the first two years brought shock, misery, confusion, and hard work. I did decide to fly, so I chose aerospace engineering in order to learn what makes 'em work. Finally second class year came, and with it Actramid and the "commitment." However visions of nights before the tube soon vanished as the academics buried me. Before I knew what hit me, first class year came. I guess time flies when you're having so much fun. However, musical parking, duty weekends, the JOKE and RME made me feel a bit of nostalgia for plebe year. At last, the light at the end of the tunnel started to blind me, so I closed my eyes and slept until 8 June. All in all, I lived a typical existence as a typical midshipman. Now it's time to get married, fly F-14's, and live a normal life as a naval officer.

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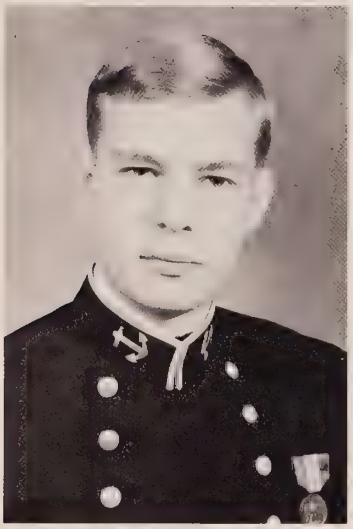
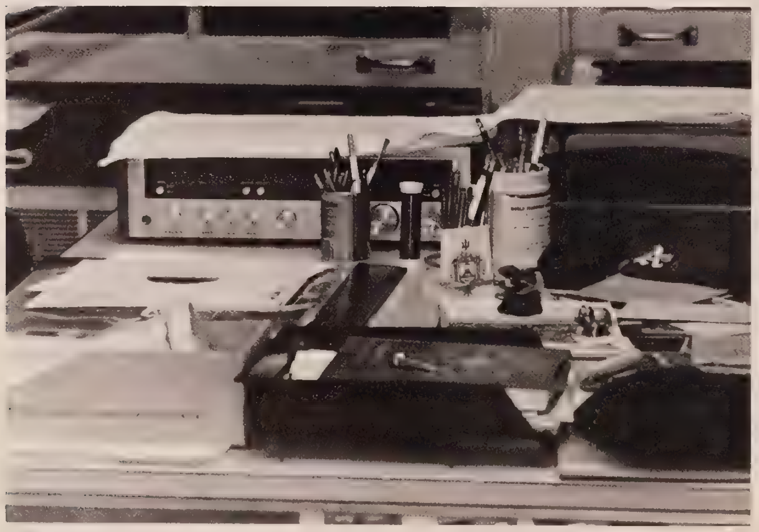


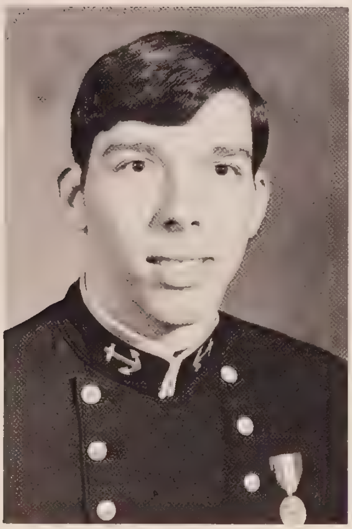
STUART F. ELWING II

Stu Elwing came to the Naval Academy seeking fulfillment in a challenging environment. Besides the normal routine of USNA, he has participated in several extra-curricular activities. Primary among these was the YP Squadron, where he received his command during first-class year. Stu was also a member of the Public Relations Committee, Russian Club, and Omicron Delta Epsilon, the economics honor society. His most notable ECA, however, was the E.D. Squad. He earned his "Black N" during youngster year. During youngster and second-class years, he spent the equivalent of two days on the Red Beach at sunrise. This year, Stu opted for Surface Warfare at Service Selection. This should suit him well, seeing as he is a traditionalist, a traveler, and, at heart, a mariner. For him, the world of the fleet is yet another quest for challenge and fulfillment.



JOHN A. KARELS

John came to U.S.N.A. from Illinois fresh out of high school and got the surprise of his life. He quickly became famous in the company for his sunflower seed habit. He finally made it through plebe year but only after several run-ins with certain secondclassmen. Marine engineering was his choice for a major. He could always be found studying hard at the library for a test. After taking several nuclear power courses at the academy, he decided to pick nuclear submarines for his service selection. For John the future looks very promising.

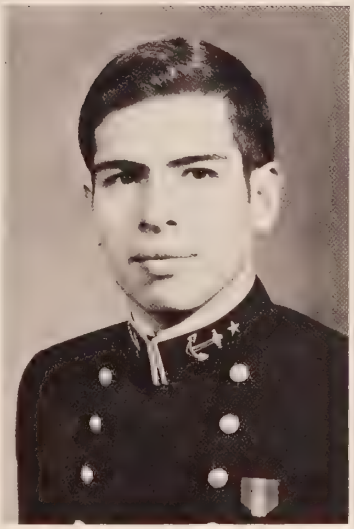


MARK ANTHONY HUGEL
"HUGHES"

Mark Hugel, commonly referred to as "Huges" by his classmates, along with a number of other "affectionate" names, came to the Naval Academy from Mansfield, Ohio. He came to U.S.N.A. to become a nuclear power qualified officer, and that he did. He used his years at Canoe U. to better prepare himself for "Hyman's" nuc-interview and then Nuc Power School. He obtained this much needed preparation by participating in the Academy's Drum & Bugle Corp, playing in the dazzling NA-10 "Rock Band," and skating through the Systems Engineering curriculum. By First Class year he had made a number of outstanding "extra" accomplishments — logged mucho hours of "Z's," donated his life to his love for music by "Chicago," never flew United Airlines home for Christmas, and saw a peaceful "Hugel's Nightclub" in downtown Mansfield transform into the "Newest and Largest Gay Bar in Ohio" after a change in the Management.

STEPHEN FOX
"FOXY"

Foxy, as he was affectionately known by the 2 or 3 friends he claimed were all he had, spent his 4 years at Canoe U. living from one trauma to the next. He was constantly chided by friends and upperclass for existing in his own little Peyton Place via the U.S. Mail service. Steve could never really complain of being lonely though, for when he wasn't being chased by women (note: plural), he kept company with his textbooks . . . at least every fifth weekend. Known companywide for his way with words, he could smooth talk you out of your car for the weekend, then make you feel guilty for not offering it to him before he asked for it. Steve didn't waste time learning managerial techniques however, and besides being co-manager for NA-10, will long be remembered as the manager and main perpetrator of Disco 15. These valuable experiences will undoubtedly be of great assistance to him as he pursues his future in the surface navy as a leader of men.

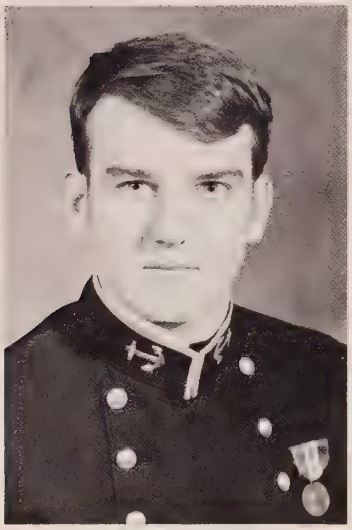


HENRY GONZALES, JR.
15th Company Commander

Henry, also foundly known at times as Herbie and Felix Unger, came to U.S.N.A. following a successful tour of duty in high school as a musician. Hailing from that great nation of Texas, Henry found few that knew where that far flung Army outpost of El Paso was. Well anyway, truely a man about the Academy, (or should I say his room) Henry could always be found studying in his room or in the library. In between studying, first class year H.G. taped a lot, slept a lot, (not always in the rack) and even now and then took an occassional weekend off in his Nova. One of the few to make it through the Academy with one woman, we'll see if he can make it through the Navy with one program, Nuclear power.

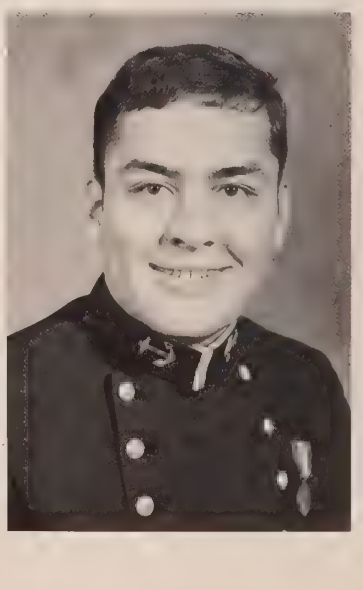
MARK C. KEEFE

Mark came to the Naval Academy from the far away metropolis of Damascus, Maryland after a stint in the white hat Navy and a year at NAPS. He adjusted quickly to life at the University of Navy, and concentrated on making his four-year stay as pleasant as possible. Never one to be anxious about his grades, Mark's philosophy was that there is more to life than studying, and worked just hard enough at academics to be able to enjoy his relaxation. His extracurricular activities included listening to his stereo, cruising on his motorcycle, photography, camping, and of course spending as many weekends as possible with the very special girl who will become his full-time companion soon after graduation. Mark's goal has been to become a naval aviator since before his first day at the boat school. After graduation he looks forward to packing up his new wife and traveling south to terrorize the skies of Pensacola and have fun in the sun, while earning his wings of gold.



JEFFREY LEE
"JEFF"

Jeff came to the Academy looking forward to the type of college life he'd always heard about. Alas, his dreams went unanswered and so began the four year quest for graduation. During plebe year, as a member of the purple heart platoon, Jeff found ample time to study and thereby provided himself with some well-conceived grade "gravy." Following plebe year, academics took somewhat of a back seat to sports. Jeff could usually be found on the tennis courts, on the golf course, or planning those "long-time-in-the-future" skiing trips to the Rockies. Never one to flinch in his support of the "mighty Reds" Jeff embodied the pride of a true Cincinnatian. A bet here or there was never out of order, especially when you won. Buoyed by his Ocean Engineering Major Jeff decided to become an "engineer of the sea" — a submariner. Orlando and Idaho await him.

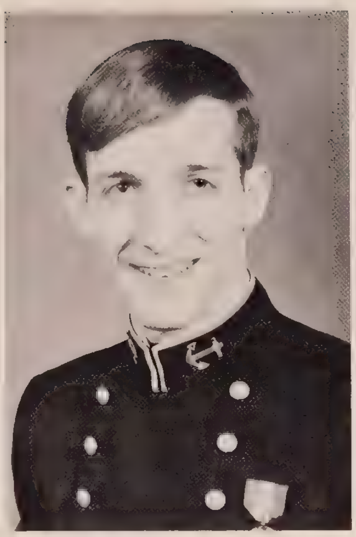


ALEXANDER KAHALELAUNIU LOPES, JR.
"ALEX"

Alex came to Annapolis from the tropical climes and balmy shores of Hawaii with a strong penchant for continuing a career of having a good time no matter what. But, showing up on I-Day with Aloha shirt, ukulele, shorts and slippers was going a little too far. Alex was quick to change his ways, for the time being, as the rigors of Plebe year took its toll.

Al set his sights on a degree in Systems Engineering and did rather well in this "Bull" major. Nevertheless, he has been selected as one of Rickover's few.

Throughout these four years, everyone has grown to appreciate one of Al's greatest assets, friendship. Through the ups and downs of life at USNA, Al has always been smiling, and I value his friendship as one of the most important things gained during my stay here. I only hope fate will allow our paths to cross many times in the future.



CHARLES VINCENT ROSSI
"ROSIE"

Charles Vincent Rossi, hailing from St. Louis, Mo., sailed through the four year M.E. pipeline making the Academic Department's job of determining averages an easy one by getting a 3.4 almost every semester. With this impressive record, as well as his uncanny ability to make friends, "Rosie" was given a platoon for his first-class year. It is rumored that Charlie turned down an editor's position in a gossip magazine to devote his full attention to driving submarines. In any case, he kept the company together and well informed as to what was going on. A natural leader, Charlie is sure to make '77 and the fifteenth company proud of him.

DAVID L. RAUNIG
"DAVE"

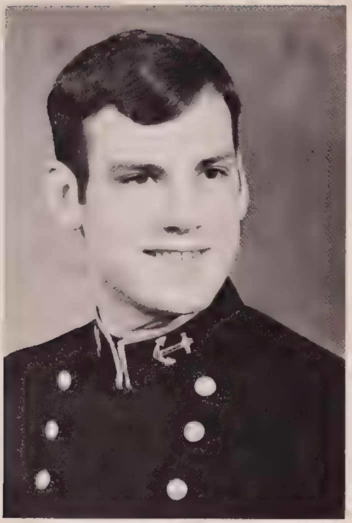
Dave came to USNA to see if he could meet the challenge, and he did it without too much trouble. Never having problems with his grades, he changed his major from math to physics to find that physics was more abstract. Playing intramural tennis for three years and running intramural track kept him going, but his event turned out to be the 50 mile run when he ran for the school record. Dave was always "nose to the book" and left the girls alone. He is only looking for the woman who can run, play tennis, loves to go backpacking, and reads Physics Today for fun. She might be hard to find while he is living under the sea working on nuclear power plants. Dave's career with submarines should prove rewarding, though, if he goes at it like his studies at USNA.

MICHAEL P. NAGELIN
"NAGS"

Nags is one of those Californians who has never accepted the fact that there really is such a thing as winter. On any December afternoon Mike can be found roaming the football fields of Farragut in T-shirt and shorts, looking uncommonly comfortable.

Always a hard worker, Mike has survived academics in fine style while still managing to devote much of his time to his favorite pastime — talking!

A confirmed helo pilot from the beginning, Mike will be entering the Marine Corps after graduation as a happily married man.



MARK A. SLIVKA
"SHORTY"

Mark A. Slivka came to the Naval Academy from the "Steel City" quite unsure as to whether he would stay for the full tour. However, his interests in computers and Operations Analysis soon outweighed any of his doubts. A four year member of the company basketball team, Mark decided that he did not want to be left out in the cold for the winter sets and moved into the indoor warmth of the Handball club his final two years. Although he still denies it, the young lady at the march-on knew better when she pegged him "Shorty." And so, Shorty became an important part of the company as his encounters with the ladies kept everyone interested. He finally decided on "the one" early in his First Class year when he decided to become a member of the Nuclear Power Program as a Submariner.

WILLIAM SMITH
"SMITTY"

Coming from the rolling hills of Western Pennsylvania, Bill had never before seen the ocean until coming to the Naval Academy. Once the initial introductions were over Bill soon found that he liked the sea almost as much as the woods back home and preferred a sailboat over the comforts of his own Dodge van. Bill will be putting all of his sailing skills to the ultimate test immediately after graduation when he and seven other midshipmen take the schooner Minstral on a transoceanic voyage to England.

A good friend who could always be counted on and a talented member of the Company "dancing team" Bill will eventually be taking his light feet down to Pensacola and flight school. There he will complete his clean sweep of the elements and learn to sail through the sky.

R.R. TAYLOR

JON TRAVIS

Jon drifted in from the thriving metropolis of Fort Morgan, Colorado, home of the famous newspaper we all grew to love. He quickly found that being 6’4;; was not condusive to tying shoes or lacing up leggings. A card carrying member of the "Rat Patrol" during the summer, he was to distinguish himself as the king of the doughball makers and the luckiest man in the world on a shakeoff for chow. Jon would always help out his classmates with their chow packages. Jon decided to major in math and had very little trouble with grades although he could always be heard saying he was flunking out. The last two years for Jon were spent in front of the tube and pulling "all nighters." He was a friend to everyone. Jon excelled in any sport he undertook. He decided to go nuclear power during first class year and will be a welcome member of any submarine wardroom.

WALTER HAROLD YOURSTONE, JR.
"WALT"

Walt hailed from the Jersey Shores, bringing with him the qualities every All-American girl looks for in a man. Unfortunately, for the women, Walt had his eyes set on devotion and dedication to the pursuit of a lifelong dream-for it is by no means enough . . . Plebe year was a short but challenging one for Walt and, although he fell short of 4.0, he was determined to try harder as a youngster.

Transition took its toll, and Walt suddenly realized that there was more to life than slide rules and pencils. He was never one to violate his self proclaimed Sabbath of Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons in beautiful Annapolis. As the years rolled on, he became more devoted to the pursuit of "spiritual" satisfaction. To hell with the body!

Walt professed to be an Ocean Engineer and, to the surprise of no one, excelled. How could such a normal guy have so much fun and satisfy the Dean too? Only Walt knows. Success is inevitable for Walt, as inevitable I hope, as the continuation of a lifelong friendship.

SIXTEENTH COMPANY

FIRST ROW: (L to R) K. Eckman. *SECOND ROW:* J. Klose, M. Bennet, J. Matlue, C. Greenwood, C. Sotomayer, J. Hovalcik, G. Boettchur, M. Nault, P. Craig, S. Maloney, C. Jones. *THIRD ROW:* R. Salvadore, G. McGarvey, P. Pietsch, R. Costago, M. Hardaway, J. Cahoon.

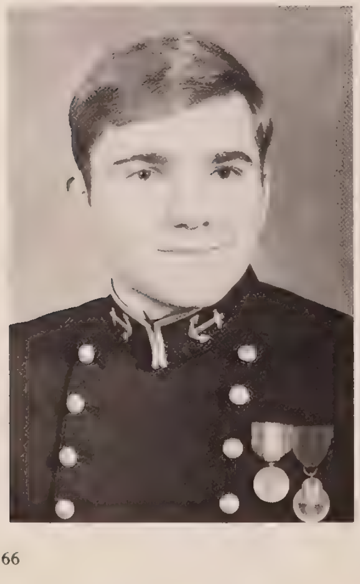
FIRST ROW: (L to R) D. Vann, S. Koontz, D. Prothero, J. Estrada, T. Nardella, S. Williams, M. Jordan, R. Brant, R. Glass. *SECOND ROW:* T. McCully, K. Morton, J. Greene, D. Norton, F. Jones, M. Slaughter, S. Hudson, R. Kropp. *THIRD ROW:* R. Hetherington, D. Morriss, T. Strader, T. Hirt, T. Boone, R. Griffith, E. Roberts. *FOURTH ROW:* J. Williams, F. Gerheiser, J. Fish, B. Becker, E. Francis, E. Sutton, B. Rodgers.

FIRST ROW: (L to R) J. Maynard, R. Klub, R. Berdine, C. Booth, P. Stroop, R. Moyer, J. McKee, M. Olsen. *SECOND ROW:* B. Taisey, R. Chuday, W. Lonchas, P. Good, B. Bates, D. Peet, M. White, J. Barker, J. Grant, P. Rocha, B. Porter, R. Lantz. *THIRD ROW:* K. Sophy, J. Paisley, G. Grimard, D. Burlingham, S. Phillpott, R. Lyman, M. Quinn, C. Moore, J. Pietrocini, W. Ruoff, A. Anderson, E. Mapes, C. Beltz.

THEODORE H. BROWN

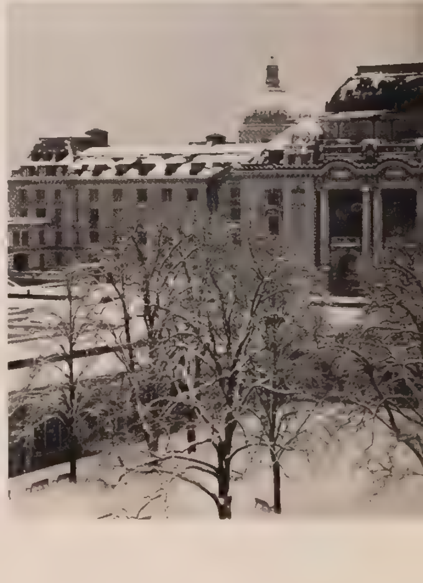
RICHARD L. CALDWELL
"FLASH"

Rich arrived at USNA via NAPS. Always admired for his amiable personality and athletic ability, Rich's quiet way never let that stop him from letting you know too. Being quite the "Dude" from Cleveland, Flash, as he is affectionately known by his friends, can usually be found in the wardroom or shooting hoops when not cracking a book. Rich is neither moody or high strung but always maintains a cool and calm bearing and spreads this to those around him. Rich's association with the ladies will soon come to an end as Quantico calls. Flash's ambition and drive will stand him in good stead in the future.



MICHAEL JEFFREY CALLAHAN
"MIKE"

Seagrams-Bacardi-Wild Irish Rose-Gordons-Chivas-Black Velvet. These are the things that Mike is made of, they speak for themselves. Mike has ceremoniously demonstrated the accuracy of the name "Rip Van Callahan." Hitting the rack has developed into an artform for Mike which he studies at every available opportunity. Mike has the ability to single-handedly antagonize OOD's and company officers alike over seemingly insignificant violations of the beloved Regs. Mike is one of but a select few Mids to wear out their whiteworks and not their WUBA, the X Squad at its finest. "Rip's" way was clear in the bud of his career at Navy. There were the mornings of sleeping late, table 194, and staggering in for taps Youngster year. On the straighter side of the fence, it was suicide to talk pro topics with him. Sometimes you got the feeling that he knew more than the designers. It's suspected that Mike's already got his name printed on an F-18 somewhere.



LAWTON ERROL DEANE
"DEANO"

Lawton came to the Naval Academy from New York City in a moment of weakness. Once inside the gates, there seemed to be no escape. Even good grades in High School, and a year of college did not relieve the Academic Pressures. It looked like a bad dream with no hope for awakening. There certainly was not any hiding for Lawton, as the miniscule man was of the dimensions; 6 feet 3 ins. tall and 215 pounds. He met the challenge, and paid a few dues . . . early morning marches and restriction formations . . . but the victory?? was his. During his ephemeral stay here at Navy, Lawton has acquired many friends. They all call him Deano (at least to his face). This is due to the fact that Deano is the type of guy you would want on your side. Of all his loves, (including a pretty, young doctor to-be), flying is one of the greatest. Lawton was immensely influenced by this desire when he signed for marine air . . . and now the Marine Aviators have Deano on their side.

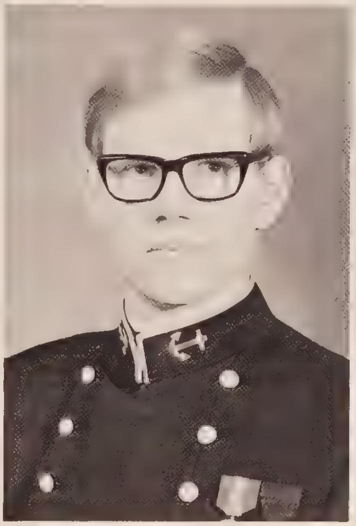
NICHOLAS JOSEPH EPISCOPO, JR.
"NICK"

In Sixteen you could always tell when it was wrestling season because Nick would be stalking silently about, emaciated, with hollow cheeks, baggy pants, and a sunken look in his eyes. Just as you could tell the off-season by the sight of a rolly-polly little wop running around squeaking at people. It looks like Nick will be a fuzzy-faced soprano for life, despite nightly prayers for puberty. Nick was always one to liven up dull nights in the wardroom. As soon as the cry "Pep rally on Episcopo!" went up, everyone would get in on the fun, much to Nick's disbelief.

He will probably be trading in his blue "Z" for a dull green model soon. Yes it's true, after wandering from counter to counter in the service selection supermarket, Nick signed up for the Corps. Nick always thought USNA was stellar, and he thinks life with snakes and ticks will also be stellar, stellar, stellar.

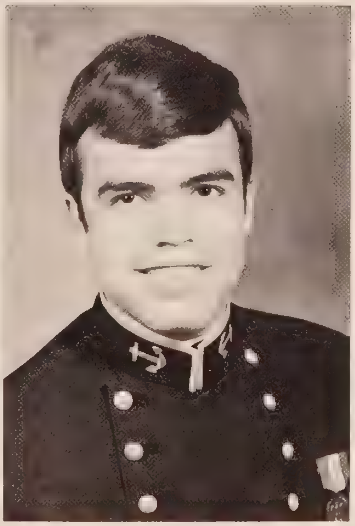
JAMES DOUGLAS DUNCAN
"DUNC"

JD came to USNA, by way of New Orleans, known for his academic prowess. Once at Navy Dunc began his long career as a member of the Ac Boards. He is one of but a select few Mids where the third strike did not mean an out. Dunc got used to staying up late (11 o'clock) to study, and he usually devoted his weekends to studying (the bottom of a bottle). JD bought a car Second Class year, and he keeps telling everyone that it is a legend. Well . . . the garages around Annapolis and Philly seem to know the car well. As far as athletics go, Dunc always seemed to look thinner in the Fall, and the rest of the year his pastime was running-to where or from what no one could discover. JD is headed down to Pensacola to be a pilot and he plans to catch a few rays and hopefully a few strays while he's down there.



JOHN F. FEILER
"FOOCH"

He began his illustrious career plebe year becoming reknown for pristine virtuosity. Aware of his potential, Pedro and the Black Sheep quickly introduced "Fooch" to the exclusive "brown bag club." Although he was the recipient of many a Navy banana during the work week, the only effect recorded was an increasing ability to inhale brew-ha's on all those weekends. His intensively professional exploration of the gutters from Buzzy's to the Hilton culminated in a senior year sweep that scoped the nation from Cleveland to Army, Hood to Florida. Never one to spend time idly watching elevator doors, Foochie occasionally devoted his meditations to staring at the moon. He was a noted angler never caught without the essentials; minnies and Millers. The boys are buying JF a leash for those wandering parties. Always smiling on the morning after and saying "I didn't" as we told him of his partying exploits. The man's destined to the image of a pilots rearview mirror. He'll miss frat 16.



STEVE GARCIA
"PEDRO"
Brigade Operations Assistant

Misguided from New Mexico, "Pedro" was beckoned by USNA's inescapable vacuum. Convinced that he was attending a "college" he was the first and last of a rare species of unmistakable characteristics. Least known was a consistent early morning ritual commencing with the 10 minute call immediately muffled by an envious answer of "Brigade Business!" with the coup de gras being his hasty retreat to the rack. Where there was the man was also the party to which the degree of a good time was directly proportional to his list forward. "Gutting" it from lights to heavies in search of Bad Company's 2nd Brigade Championship, his talents as a pass receiver were exceeded only by his grip on a brew. His mobility on pumpy legs was surpassed by his chocolate brown banana speeding him to where he would soon be making love to a case of beer. His talents will not be lost to Graduation for his banana will grow wings and take to the air to challenge the skies with the same grace with which he conquered this institution.

NEIL T. GILLESPIE
"GILLIS"

While at USNA, Mr. Gillespie has become a legend in his own time. He has maintained a good grade point in all things except conduct. This because his ECA's have inhibited his achievements in this area. But his other achievements are many.

He has enjoyed both the benefits of USNA and a regular college too. For four years he had three stripers libs and leaves alot behind. Among those things are a string of broken hearts and mangled cars. Many fathers of young ladies will breath a sigh of relief as he leaves. They'll know that Va. & Md.'s flowers of feminity are out of his grasp. Through his kindness, he added much to liquor stores revenues. After 4 years, Neil has gained the love and respect of many classmates. Neil will enter flight school in the summer of 1977. Could the Navy have another Pappy Boyington on their hands? At least it can be said there's never a dull moment when Neil is around.

MARK MORGAN BORCHERS
"BORCH-MAN"

The incredible Borch-man, the Ultimate One of whom sagas and great epics shall be written. Mark is the proverbial Mr. Mellow who refuses to believe that he hasn't been attending a small, four-year, liberal arts college in a quaint little town on the Eastern Seaboard. Mark's incredible low profile was made possible by his amazing ability to look like a gray wall whenever an officer came his way in the hall. The low profile disappeared, however, when it came to the fairer sex. When he wasn't defending the virtues of his little sisters, Mark was roaming the bars, drink and wench in hand. In keeping with the fine tradition of Baa Baa 16, Mark is the epitome of pride and professionalism, having an unswerving dedication to truth, hard work, wholesomeness, and the American Way. The surface Navy will truly be blessed when Borch-man cruises into SWOS in July, cold brew in hand, cheap floozie on his lap, and these immortal, heroic words on his lips — YO-O-O-O-O-O-O-H, GUTTER!!!!!!

HAROLD D. GRETZKY

Harold D. Gretzky arrived at Canoe U. from the shining shores of Michigan. Stepping out of his topsiders just in time to step into his Corfams, Gretz could usually be found in a sailboat, behind a terminal or dreaming about Mr. Spock. Affectionately known as the gnome, Hal gave the Navigation department and the "no minds" at Ward Hall fits in his spare time. Hal came ON LINE just in time to discover Admiral Rickover looking his way and to Hal the only way is underwaves. Harold's determination to do his best will certainly stand him in good stead in the future.

KEITH DOUGLAS HANEY
"HANES"

Dougie left "God's Country" (N.H.?) to pay civilization a short visit. You had to laugh when he was going M.C. and then punched in Navy Pilot. Most of the time we see Keith in his blue watch hat and flannel shirt. When not in civies he's either going to or coming from a workout. Remember those ergos and crew practices? As this final year closes, no one will forget his used car advise. Keith swore it was the only way to go! His is in the shop along with those of two fools who listened to him. He's taken this all in stride, just as he has all points of the R.M.E. . . . His illustrious four years have been marked by "They can't fry me!"

THOMAS HARVEY HUTCHINSON III
"HUTCH"

Hutch, as he famously came to be known, is the kid who put Camp Springs, Maryland on the map. With a "Miller" in his pocket, a football in his hand, and a Dodge Van under his foot, the man came to tame Navy. To study was nothing less than a blazing stereo, a beaming T.V., and an occasional book. True beeding deserved nothing less but such is the rationalization of FRAT 16.

Athletics were simpler than learning how to crawl Bancroft Hall style so it is not hard to understand why the "HUTCHMAN" led the "BAD COMPANY" heavyweight football team to one Brigade Championship and sliding toward another. Weekends for him were nothing less than getting ridiculous after which it was home to Mom and Pops for one of those gooood eating breakfasts.

Graduation can only begin an additional chapter for our friend. Navy air will never fill a back seat any better than with HUTCH.

PETER MICHAEL HYERS
"HYP, RED"

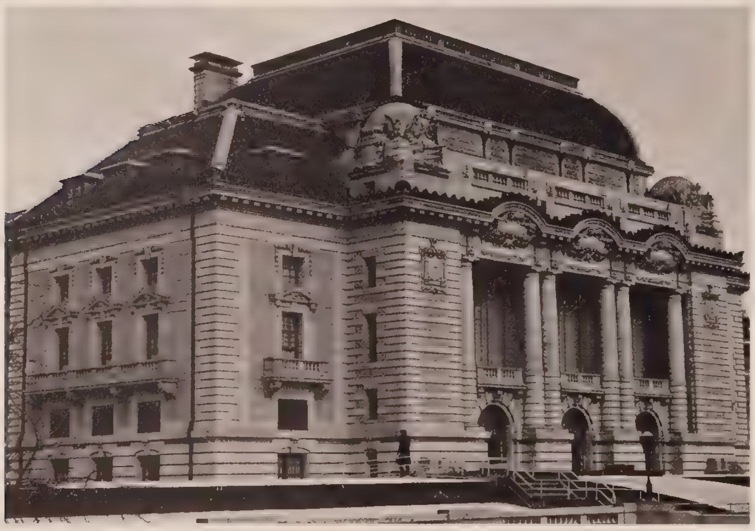
"Hyper Hyers" hails to us from that famous town of Centerport, Long Island. He came here after a brief year at Naps and immediately started impressing people with his flaming red hair. When Pete was not SAILING, he was SAILING but he was good and dedicated to it. Academically Pete was one of those students who believed in never letting his books interfere with his studying. There were times when his attentiveness in class gave him the name "Rip Van Hyers." Socially Pete was an outstanding talker and an excellent beer drinker however he was a slave to Chivas Regal. Just ask the men. You had to be a good person to appreciate Pete. He was the life and vitality of 16 and you would never see him without a warm greeting or a friendly smile. After a brief coaching tour Pete will join most of us in Pensacola. The aviator community will be greeting a good one and they should appreciate him as much as we have.

JAMES ARTHUR MABRY, JR.
"MABES"

Hailing from the seafaring town of Phoenix, Mabes was obviously drawn to the confines of Mother B. Jim is a feisty character whose devil may-care-attitude never failed to liven up even the dullest situation. Never one to develop eye strain from excessive booking, he still had little trouble escaping the wrath of the Ac Board. He claimed to be a charmer with the ladies, but never had the chance to display his talents because he had been long accounted for by a fair haired beauty from his native Arizona. Jim came to USNA from an impressive athletic past and he proved no different while a Mid. His abilities and competitive spirit proved a strong asset to any sport he attempted, although he never mounted any serious threats on good sportsmanship awards. In the end, Mabes answered the call of Marine green and his entry will prove the Navy's loss and Corps' gain.

JOHN C. MacKERCHER, JR.
"J."

J. came to the hallowed halls of Bancroft with a much stronger military background than most. The "Navy brat" took little time in proving this when in the early days of Plebe Summer he instructed his classmates in the fine points of E.D. This experience proved to be an asset 2/c year when he decided to find his own way back from the UVA football game. Mac tried as little as possible to grace us with his presence by commuting to his home in nearby Fairfax, Va. When not behind the wheel of his mean machine he could be found burying his nose in anything he could get his hands on (i.e. Wires, Materials, Physics) at Nimitz library. Never one to be outdone in anything, J. continued to lead the field in all social aspects. He prided himself in being a lady's man but was never one to share his innermost secrets. Mac knew all there was to know about any sport and Lord save anyone who bad-mouthed his Bullets or Skins. J. excelled in all sports and was known as "The Man Who Made Bob Hoffman Rich." His hard work paid off.



NICHOLAS JACOB PADULA
"ALI"

Nicolai Mahomet Akbar Rashashan Haroum Abdul Kareem Akmed Ali Padvila. For a man with a name of such stature, this silent wanderer is remarkably inconspicuous. He flows through the hallowed halls of Baa Baa 16 like a desert breeze, coming from nowhere, going nowhere. The only thing that can induce our penthouse intellectual to emerge from his semi-comatose state is the hint of peril to his beloved silver car. He parks The Machine miles from civilization to insure that no one will scratch its mirror finish, and he never plays the radio because "its so much nicer to listen to the engine." Ali's second great love is diving, he has explored the furthest reaches of Santee Basin in search of adventure. Weighed down by long, flowing locks and great quantities of beer, Ali always felt the need to stay in top shape by frequently running around the obstacle course. Not over, around. After graduation, Nich plans to drift down to Pansacola. He wants to be an NFO so he can sleep in the back seat while someone else drives.

SAMUEL CLYDE MILLER III
"SKIP"
Lacrosse All-America (3rd Team)

Skip came to the Academy from Syracuse, New York and has somehow picked up the nickname "KILLER." It has been said that this name is derived from his not-so-humanitarian actions on the lacrosse field. On the first play of an intramural football game a referee asked Skip to leave the game due to what could be described as a small riot.

Skip chose Nuclear Power for service selection and cannot wait to bore holes in the ocean. If he had taken any academic advice from his roommate with the basic 2.0 cum he would have never made it. Skip spent four years building up a reputation as a partier only to have it crumble when he invented the "Miller Swan Dive" at 2130 on a night when the rest of his friends lasted until dawn. Many a girl has had her attire ruffled by Skip's quick moves. When once asked by a female socialite who his favorite philosopher was he replied "Attila the Hun." Skip's career at USNA can be summarized by the fact that he will probably graduate with the highest accumulation of demerits in recent history.

RICHARD L. MAURER

Richard Maurer, student of naval architecture, creator of battalion soccer, crew member of USCGS Eagle during OPSAIL-76, and inspite of himself a charter member of "ba-ba sixteen." To three years of plebes he was a terror while to four years of young women he was always a chivalrous knight. The qualities of honor, loyalty to the traditions of the navy and respect for the trust that holding a commission represents will gain Rich admiration and respect in whatever field he chooses.

JAMES R. MILLER
"JIMBO"

One of the quieter members of 16, Jimbo is the gunge surface liner of the group. Hailing from Eastern Long Island, Jimbo brought with him a love of American History and enough French to get his face slapped.

After an initial disappointment in the engineering world he shifted to the History major, and found his niche in Sampson Hall.

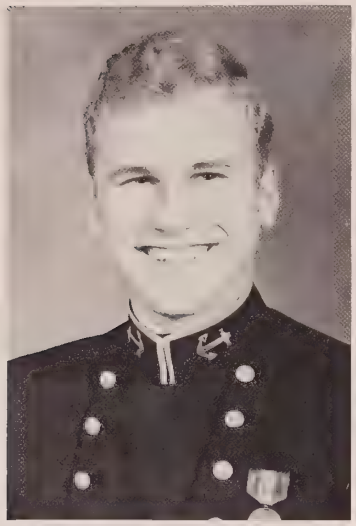
The PE department and Jim became fast friends (?) during his tenure here at Navy. Under the tutelage of Coach Lenz he reached new heights (?) of fitness.

Wedded bliss and a destroyer await Jimbo on graduation.

DAVID I. PAIST
"STICKY"

"Cogito ergo sum."

"Sticky" came to us from Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania with high hopes of being an engineer for Admiral Rickover. To accomplish this he became a Marine Engineer but quickly discovered his incompatability with engineering. Never one to shirk his partying responsibilities to the other guys in Bad Co., he still found time for academics. A good athelete, Dave spent four years on the soccer fields for Navy and was often seen with a soccer ball or basketball in his hands. Not one to forget the fairer sex, Dave spent much of his liberty charming the ladies, somehow managing to stay unattached. After four years studying engineering, Dave has decided to forego Nuclear Power and join the flyboys in Pensecola following graduation.



KEVIN MICHAEL QUINN
"AKBAR THE MAGNIFICENT"

The Quinn-Man. He of legend. For this clean-cut, all-American swell guy, coming to the Academy was a challenge to attain excellence, a chance to become a professional, a first step toward a brilliant naval career. But most of all, it was a glorious opportunity to hit every gutter from Marmaduke's to Hood College. Although he waited until senior year to disgust and terrorize the cream of Maryland womanhood, he was psyching up for it during the earlier years of married bliss with lovely Lenore (the sultry one, with the fire in her eyes). Yes, the very name Akbar the Magnificent was enough to strike fear in the hearts of innocent young maidens. Akbar was especially known for the incredibly smooth lines and smooth moves he used to enlighten young ladies as to his true, sensitive, desirable nature. With Q's mellow nature his ability to find humor in anything, his fifth of Seagrams, and 12 pack of fine Pilsners, his success in the Gator Navy is assured. Later, Q.

DANIEL F. RYAN
"D.F."
16th Company Commander

When Danny cruised his chopper through gate 1 on Induction Day, he began to realize that U.S.N.A. wasn't the Berkeley East he'd expected. No. Mr. Ryan, there isn't a freshman parking lot. The gray walls didn't bother him any though, everything looks gray to D.F. Dan is definitely a cultured individual. This continental side of his nature, however, was known only to his female companions who were dazzled by all his smooth moves and great lines which were usually inspired by a fifth of Seagrams. "Hey gorgeous, didn't we go to different schools together?" If great lines like that didn't win the young lady's heart, Dan could always take them to the submarine races in his plastic love-mobile. So sad that he and his adopted son Nick must part when he heads to Georgia as Sweet 16's sole Supply Corps representative. Peace, Love, Dopes.

MARK B. SAMUELS
"BIG RED"

"Let him who means to love life and see
good days, refrain his tongue from evil and
his lips from speaking guile.
And let him turn away from evil and do good;
Let him seek peace and pursue it."
I Peter 3

ALBERT GAYNOR SEITHER, JR.
"BERT"

Bert came to us from Riverton, New Jersey. Via one year of Prep School at the Marine Military Academy. There are three things that keep Al going: Football, Women, Michelob. Al is a partier from way back and fit in nicely with 16th Co. He was deep selected to be Captain of the Brigade Drinking Team. Bert played football for three years before giving into the doctors. At which time he was able to concentrate on his many women. Al was an easy going person who loved the outdoors. If he wasn't on the turf he could be found heading for the surf. His many pastimes included: Hunting, Fishing, Surfing, Snow & Water Skiing. However, most of his time was centered on Flying. Al was a true "ACE" in every sense of the word.

STEVEN SCHLIENTZ
16th Company Commander

Fingers, the former "tough kid on the block" turned greasy mechanic, came to Navy and saw the light (through a cloud of cigarette smoke). Junior year, with a huff and a puff, he blew down the Company Officer's door and was sucked into Frat 16's driver seat. An avid playboy and man about town, he has already wornout two cars. "Mario" Schlientz's recipe for a "90mph U-turn Surprise" was but another stellar achievement. The hard-studying leader of a notoriously studious company, the "Hatchet" has also managed to make a name for himself athletically, with the best left hook on the company football team. Excelling militarily, his brilliant independent steaming manuever at the Army march-on was perhaps the pinnacle of Baa-Baa 16's marching prowess. Steve will make a great NFO as long as he's equipped with a CB to watchout for the bears in the air. Catch you on the flip Quick-Silver. Have a nice day today and a better one tomorrow!

THOMAS PHILIP SHAW
"TOM"

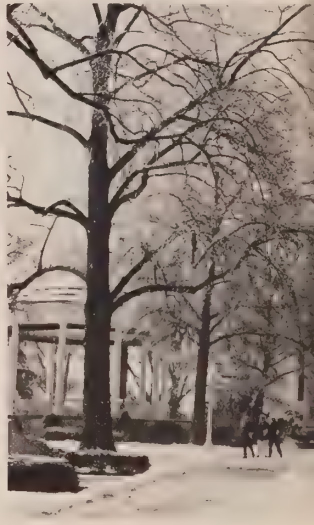
Tom came to what used to be the largest monastary in the world from Glenside, Pa. with his boyish smile and his Teddy bear. His classmates soon found him to be the company nice guy — it a favor was needed, Tom was the man to ask. Despite his many attributes, Tom's wit was often misunderstood. After rooming with him for 3 years I found that it was his intention not to be understood — to quote him, "I'm always serious, unless I'm joking." Academicly T.P. played the crucial role of keeping the Supt's List types seperated from the AC board cases — ie, somewhere in the pack. A typical mid, Tom played intramural sports, and met his fiancee at the International Ball. A major in math allowed many free hours to spend with Wendy, his silver shoebox on wheels. Unfortunately for her, Tom's favorite sport turned out to be demolition derby. But just as surely as Wendy will survive Tom's driving, Tom will survive the surface Navy and eventually make his return to the real world.

STEVEN WAYNE SPRECHER
3rd Battalion Commander

Sprech, as we all know him by, came to the Naval Academy from Rockford, Illinois. He was earmarked for a command position when his classmates voted him fourth class company commander during plebe summer. He went on to become third battalion commander first class year. Sprech chose physics as his major, hoping it would help explain the mystery of life, but much to his surprise it only confused him even more. For three years, Steve ran with the Navy track team as a high jumper. The time with the track team was the highlight of his athletic career at Navy. During his first class year, he became a wide receiver for that most prestigious organization, the 16th Company heavyweight football team. The first word ever uttered by Sprech was "Arrgh," and so it was that he was to become a Marine. That wasn't enough though; the majesty of the sky grabbed him and he chose to become a member of an even more elite group; a Marine Aviator! From all of us in Bad Company — Good Luck!

TIMOTHY THOMSON

Four Short Years: Hello . . . 777777 . . . Echo . . . Reef Points . . . Brigade . . . Marching 16 . . . Army, what's her name? . . . Christmas!!! . . . baseball . . . Denver, dull . . . All I want is my two front teeth . . . Engineer? . . . 1.7 . . . NCAA's close . . . Pensacola . . . long year . . . Hawaii . . . Porsche . . . $1200 . . . shoulder . . . 667 . . . No Memphis . . . NAVY AIR . . . good friends . . . thanks family . . . goodbye



DONALD LEON STEWART II

"STEW"

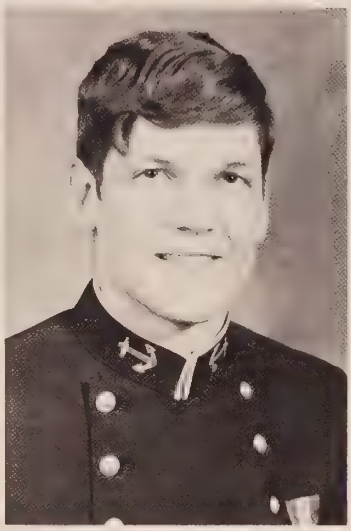
"STEW" hails from the great state of Alabama where he has lived since 1961. He was plucked from his peaceful existence in Huntsville to come north to the Academy and the cold. He decided to become a mechanical engineer, which later inclined him to become one of Rickover's Raiders but at least he'll be able to see the sunshine when he is on his tours of duty. STEW enjoyed his time as a Hop rep, which led to his being picked as Santa for Christmas 1976 (all those beautiful girls on his lap) and the Concert Committee provided him with the opportunity to meet some of the interesting people that performed here. The years were long and eventful, but when they are a thing of the days gone by "STEW" will be remembered for his happy and helpful attitude.

ALBERT A. TOBIN

"TOBY"

Al came to us from the deep south of Texas. Ever heard of Edinburg? In high school, Al concentrated in the field of chemistry. His background was sufficient for him to validate his first year of chemistry. One would assume that this would have channeled Toby into a chemistry major. The allure of flying for the Navy was deep set in Al, and clouded with these thoughts, he fell into the Aerospace major. We all hope that these years of stuggle will be compensated for at flight school.

Al has always been very dedicated to his classmates within the company. We've never known him to be absent when the company parties. The Naval aviator image must be molded around Al (leather jacket, aviator sunglasses, & beer in hand). An avid Dallas Cowboy fan, Al has been a mainstay on the company lightweight football team. Weighing in at an impressive 135 pounds, Al is a true terror on the field. Who knows, maybe his days at Navy have been the foreshadowing of the next terror of the skies. Good luck Al, from all of us!



JOHN F. VARNEY

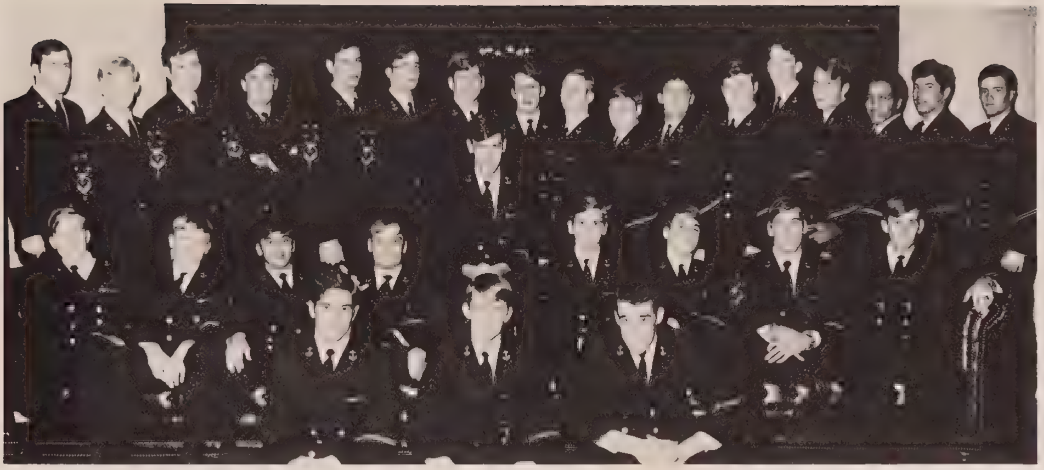
The transition from high school jock to plebe would have been much easier had it not been for John's 2 left feet when it came time to march. He was destined to be on a ship's bridge not on a parade field. John came to Navy from St. Louis, Mo. with the intention of obtaining a career from the Navy. After 4 years in paradise, John will give Navy a 5 year second chance before any definite commitments. With the discarding of his twelfth pair of running shoes, John came to the conclusion that he was not being mentally challenged by the track team. He took up handball as a secondary interest to the never dying fascination of distance running. He hopes that all of his future CO's are handball enthusiasts. Does Adm. Rickover play handball? How else did John get accepted into the nuclear program? So, John culminates his studies here in Physics with much more to come. At least he won't have to worry about marching while at the conn of a nuclear submarine.

BROOKS O. BOATWRIGHT, JR.

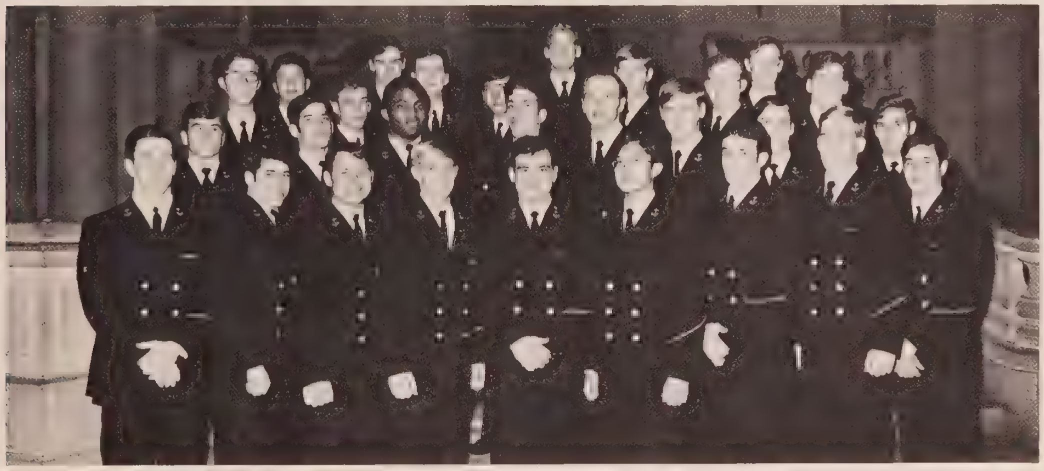
"STUMP"

Basketball Boats — affectionately known as Stump to his friends — endured successfully four years along the Severn thinking he was at a government sponsered basketball camp. His basketball ability was only exceeded by his academic talents, as indicated by his QRP being continually higher than his scoring average. Brooks' primary contribution to life at Navy was the lovely nurse he'd drag down to Halsey Fieldhoust to double the attendance totals. His extracurricular activities included a dual major (EE and TV), his sporty little Z, and borrowing things. Despite being from Deleware, Brooks had many friends and most people looked up to him. Judging from his primary activity (hint zzz) while at Mother B, Boats should be well rested when he enters the magical world of helicopters. When faced with a new situation, Boats will either do his best and say "it was fun, " or flash that little smile, open those big eyes, and say, "FALCON 118!"

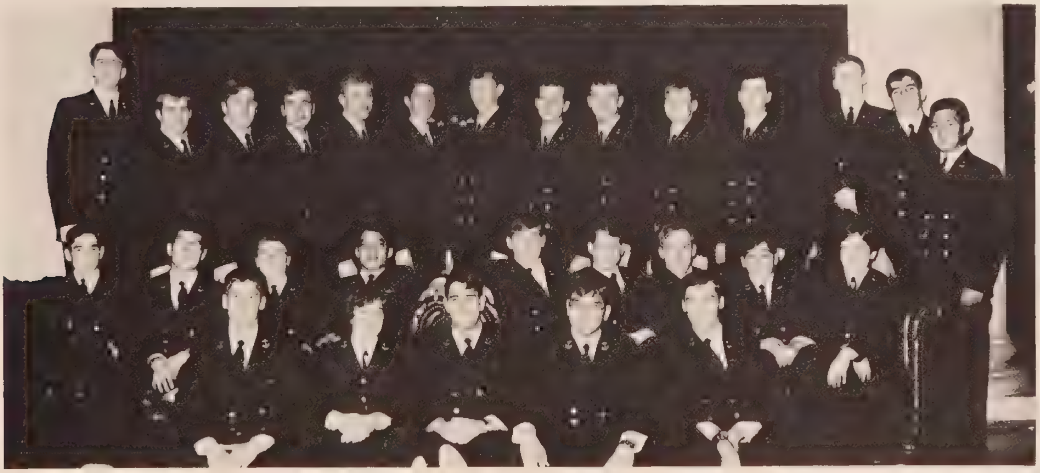
SEVENTEENTH COMPANY



FIRST ROW: (L to R) L. Yeary, S. Rotton, W. Jorden. *SECOND ROW:* K. Fladager, H. Jensen, J. Alvite, S. Gahan, B. Proctor, A. Kowadla, S. Tangredi, B. Cramp, B. Wicklund. *THIRD ROW:* T. Harper, T. Hardin, J. Anderson, J. Kutler, J. Scola, J. Small Jr., D. Cofsky, D. Gold, K. Liddy, L. Mizak, C. Hassler, S. Curtis, J. Kain, D. Ksiazek, M. Tose, A. Cuca, M. Smith.



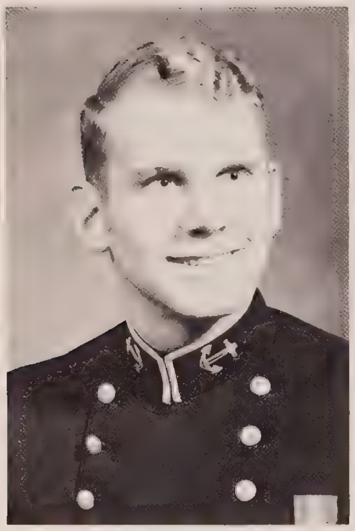
FIRST ROW: (L to R) T. Joyce, M. Porter, D. McCullough, R. Scanlon, J. Johannes, H. Luna, F. Ruiz, D. Jackson, E. Haas. *SECOND ROW:* R. Spicer, D. Carthey, T. Herrmann, A. Miller, J. Paar III, R. Lopez, B. Aut, J. Wolfe, G. Karstens. *THIRD ROW:* G. Spencer, T. Ebbinghouse, E. O'Brien, H. Green, J. Counts, J. Jaques, D. Pryde II, R. West, S. Cate, D. Frost.



FIRST ROW: (L to R) B. Padovani, R. Olds, J. Fry, F. Kibic, D. Wilbert. *SECOND ROW:* J. Adams, G. Yoritomo, S. Bethke, M. Palencia, P. Hayes, D. Fuse, J. Spence, S. Meade, E. Cox. *THIRD ROW:* R. Pickering, J. Karcher, J. Borsum, D. Haines, P. Andreasen, A. MacAulay, K. Bennett, J. Wagner Jr., C. Behrle, C. Phillips, W. Buchanan, R. Kohlmann, T. Lindblad, R. Dejesus.

ROBERT WILLIAM ATWOOD
"BOB"

Arriving at Annapolis from that great home of MacDonald's, St. Louis, Bob readily adapted himself to the rigors of Academy life. Building on a solid base of character he responded quickly to the inspiriig leadership of his favorite squad leader first set plebe year and discovered the evils of wine and women. Always one to excell in academics, he managed to achieve the doubious honor of having the lowest final grade ever, 2%, in a bull course. When "Rackwood" was not living up to his nickname in horizontal workouts or at the O-club "inhaling them," he could always be found on the side of I-70 receiving another ticket from smokey or in the path of someone making a left turn. But, on the serious side, Bob was always one who could be depended on to lend a helping hand and was a natural friend to everyone. A great leader is entering the tin-can Navy when Bob joins the fleets, but it may lose him a few years when he continues on to his lifelong goal of becoming a great jet-jockey.

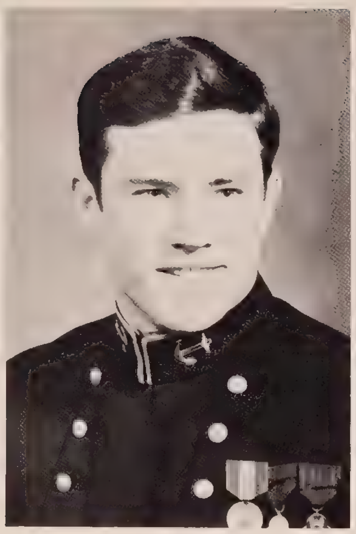


DANIEL S. BEACH
"SONNY"

It was crazy, exciting, depressing and tough.
At times I knew all; it just wasn't enough.
Born as a Plebe; life had seemed so unkind;
Graduation Day lost in the back of my mind.
But as days became years my fate became clear,
They had taught me to lead; with high morals, without fear.
As a part of the Ghetto, I was marked from the start,
As a man filled with courage and Christ in my heart.
The day that my cap flew up through the skies,
I had found out the reason, for those tears in my eyes.
My country and school had given me the nod,
It is now up to me, and the graces of God!

STEVEN MICHAEL BESCO
"STEVE"

Steve left the sunshine and far reaching view in Phoenix, Arizona for the dismal weather and confining nature of the academy. The trade was worthwhile as the academy expanded the horizons of his knowledge and matured him over the four years. His love for computers led to his devoting many a weekend working on the computers to complete his Systems Engineering homework. Steve actively sought opportunitities to fulfill the academy's goal to develop him morally. With the help of christian friends, OCF, BSU, and special thanks to BSU Director Richard Bumpass, Steve became a more mature christian. Active in the academy chapter of BSU, he served as its vice president second class year. Successfully failing the color test each year assured Steve of a staff corp service selection. Upon graduation, Steve will be bound for a warmer climate at the Navy Supply Corp School in Athens, Georgia.



JAMES CHAMBERLAIN
"JIMBO"

James Chamberlain's four years at the Academy have been characterized by his intense determination. Jimbo's perserverance through the ups and downs of football is evidence of this trait. Jim brought from Sunny California a sense of quiet confidence and a high degree of intelligence. Despite the demands of the gridiron, James was never too tired to help a friend with a problem. The challenges of Quantico and computers await Jimbo after graduation. Also, the many letters and dreams from home become reality in June.

JULIUS STEWART CAESAR
"J.C."
3rd Battalion Sub-Commander

J.C. arrived at this most respected institution, after a brief hitch at NAPS, with academics and football on his mind. His development from the infamous chow calls and an innate ability to accumulate friends during plebe year to first class year where he, the better half of the F.A. Twins, came into his own, is filled with uparalled nostalgia. This includes items such as; an expertise in piloting projects, not only in the hall but in England as well; the urge for diving in Conn. overcome only by the salt spray and sunshine in San Diego, and; wings that made hometown Cleveland, where momma and apple pie waited, much closer. Outwardly Julius was rarely without his gregarious personality, warm smile and occasional bawdy humor. Inwardly though, his capacity for compassion and sincerity towards others was surpassed only by a deep sense of moral conviction.

MORRIS ROY BOSARGE III
"MINKEE"

Morris Roy III emerged from the depths of Mississippi on a hot summer day to join the ranks of Canoe U. Extremely proud of his hometown, he was quick to make Pascagoula and Bosarge synonomous terms in most midshipman social circles. Roy, better known to most as Minkee, was the type of guy who could talk to anyone, anywhere, about anything. Remember second class year when he discussed the parking of his car with the conduct officer! Minkee can be praised for his hard work in academics. He managed, despite several obstacles, to survive four years of naval architecture. In his spare time, usually around 0200, Minkee could often be heard relaxing to the tunes of his guitar. Athletically, he was one to settle for nothing less than the best. This became quite evident when he slugged his way to victory in the regimental boxing championships plebe summer. With his ability to get along with just about anyone, Minkee will most assuredly go far. After graduation it's off to Pensecola! Best of luck, Roy!

DAVID LIONEL COMIS
1st Regimental Supply

Dave was our company YP expert. He was in the YP squadron all four years and got command of a YP during second class year. In addition, he was captain for company YP competition for one year. Professional topics were his favorite. He worked on the Plebe Professional Program third and second class years. His biggest fault was that he studied too much. The 35 hours that he promised Adm. Rickover was nothing compared to his actual study time. In addition he was always willing to help a classmate on a problem.

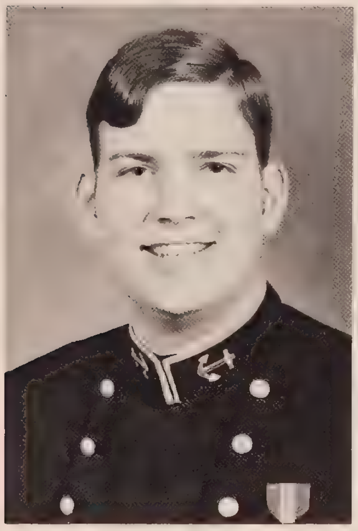
He selected nuclear power (subs) for service selection. Of course he took some flack from Adm. Rickover for being a Systems Engineering Major.

MARK DIUNIZIO
"DINIZ"

Mark, better known to all of us as "Diniz" came to Navy from West Hartford Connecticut. After a season of T-tables with the football team Mark decided to leave the Big Blue to concentrate on academics and a pretty nursing student from G.U. A love of the sea led Mark to a very rewarding and demanding oceanography major, but somehow he still managed to find the time to leave every weekend for a taste of the better life. Individualism and uniqueness were the keys to Mark's life at USNA. A gentleman, good party man, and staunch Red Sox fan, Mark's competitiveness and pride will lead the way for his future. A restricted line candidate, Mark is looking forward to a career in Naval Oceanography.

DAVID WAYNE FREEMAN
"LEROY"

From the small town of Champaign, "Illinoise," Dave came to us, a midwesterner dazzled by visions of brilliance and splendor — those brass buttons get to the best of us! One of humble and uncorrupted interests, "Free" is part musician, part B-ball fiend, and part "down-home" gourmet: truly a man of parts. "Leroy," as he is affectionately, and stereotypically, called, knew at the outset that definite priorities had to be established, as well as regular study periods; so the regular periods came every other commercial break, leaving the rest of the evening for priority matters. Lettering all four years on the swimming subsquad, Leroy was voted "Least Likely to Float" by his teammates. He never was one to count his chickens before they hatched, so he waited until the last year before "definitely" choosing Marine (NFO) Corps, where we'll look up to find him: flying high, "Head to the Sky."



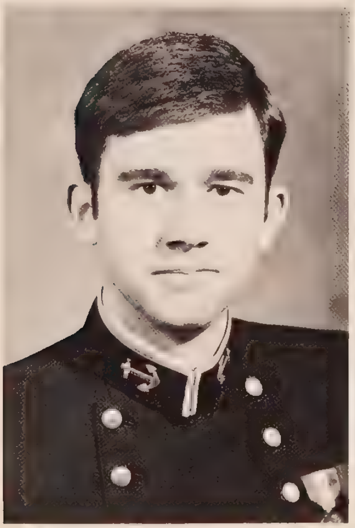
THOMAS J. FREY, JR.
"TURFS"

Arriving from the flatlands of Batavia, Illinois via a short stopover in New York, Tom came to Canoe U. to fly and play football. A plebe summer injury brought his ball playing career to a halt before it started. The Irish in him eventually found a "spiritual" home in rugby, while he satiated his sado-masochistic tendencies by rising at 0500 on weekends to play ice hockey.

Dubbed with the nickname "Turfs" by an error in his nametag, he quickly established himself as a confirmed "Ghetto Dweller" (preferably backshaft).

A talent for designing things that go "bang" made him a natural for the chemistry major. Despite viscious rumors about his studying or total lack thereof, he obtained the necessary grades.

His quick wit and lovable "teddy bear" tendencies insured his success as a pilot, but due to a lack of superb vision he settled for a backseat.



PETER DAVID GREEN
"PETE"

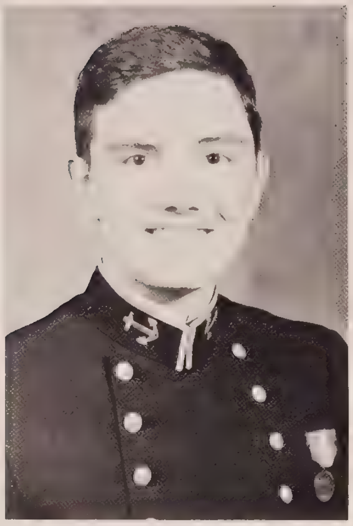
Though originally from England, the guy we know as Pete Green arrived at Annapolis full of that overbearing New England pride towards his hometown . . . Stoughton, Massachusetts (?). Peter first tried his hand at football here, only to lose his knee! Gladly compromising for a less physical sport, Pete turned his efforts to NAVY sailing. Here he was a bit more successful and won his N, junior year. Always known to have an open ear for a friend with a problem, Peter rapidly established himself as one of the most popular guys in the company. Never sweating too much, Pete enjoyed Oceanography and saved his eyes for flight. While wasting time before "I" day, Pete met a foxy looking girl with a fantastic voice. She soon became a steady compaion that lured him away on every free (and some, not so free) weekend. Choosing Navy Air on service selection night, Peter's enthusiasm, love of adventure and ability to get along with people should prove to be an asset to the aviation community. May fair winds and following seas go with him.

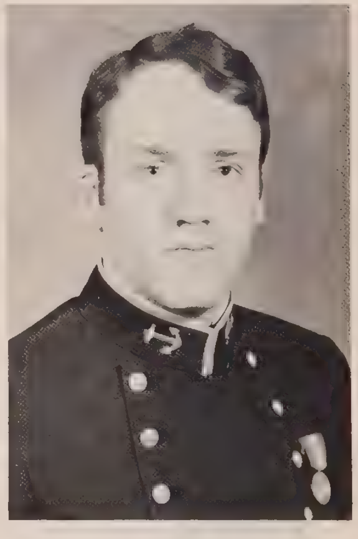
MICHAEL RONALD HAMEL
"SPUD"

Mike came to Navy from the cold, snowy Northlands of Wisconsin but he quickly adjusted to the hot, sticky clime forever present on the banks of the Severn. Finding that the weather could be overcome, Mike decided to try his hand at a few other things that were new to him, namely, squash, crew, fencing, lacrosse, and fieldball.

While Michael spent many happy hours on the athletic fields, he also devoted much of his time to other endeavors. He majored in Mechanical Engineering but never let the ME profs interfere with his education. He branched out into other areas, history and oceanography, to broaden his knowledge and maintain his sanity.

A Navy pilot from the start, Mike Opted for a Marine cockpit at the last minute, surprising everyone, including himself. Although a late convert, he is now as "gungy" as they come, and turns to face whatever challenges lie ahead with anxious enthusiasm.





ARTHUR W. HORN, JR.
"TANK"

Art was the quiet sort of guy that runs deep. Hailing from the "Show-me" state of Missouri, he struggled through Plebe year with the rest of the gang. Restless in his Youngster year, he finally found a home in the 17th Company Ghetto. Affectionately known as "Tank," and on occasion as "Preacher," he spent many a night on the other end of a long conversation. An Oceanographer by trade, Art elected to go Surface Line at service selection. Though not known for his "gravy," he was known for his constant smile and for his commitment to Jesus Christ. Art was a member of the Navigators and the Officers' Christian Fellowship. He turned on to people at the Academy and will be remembered as the quiet guy down the hall who cared. Art's goal in life is to follow Christ's example and become the best Naval Officer he can be, to God's glory. He is thankful to his friends, who loved him, and to God's grace, which made the journey possible. Smooth sailing to the guys of 17!

CHRISTIAN KAST
"CHRIS"

Although an "army brat" in the beginning, Chris saw the light and was soon to be another victim of Mother Bancroft.

An idealist in reality, Chris insisted on a challenge. To make sure he got one, he chose Mechanical Engineering and was never heard from again. Whenever there was a good time to be had by everyone on weekends, Chris could be found either in the hall trying to make things hold under the stress or building his character on the soccer field with his varsity companions. Just to make sure his education was well rounded, he attended a record number of sunrise services on red beach.

First class year came only too soon, with a car and some needed companionship, he was ready to rejoin the world. He will be sure to carry on Navy air's fine tradition with a strong heart. Fly fast, high and true.

TIMOTHY LORENTZ
"HEAD"

"Head" came to Navy to become a Navy doctor. After two semesters of Plebe Year his grades were wrecked and his chances for Bio-Science were ruined. Tim abandoned his plan to quit and dedicated his life to Chemistry. The demands of Organic Chemistry were great but he stuck it out. Second class year proved to be the most demanding with Physical Chemistry, Quant. Lab with Rocket Rollins, and a green TR 6 but once again he survived. Tim is best known for his cynical attitude about practically everything at Navy and his intramural athletic prowess. Three seasons of company soccer prepared him for his role as co-coach during first class year. Post graduation plans include Nuclear Power School and success. Thanks for everything, Susan!

THOMAS EDWARD LINDNER
"PORKY"
17th Company Commander

"It's not the critic who counts . . ." — Roosevelt

Tom came to the Academy from sunny California to try his hand at the trade. Setting his goals early in the game, he spent long hours in the books, and always pushed himself to achieve excellence. In the end, it all paid off. A certain California girl kept him close to the Hall while he save his pennies for semi-annual jaunts to the West Coast, but; things didn't work out, as is sometimes the case — and by the first class year, he had found another in nearby Philadelphia. Hard work, perserverance, and management were his tools for success, and he used them well. The days of A-cuts and 3-striper libs must end though, and Tom will be heading for Norfolk and the Surface Line, to try his hand at the trade.

". . . his place will never be among those cold and timid souls, who know neither victory nor defeat." — Roosevelt

ROBERT McCOY
"BOB"
Brigade 1st Lieutenant

Bob calls Richmond, Virginia home. During his time at USNA he has grown under many developing influences. Events have broadened his views and deepened his store of experience. His style of leadership has developed in a quiet way. Friendship, an important aspect of his philosophy, has been a major source of support in times of difficulty and celebration.

Bob chose the mathematics major for his academic work and enlarged it to support his application to the Nuclear Power Program. Bob's acceptence into the program is but one of his many accomplishments; one other is his tour as 1st Lieutenant on Brigade Staff first set.

As Bob leaves USNA to begin a new venture, a thought he borrowed from Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken," remains with him:

"Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference."

Fair winds and following seas, classmates!

MICHAEL KENNETH McVAY
"SKIPPER, LITTLE-MIC, MIKE"

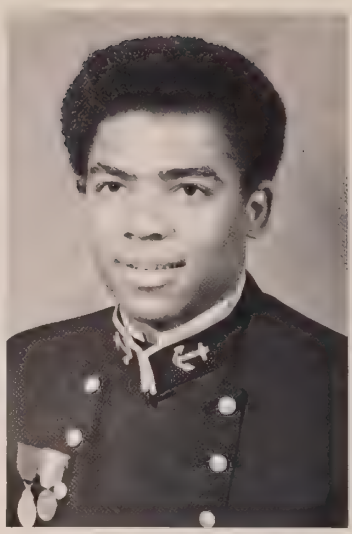
Sailing from the shores of San Diego, Skipper adjusted easily to life at Annapolis. He quickly learned the ropes and decided that sailing in Navy's small boats was the way to go. Little Mic was rarely found near the confines of his room during the Varsity season. And yet, it wasn't until his first class year that he took his first legal weekend. What a way to earn a few letters.

Skipper's first love is the sea. Born in Hawaii, raised on both coasts, and boasting a seafaring heritage (He hints of rum-running), he couldn't escape destiny, took up Naval Architecture as a major and could be found with Minkie and the other Narchs busily racking their brains into all hours of the night.

Fond of sparkling beaches, plenty of sunshine, and Foxy Ladies, Mike will be found on a Frigate out of Pearl Harbor after graduation. His enthusiasm, good nature, and wacky sense of humor, should help Skip get along well in the Surface Navy. Bonne Chance Mike.

RICHARD DAVID McWHORTER, JR.
"RICK"

Rick comes to Annapolis from the center of the U.S., Campbellsville, Ky., known for its beautiful horses and fast women, of which he's had his share. Beginning with perhaps the most complete collection of pictures of the ladies, he worked his way through several female companions, and finally fell in love with a large plastic go fast machine. "Crow" got an early start in professionalism with the YP squadron, and then came back to the real world when he switched to varsity sailing, completing many cruises, even to Bermuda as navigator of a Navy Yawl. Always one for some afternoon rack, Rick nevertheless pulled one of the highest QPR's in the company, and was even rewarded by being kicked downstairs as a Batt striper. All this, and he's giving it up to play Acey-Deucy aboard Adm. Rickover's nuc-boats. In whatever he chooses to do, Rick will surely succeed, but he'll be remembered primarily as a true friend, always ready to listen and lend a hand.



WILLIAM MILLWARD
"MILLS"

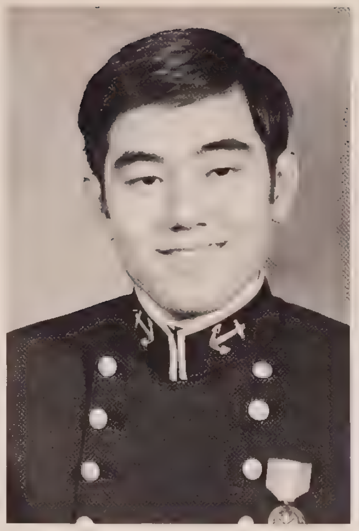
The finest son ever to come to the Academy from Portola Valley, California is Bill Millward. During his time here, Bill has etched his memory in the minds of many of his classmates. The volatile and sometimes fiery half of the F.A. Twins will be known for years for his driving skills and his amorous rendezvous in Arlington. Bill was an intense and exacting Systems major who was never too busy to help anyone with a problem . . . and perservere to see it solved. Mills will bring a new breed of officer to the Nuclear Navy; an officer with a flair for the daring but what's more — a leader with warm sensitivity and uniqueness.

DANIEL MARTIN SMITH
"DAN"

A westerner at heart and electrical in nature, Dan fulfilled his dream by accepting Uncle Sam's invitation to join the ranks of America's finest, i.e. USNA Class of 1977. In keeping with his calm and collected manner, Dan seldom-if-ever lost his composure — a feat he will probably be most remembered for. It can also be said without any mental reservation (or purpose of evasion!) that no midshipman was ever refused a chance to drink from the fountain of his seemingly endless electrical genious. To most, Dan came across as the quiet "lover not a fighter" type but, anyone who knows him will most emphatically disagree. Getting the job done was important but, then again, he never forgot how to have a good time. Eager to graduate and put his talents to use, Dan will most assuredly be a real asset in the surface community. Best of luck, Dan!

JOHN WILLIE SMITH JR.
"J.W."

J.W. came to Annapolis from Dinwiddie County Virginia. He was active in everything from the International Club, Choir, 150 lb Football, and Track to Karate. After some varying degrees of success he finally decided to stick with Karate as his main sport. He was known for his great amount of tolerance and was a member of the 17th C.O. Fieldball team's famous defense. J.W. is an alumnus of the 17th C.O. Ghetto and will certainly miss those wonderful times. He plans to continue his studies in Foriegn Affairs in the hopes of finally earning a degree in International Law. J.W. chose N.F.O. on service selection night and will be on his way to Pensecola and flight school after graduation in June. He is looking forward to a fine career in Naval Aviation and in advancing himself in the art of Karate.



MYLES TOGUCHI
"GOOCH"

Myles has his roots in a small rustic Hawaiian town called Naalehu, which has the unique distinction of being the southernmost community in the U.S. Coming from Hawaii he was always supplied with an interesting collection of exotic foods. Some of which were delicacies and others of which we politely despised.

As a Chemistry major he was frequently away at lab or seen studying.

The past few years have been more a time of reception than of contribution. As graduation approaches Myles anxiously awaits the opportunity to contribute.

THOMAS L. STEVENSON
"TOM"

A native of "Bawlmer, Murlin," Tom was one of the more studious members of 17th Company, making the Dean's List 7 out of 8 semesters. He was also active in Varsity Fencing and was the captain of the Varsity Sabre team in his senior year. In addition, Tom is an alumnus of the 17th Company Ghetto. Tom chose to join the ranks of Admiral Rickover's submarine force while persuing his career in mechanical engineering.

DANIEL THOMAS VALLERIE
"COWBOY, VAL, OR DAN"

Dan came to the Academy from the Nation's tumbleweed capital . . . Boerne, Texas. Because of his origins and his outward-going personality, he quickly acquired the name Cowboy. Val's Plebe year was full of adventures, on the weekends and in his academic endeavors. Even so, he always had the time to listen to a classmate. This is a trait that has been appreciated by most everyone in the company, over the past four years.

On the playing field, Dan is known throughout the Brigade as one of the toughest competitors in the intramural program. Excelling in Batt football, fieldball, and fast-pitch, Val has also added that driving force, that a team needs to win, above their athletic prowess.

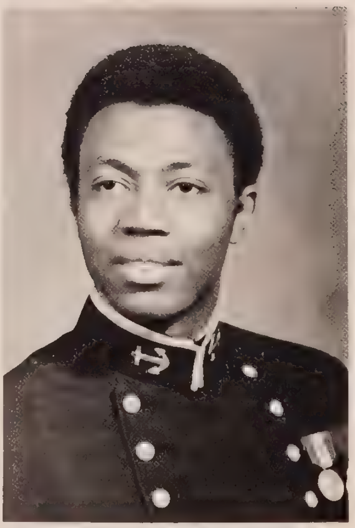
After much deliberation, Cowboy chose Surface Line as his service selection. Dan is a dynamic individual that will accomplish any goal that he undertakes, either personal or service oriented.

JOHN GREGORY VENERELLA
"GANDHI"

Perspicuously perspicacious, Methodical but not mechanical, and philosophically logical, (jg)'s fundamental refusal to stop thinking produced for him the moniker 'Gandhi' within the week of his official hand-raising. Later, his disgusting experimental accuracy and theoretical rigor, and his ability to stitch in time, thereby saving nine, earned him another: 'J.G. Heinous' — as he is known in better circles (physics cliques). Naive to the worries of academic difficulty, Greg "Go Navy" Venerella took math as a second major on a whim, but only after promision not to get caught by the Gouge Monster. Sometimes with roof-falling-in bluntness, sometimes with "took me three days to get it" sublety, he ain't what you call your predictable-type mid. Because of his objectively detached (spacey . . . ?) attitude and his foundation of inquisitive observance.

JAMES P. WISECUP
"PHIL"
16th Company Commander

Phil came to sunny Annapolis from Piqua, Ohio, a thriving midwest community, and though during second class year Pittsburg, Pennsylvania became his home, Phil still suffered anxiously through each Ohio State-Michigan football game. He has studied and worked hard, at times too hard (a fact to which those who know him will attest), but he managed to maintain a sense of humor somehow, even when times were rough. The high point of his years at the Academy was his first class summer, when Phil participated in an exchange to the French Ecole Navale, then after cruise returned in August to help the class of 1977 tackle the responsibility for training the class of 1980. Phil will be stationed in Charleston, South Carolina his first tour, serving in the J.A. Furer (FFG-6).

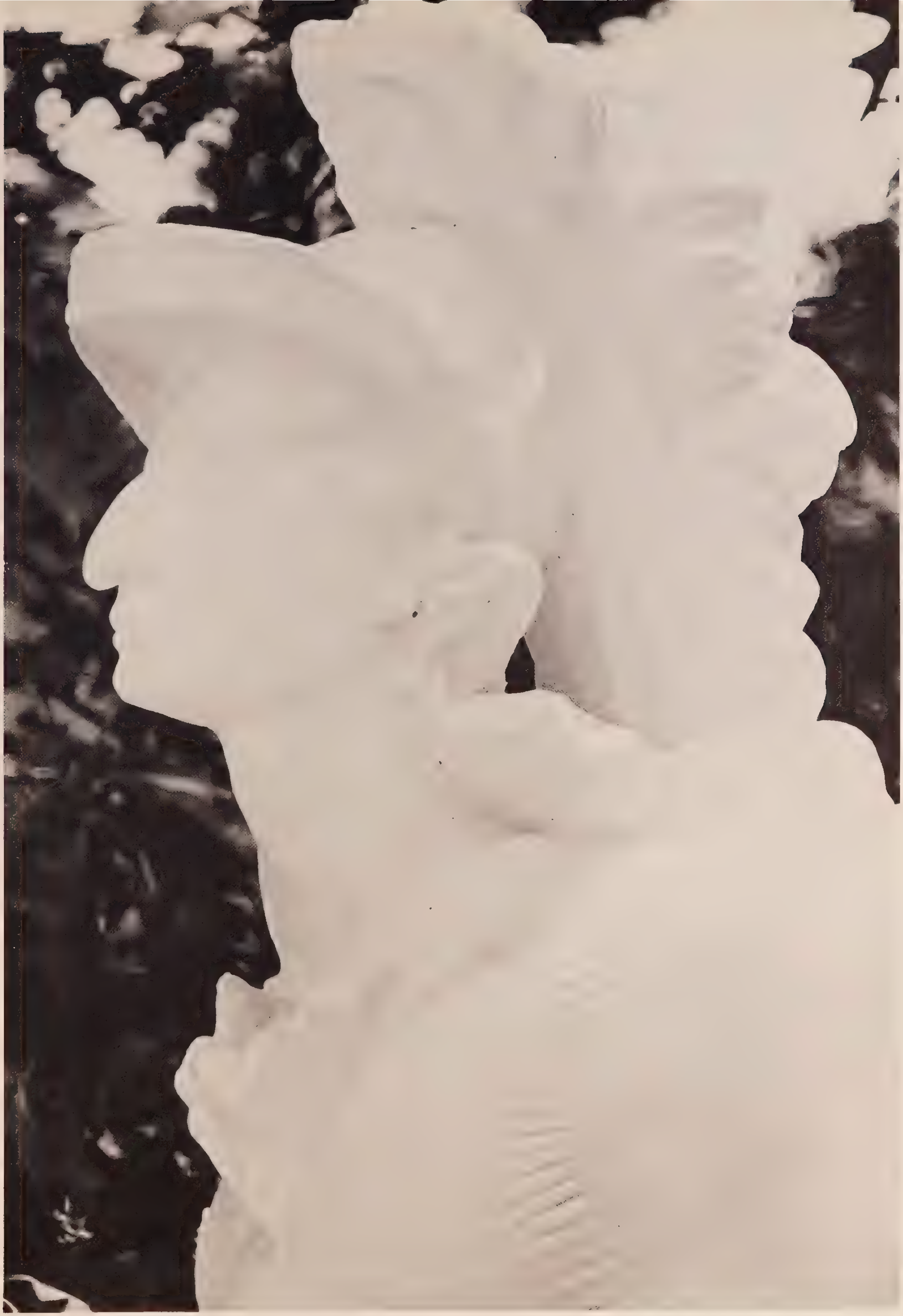


HORACE STEVENSON WITHERS

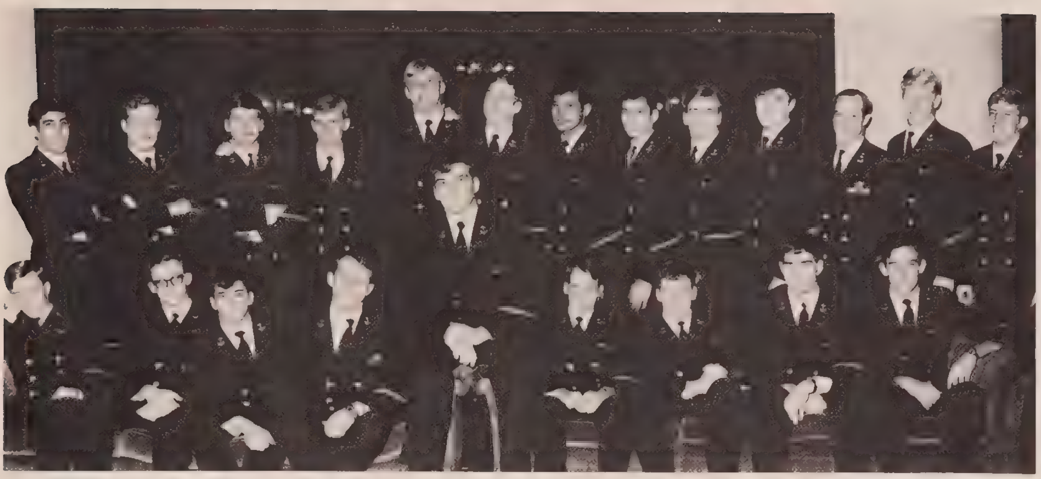
Arriving at the Academy in July of 1972 with the Class of 1976, I found academic life difficult. Because of this difficulty, I was sent to NAPS to participate in a pilot program as one of three Midshipmen. At NAPS, I received a new perspective and a new purpose. I reentered the Academy in September of 1973 with the Class of 1977. Getting off to a good start, I still found something missing. The something was a new dedication to CHRIST. It took a young lady named Betty to encourage me.

We both grew in CHRIST and life took on a new aspect for both of us. By letting CHRIST control our lives and give us guidance, many wonderful things occurred. I received an inner peace, experienced more joy, and experienced more love and unity.

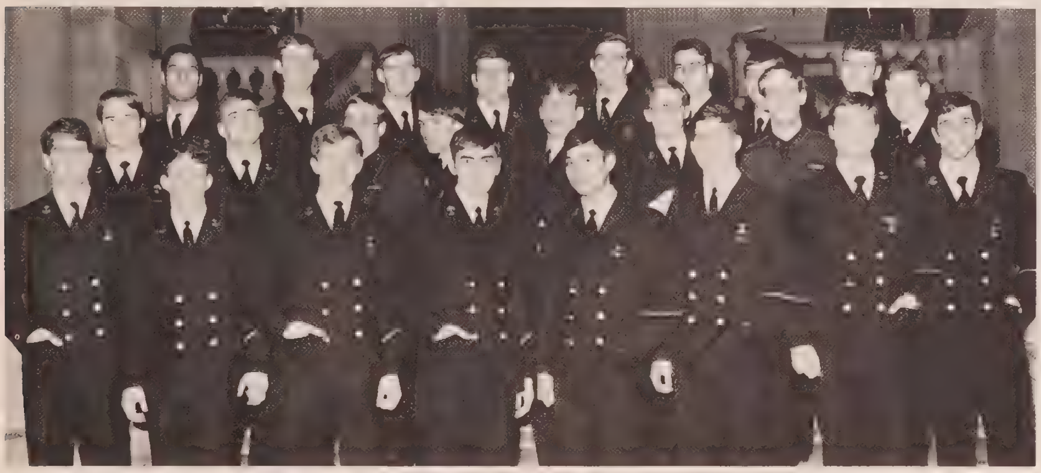
Finally, Betty and I became engaged and June 1977 will bring on new and challenging experiences. I give all the honor and praise to JESUS. My parting phrase to all who read this is PRAISE THE LORD.



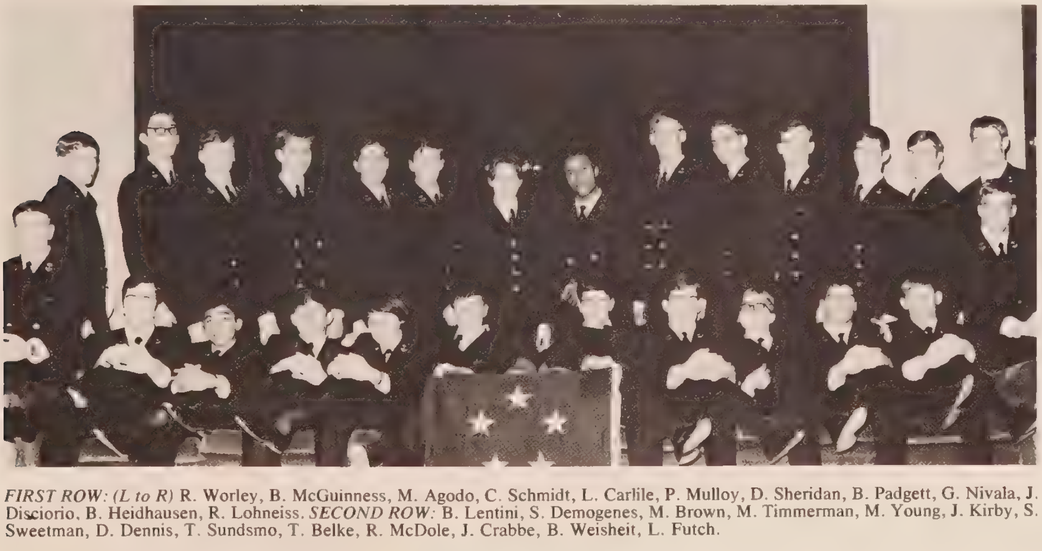
EIGHTEENTH COMPANY



FIRST ROW: (L to R) R. Cloutier, S. Park, T. Fabiani, D. Brown, G. Koucheravy, D. Schneider, R. Milton, C. Carlson, C. Seizert. *SECOND ROW:* A. Athens, B. Stuart, M. Fox, J. Dickman, T. Null, D. Hall, G. White, V. Adams, P. Frand, M. Amacarilla, G. Cory, K. White, B. Ferencsik.



FIRST ROW: (L to R) J. Ford, J. Showalter, M. Lee, R. Hayes, L. Yamashita, P. Hanrahan, S. Saunders, M. Heinrich. *SECOND ROW:* B. Hogan, E. McLain, R. Harkins, S. Boocock, G. Blazin, J. Mulloy, D. Shafer, C. Wright. *THIRD ROW:* J. Urquhart, S. Hilvers, K. Holder, J. Hyde, D. Hubbard, G. Balestrieri, K. Strong, C. Cadiz.

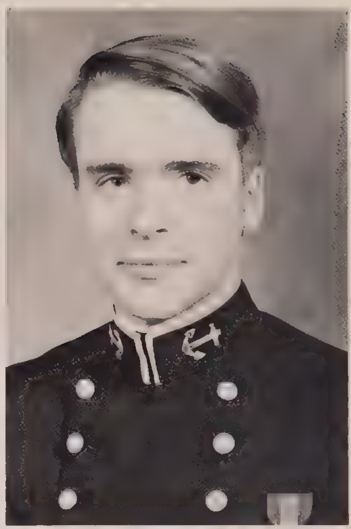


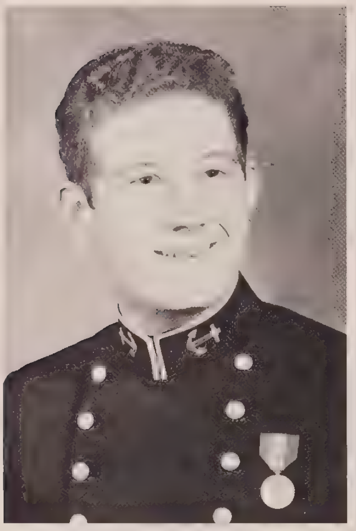
FIRST ROW: (L to R) R. Worley, B. McGuinness, M. Agodo, C. Schmidt, L. Carlile, P. Mulloy, D. Sheridan, B. Padgett, G. Nivala, J. Disciorio, B. Heidhausen, R. Lohneiss. *SECOND ROW:* B. Lentini, S. Demogenes, M. Brown, M. Timmerman, M. Young, J. Kirby, S. Sweetman, D. Dennis, T. Sundsmo, T. Belke, R. McDole, J. Crabbe, B. Weisheit, L. Futch.

BRUCE A. CAMPBELL

"UNCLE AL"

Uncle Al reigns from Falmouth Mass, home of Jaws and Cape Cod sandwiches. Aspiring to be a spaceman, Bruce majored in Aerospace Engineering and Star Trek with a minor in zebra zoology, and his neck narrowed significantly each year. A soccer player at heart, Al kicked it around with the JVs for three years until his career finally culminated in Pele-ing it in company and batallion ball. Too bad they don't give letters for pinball. Bruce did manage to letter in conduct Second Class year though, and his favorite saying: 'I hate this #$%&*@ place,' was heard from him frequently. The future holds Al as an NFO hunting subs in an S-3 and later may be reaching for the stars.





JAMES J. CARDOSI

"CARDO"

1st Regiment Sub-Commander

Cardo hails from Norristown Pa., that sprawling metropolis which is also the home of 'Jacob Reeds and Sons.' After a rough first semester youngster year as a Math major (a measely 2.8) Cardo saw the light and switched to Operations Analysis where with the help of his blue and gold kneepads, he eventually won fame, glory, and (of course) stripes. Getting into the spirit of the Academy quickly, Dosi snaked his roommate at a plebe year picnic and now the future looks happy with Cindy and with Jim flying the friendly skies in a P-3.

ROBERT LEE CREAMER JR.

"CREAMS"

Robert (E) Lee Creamer Jr., a true son of the confederacy and first constable of Indian Pass came to the Academy with high hopes of a flying career. Too bad he had to opt for Marine Air when he found that the Confederate Air Force was a display unit and not the spearhead for an invasion of the north. Known for his southern drawl chowcalls Rob developed into a colorful upperclassman and devoted much of his time to selling shares of Red Man Chewing Tobacco, shooting knockabouts via ether cannons and co directing the grossest 7th wing players in Academy history. Segundo year was highlighted by the Spring Break pilgrimage of Creams and selected buds to the fun sun and perversions of Indian Pass and Loose Liz. As a firstie, Rob mellowed a bit, confining his activities to Hobie piracy and continuance of his long standing affair with Jack Daniels. Looking toward a career in Marine fighters, Rob will surely serve well with the proud few.

RODNEY DAVID DODSWORTH
"DURDS"

Rodney D. Dodsworth came to U.S.N.A. after a year of guerilla tactics at NAPS. It didn't take Durds long to discover flaws in the U.S.N.A. Police Force and to commence clean-up operations. By youngster year Pops was the leader of a vigilante group armed with everything from catapults to cannons. With a pinch between his cheek & gum, Sworth soon had James E. Legg & company on the run. While editor and star of 18th Companies' underground porn pubs, Rod kept morale at a peak and teased fate with his famous "Ya got to play the averages" line. A Souther Sympathizer at heart, Durds longs for a career in P-3's, to be followed by retirement at Indian Pass, Florida in search of "Loose Liz" and opportunities lost, for after all she gave "Crazy Leo" one!

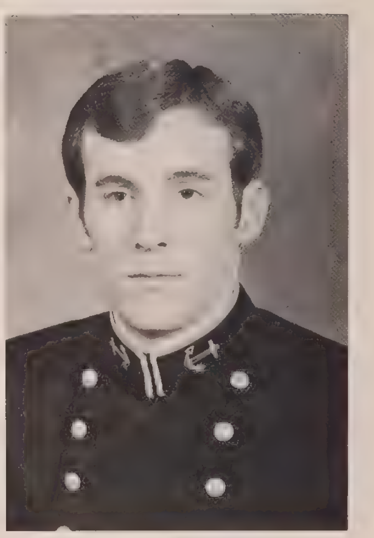
GREGORY FOSTER
"GREG"

The prospect of a career spent aboard ships traversing the oceans of the world enticed this favorite son of the landlocked metropolis of Elk City, Kansas (home of the Boar's Hut) to drop his fishing pole and head for the banks of the Severn in 1973. A penchant for hard and meticulous work marked Greg's efforts in whatever he did. Deciding, for example, that he wanted to better his ability to speak French, he fulfilled his goal by becoming the best, and only, French major in the class.

But all was not work for Greg, however. A deep faith in God prompted him to become a Sunday School teacher, and he could often be found listening to country music or picking out new songs on his bass guitar. A quiet individual, but one who could be counted upon in time of need, Greg's presence should be a welcome contribution to the Atlantic Fleet Destroyer Force.

DAVID ARTHUR EVENSEN
"EV"
Brigade Honor Vice Chairman

Dave came to USNA with the belief that the Navy only offered careers in surface combatants. After learning about Navy Air, Nuke Power and the Marine Corps, Dave reaffirmed his belief that the Navy only offers careers in surface combatants. Following graduation, Dave, who is from Des Plaines, Illinois, will move to San Diego where he will join the crew of a guided missile frigate. Dave is an avid reader and a great follower of American politics. As a real objective observer, Dave believes that there are always two sides to every issue. There is the wrong side and there is his side. After a relatively quiet first three years, Dave was elected Vice-Chairman of the Honor Committee and then proceeded to lie around all day, was accused of stealing glances and attempted to cheat death. "By the way, this gold wristwatch was a gift of . . . " Ho Ho Ho!



VICTOR MONTGOMERY GARDNER III
"CORKY"

Cork flew in on 9 July '73 all the way from Rolling Hills, Calif with no idea of what to expect. Even KD's crack down on stereo music and a drifty roomate couldn't keep him from making it as a frosh. Never having been one to find himself short of words, he chose the road of a Poli-Sci Engineer. His Plebe year proclamations of understanding and charity toward the rigors of 4/c year became slightly garbled in the translation of the following 2 years and his compassionate come arounds could often be heard throughout "skate 1-8." After several futile attempts at airmail relations with his fabled California babes, Cork sought "closer" relationships. He met a blonde at a square dance and hasn't been the same since. Mother Gardner's part time occupation as student and Mid had to take a back seat to his housekeeping and disciplinarian chores due to his laggard roomie of 4 years. After trips to Lynchburg and marathons, graduation will find Cork in search of new Bohicas "a la Marine Corps." Viva la EEK Bros.!!!!!!!

COREY JOSEPH GLAB
"C.J."
18th Company Commander

C.J. hails from Paramount California — the "Golden Land." Feeling confident about their son's future performance at Navy, Cdr. and Mrs. Glab wasted no time on parents weekend and made their reservations for June week '77. C.J. spent plebe year bilging the academic department as well as knowing "Janes" cover to cover. A boat builder by trade, C.J. was not deterred from academic stardom even by the famed professors of the M.E. department. Second class year found C.J. bench pressing "Mitscher Hall" or chanting "THAT'S GOUGE" in his favorite role as prorep . . . Skating by the eye-exam and an encounter with a Russian sub on first class cruise in the Med. C.J. selected Navy Air and has only one thing on his mind — flying "wings at the speed of sound."

J.J.C.

JAMES W. GOULD
"COOL BREEZE"

After a year at NAPS, this native of Pax River, Md., came to Navy with one goal: "Be Cool." After sustaining a neck injury, 3 tours in the hospital, and numerous flaming firsties Plebe Year, "Cool" was set to "Breeze" through his remaining three years. Somewhat of a world traveler, J.G. was known to spend leave in such exotic places as Las Vegas, Puerto Rico, the French Riveria, and Myrtle Beach. As a MAN and TECH major, "Breeze" played a game of nip and tuck with the AC Board until first class year when he could fully concentrate on his pursuit of the fairer sex. Jim had few equals when it came to hunting gouge and he often spent many a late night in search of same. A professed athlete, J.G. spent afternoons pumping iron or snaring T.D. passes for company heavies, that is, when he wasn't paying homage to the pad monster. "Brother Breeze" plans to make his claim-to-fame in the friendly skies of Navy Air. "Be Cool" "Sorry I Blew Up" and "Stay Out Of My Damn Face."

DAVID M. KIRKMAN
"MANKIRK"
3rd Battalion Operations Officer

After coming all the way from Kingsport, Tennessee, Mankirk collected an "N-SCAR" for every year at the Academy with his bionic knees. Mainly a photography nut he has done a little of everything at the Academy: Lucky Bag, Hospital, Pistol Team, Hospital, Football Manager, Hospital, Modern Music Bands, Hospital — a real well-rounded guy. Always in the wardroom, Dave was sure his CQPR was directly proportional to his weekly "tube" time, which seemed to always be the case. Dave chose CEC (and vice versa) for his Service Selection and hopes to serve initially with the Seabees. His famous saying: "DON'T TAKE NO WOODEN NICKELS . . ."

ROBERT NELSON HAMBLIN JR.
"SPLEEN"

After spending a fun-filled year at the University of Kentucky, Bob decided that he had had enough parties and that Navy was the place for him. At USNA, his main claim to fame was taking the hardest major around — CHEMISTRY, and somehow picking up the nicknam "Spleen." Other high points of his illustrious career at Nawee were playing in the Dumb and Stumble Corps for two years and Pep Band for four years. Bob was also known for overestimating his grades and solving problems backwards — starting with the answer. Being from the thriving metropolis of Danville, Ky., Bob had a yearning to travel. However, "Spleeno" will have to see the world through a periscope, as he is now one of Rickover's boys and is looking forward to the next five years. After that — who knows!

CHARLES DUANE HEUGHAN
"DUCK"

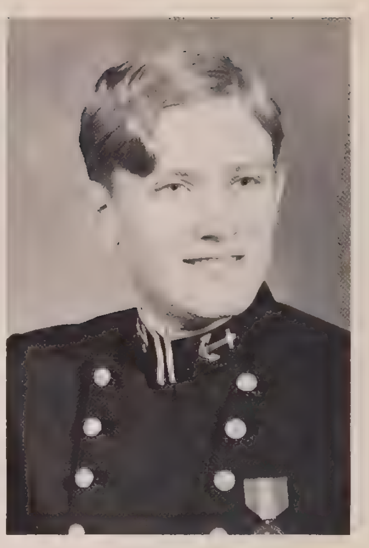
C. Duane "Duck" Heughan came to the Naval Academy from Woodbury in the Garden State of New Jersey. Since plebe year, he has always been know to be able to make the best out of a bad situation. Duane played football and track for one year before a knee injury forced him to confine his athletics to company sports and the rack. An avid hunter and outdoorsman, Duck has always found time to help novice hunters shoot "small game." Weekends at Navy were rare for him, he usually could be found wherever his "H.T.H." happened to be at the time. Duane has selected Navy Air and hopes to fly helicopters. We are sure that he will find success in his future endeavors.

DOUGLAS ROBERT ISLEIB
"DRIFT, 'SLEIB, DOC 'I'"

Back in July '73 "Drift" pinged into the U. of Nawee from Berkeley Heights, N.J. Even P.C. or K.D. couldn't keep this proficient skate from completing the rigors of Plebe year. Although never one to let study time get in the way of his beloved pad, 'Sleib chose Mech Eng as his major and proceeded to become an ardent disciple of the slogan "Anything above 2.0 is wasted rack time." A professed sportsman, Doc "I" showed great talent in running, handball, and company heavies. His second love was his Hobie and Doug was always ready to forego even the zebra for an afternoon on the bay. A curly blonde from Lehigh was always his first love, however, and when he wasn't beating taps as a 2/c from the D.C. O-club, he was in Bethlehem. Despite two tours of duty aboard his favorite ship, LPD 15, this kid chose Marine Air, just so he can continue to give his roomie "reg" haircuts and live with his "mother." LAGNAF, . . . BOHICA, . . . and BEAT ARMY!!

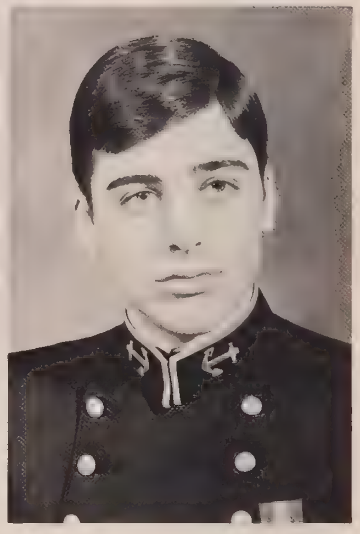
MARK S. KOZICZ
"KOZ"

Hailing from Trenton, N.J. KOZ came to Navy after a brief stint at NAPS. PLEBE year was as true as the advertised challenge but even Rusty or Houston couldn't stop Mark from climbing Herndon. For two years KOZ gave Navy Football a try but books proved to be his toughest adversary. An ardent jock, KOZ lead the company heavies and high-jumped for 3rd Batt Track. Resident traveler he criss-crossed the U.S.A. to visit L.A. home of his long-time bro The Craw. 2/c year KOZ fell in love with a petit blonde from Bowie, and even Craw took a back seat. Renowned for his story telling, KOZ could imitate anyone. Graduation will find MARK married to his life's love and flying the friendly skies of Navy. Hi, whats happening, Beat Army!



ROBERT HARRISON MAGEE
"BEAR"

Robert Harrison "Bear" Magee, a 6'2" 225lb charmer powered his way to U.S.N.A. by way of Cleveland in the Great State of Ohio. From Plebe Summer through fourth class academic year, Bob was a prominent figure with the first and second class. Thanks Bob. Playing footballl his first three years, Bear turned his agile athletic prowess to the Rugby pitch. You could always tell when Bear hit the ruck. His academic standards have always been high considering how many last minute papers he's done. Probably the best all around lampshade partier in the brigade, Bear consistantly outlasted, out partied, and out bumped all the competition. Credit Dad and Mom Bear for that. Bear's recent acquisition has been a cute 5'3" brown haired honey of a woman who can party steadily with the big man. It's a wonder her body has held up. Bob has selected Navy Air and dreams of flying the A-6. God help the catapult! We're sure Bear will be successful and keep on hustling like his hero Pete Rose.



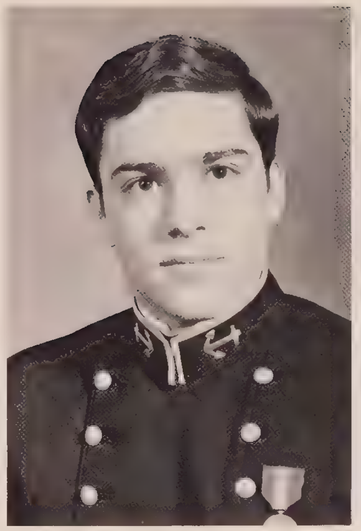
JEROME K. MATHRE
"JERRY"

A childhood spent around prisons throughout the country amply prepared Jerry for the lifestyle which he faced upon entering the Academy. Later having his younger brother, John, to look after gave him little to get homesick about, especially since home changed as often as it did. Jerry's prowess as an aqua-man cost him dearly in terms of academics during his first two years. Many a late night would find Jerry rubbing the sleep and chlorine from his eyes and trying to prepare his work for the next day.

With a change of major from Math to Operations Analysis, a new Jerry emerged and the grades went up. Always willing to work for the company, he made sure that our sports program ran well, though receiving few thanks for the job. A future in Naval Aviation awaits Jerry as he plunges forth into the "Real World."

EUGENE MATRANGA
"TRUNGA"

Trunga came to U.S.N.A. from the middle of the Mojave Desert and left 7-3 to drive submarines, not quite as dramatic as the times he's left 7-3 from his window but this time it's for good. Never one to be cheap, Gene had one of the best stereos and cars in the company but paid the piper 99.99% of his paycheck each month. Gene used to do some very different things, so many and so different that he was known as the company "head" although he never touched the stuff. Since Geno will be spending more time in subs than on land, he'll be out to "sea" if Sturgeons handle anything like Porsches.

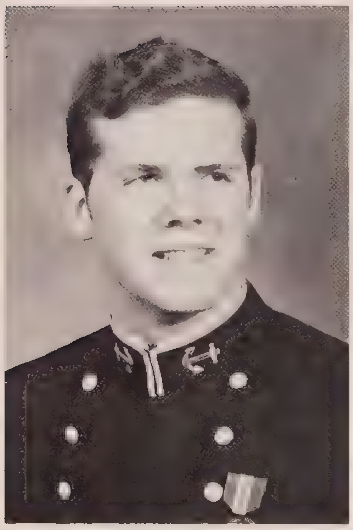


SHAWN MORRISSEY
"MO"

Shawn came to the Naval Academy from the Seattle area of Washington State. Plebe year was a challenge but T-table helped ease the strain. When majors selection time came around Shawn decided to join the ranks of the "Bull" majors, choosing International Security Affairs as his major. The next few years were spent "Hanging in there," with trips to New York City to make it all bearable. After Plebe year Shawn spent most of his time in the afternoons playing intramurals or catching up on lost sleep. When the big day in December rolled around Shawn wandered into Smoke Hall and returned as a future Surface Warfare Officer. After graduation Shawn will be headed for the warm sunshine of California and a chance to catch up on all the things he missed out on in the last four years.

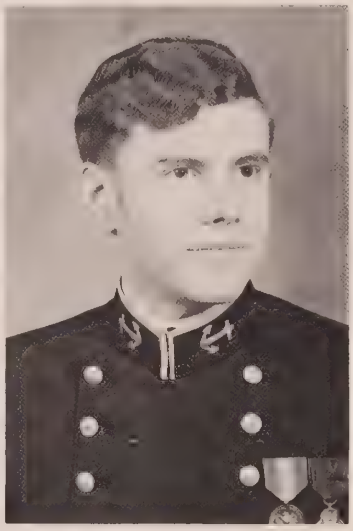
EUGENE McCARTHY
"GENE"

Before coming to the Naval Academy Gene lived in a picturesque little town nestled in a corner of New York City, called Brooklyn. Once here he found that the military aspects were not the only difficult area, academics also took their toll. He soon chose American Political Systems as his major and in so doing made sure that study time never interfered with his rack time. After school hours Gene could be found rowing on the Severn with the lightweight crew team or playing company intramurals. Upon graduating he will be commissioned into the United States Marine Corps.



PATRICK SEAN O'BRIEN
"OB"

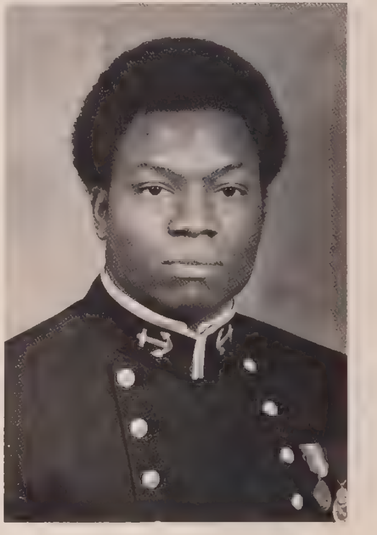
Patrick Sean O'Brien "scrummed" his way down to the Naval Academy via NAPS from the "Queen City" in the great State of Ohio. Throughout his plebe year "O'B's" magnetic personality atttracted a record number of spoons, bilge ho! Since plebe year he has been a prominent figure in the Navy Rugby Club and was elected president his senior year. His proficiency on the field is only exceeded by the agileness of his 6'1" 215lb frame on the dance floor. O'B is considered to be one of the most prolific long ball threats ever to hit a party. He currently leads the brigade in MHP's (Most Hours Partied) and MSS (Most Songs Sung), an impressive statistic in anyones book. O'B has selected Navy Air and is on his way to becoming a Naval Flight Officer. We all wish Sean the best of luck and are sure that he will be successful in his future career.



THOMAS W. THOMAS II
"TOOT"

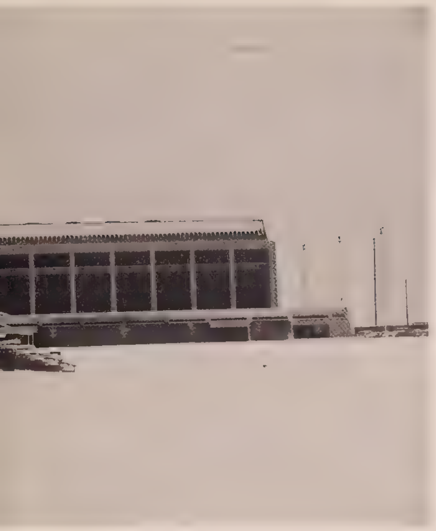
Having been born and raised in the traditions of the Lean Green Machine, Tom was a natural Marine candidate from the first day of moving into Bancroft Hall, even though he always denied it until service selection night. One of the Companie's finest ladies' men, Tom-Tom was rarely bored on Saturday nights and even had the previously unheard of honor of escorting the Battalion Homecoming Queen as a Plebe.

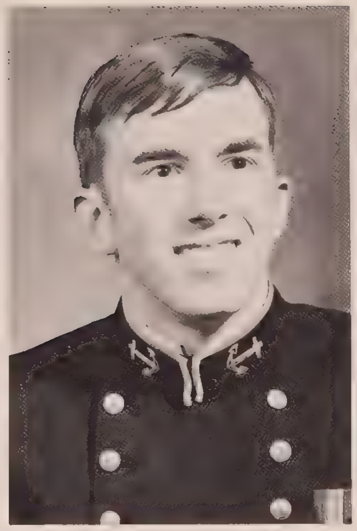
Always interested in keeping himself physically fit, Tom participated on the Varsity Rifle Team for several years. Another favorite hobby consisted of embelleshing his favorite stories with what came to be known as the "TOOT" factor, it has been said that nobody can toot as well as TOOT. The Marine Corps has gained a fine pilot at the expense of the loss of one of the Companie's most colorful characters . . . A.H. Wilson.



ELIJAH ANDRE TURNER
"ELI"

Before entrance into the Naval Academy, I preped at the Marine Military Academy and New Mexico Military Institute. After my arrival here, I got the impression that I'd been here before. Plebe year passed very slowly. As a sophomore, I played football and more football. I traveled a lot with the team (BIG BLUE), but played very little. In the spring of my sophomore year, I had a wonderful experience. I received Jesus Christ into my life! That has given me a new out look on life. Well the fall rolled around, and I became a Big Time Junior. My football career had an abrubt ending due to some injuries I had received. Since I hadn't lettered in a sport, I turned to Indoor Track. I didn't do too well until the outdoor season came. That's when I received my first letter and N-STAR! The team must have liked the way I ran, cause they chose me to be team Co-Captain for the 76-77 season. After graduation I plan to be a ship driver in the REAL NAVY.





ANDREW HARRY WILSON
"ANDY"

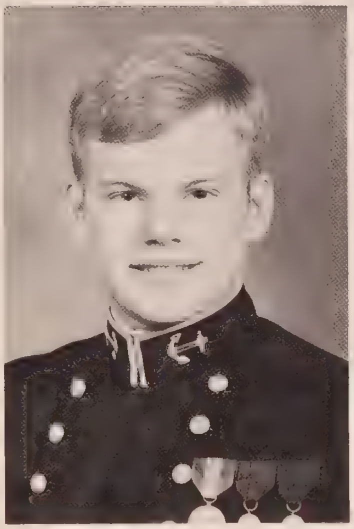
Having jogged all the way from his beautiful hometown of Longmont, Colorado, Andy arrived at USNA determined to follow in his father's footsteps. Plebe year brought with it Andy's involvement in the Plebe Cross Country team plus his well-made decision to major in German. Andy's interest in his field of study made it possible for him to be a German Naval Academy exchange student and President of the German Club.

However, regardless of his many activities, Andy's heart was always in the Lord's work with the local Church of Christ. Andy devoted much of his time to singing for the elderly, leading youth devotionals, participating in worship services, and many other Christian activities. Despite his non-technical major, the Lord blessed Andy with the chance to go to Nuclear Power School and then on to submarines. "When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound," Andy is going to be ready and willing.

PETER WILLIAM VARVARIS
"VARVAR"
18th Company Commander

To the men of the Eighteenth Company, the name Peter William Varvaris has become synonymous with that of the United States Marine Corps. Varvar stormed the walls of Annapolis in the same manner that his predecessors in green conquered Iwo Jima. Technically a Maryland resident when he entered the Academy (Yes, Virginia, there is a Jarrettsville), Pete's heart remained in New Jersey until second class summer, when Springfield, Virginia and a certain brown-eyed beauty named Cathy became the objects of his weekends.

During the week, Pete was known as being one of the hardest workers in the Company. After a slow start during Plebe Year, during which he perfected his ability to sprint to Main Office, Varvar pursued an Operations Analysis major with the same zeal that will mark his future dedication to the Corps. The "Disco Kid" will always be known for his dancing ability and his likable, easygoing manner.



WILLIAM ROBERT VENOHR
"BILL"
1st Regimental Adjutant

Flying, water skiing — what is there that this native of Sterling Colorado can not do? Bill resisted the lure of the Air Force Academy's location in the beautiful Rocky Mountains to come to Navy. Being involved in the first semester — long exchange program with "Zoomie U." confirmed Willie's contention that he had come to the right school, but he certainly did not complain about all the chances to get home and enjoy life. Feared by the class of 1979 as that "Out-of-Brigade" Second classman, Willie turned out to possess more of a bark than a bite.

Succeeding in his ambition to get into the Nuclear Power Program, Bill will soon become a triple-threat as he terrorizes the ocean depths in his submarine. And we will not be surprised if he manages to come up with a way to water ski behind a submerged submarine.

DAVID TIMOTHY WILLIAMS
"YAMS"

With guitar in hand and a soccer ball on foot, Dave left high school in Fremont, California for the challenge of USNA. The military routine and physical exertion required, were mastered by D.T., a natural leader and athlete, and he came to be liked by all of us for his competent, sure manner. Academics took their toll on Dave, but he never faced them alone, or let them get him down. His goals were higher than academics, for he lived for his Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. A cheerful smile and word for everyone became Dave's trademark. The Lord led Dave to Marine Air so as to reach for the stars as he always had. " . . . And the time has come for me to be gone. I have fought the good fight to the end; I have run the race to the finish; I have kept the faith; all there is to come now is the crown of righteousness reserved for me, which the Lord will give to me on that day." 2 Timothy 4:6-8

NINETEENTH COMPANY

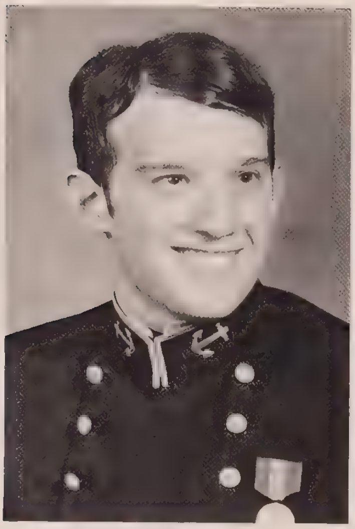
FRONT ROW: (L TO R) M. Martinez, B. Akiyama, B. Roby, C. Batt, P. Blais. *SECOND ROW:* M. Spencer, P. Ryan, J. Cover, R. Roustio, J.T. Coffee, P. Peterson, C. Andre, C. Willson. *BACK ROW:* R. Schieffen, J. Bohlman, R. Batey, T. Abernathy, F. Lucci, D. Guza, D. Englehardt, J. Bland. *MISSING:* K. Bowersox, C. Abelein, P. Quigley, K. Maloney, J. Fee.

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) C. Dixon, A. Burrel, D. Bethel, G. Rossi, T. Kersey, D. Green, W. Quintong, R. Malone, R. Lynch, W. Enslen. *BACK ROW:* D. Kocher, V. Bousa, J. Holden, J. Withers, T. Griffith, R. Boyd, M. Roberts, C. Corrales, O. Anzalotta, J. Niner, L. Maguire.

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) P.J. Connell, J.P. Heil, S.P. Charest, P.J. Cotsonas, (Sitting) G.G. Milot, J.K. Reagan. *SECOND ROW:* C. Thompson, R.W. Fish, R.C. Ailer, M. Lampugnano, E. Bradley, J.G. Holmes, M.E. Mullikin, W.J. Harman, P. Baysic, R.L. China. *THIRD ROW:* J.B. Hampshire, E. Giosa, E.G. Huether, M.F. Crouse, C.A. Easterling. (Standing) R.A. Medley, W. Wittpenn, T.E. Mikita, J.D. Whitlock, W.P. Malloy, N.T. Screeton, R.C. Locke, N.G. Katsiotis, D.E. Babcock, T. McNitt.

WILHELM ANDERSON
"REGGIE"

He is a slippery character: Fred, Andy, TC, Reggie, Drewster; he'll answer to 'em all. Maybe his mania for anonymity has its points, as a plebe the First Class weren't able to find him till spring. Still, when you can't even remember how to spell your own name . . . One thing that we could always count on was that after a wild night's revelry we'd find him "wupping Caron with one hand" or skulking about moaning, "What am I doing here?" But something finally worked out all right, even if his computers refused to. The Nukes (?) got him happily pinned down-but without exacting any promises!



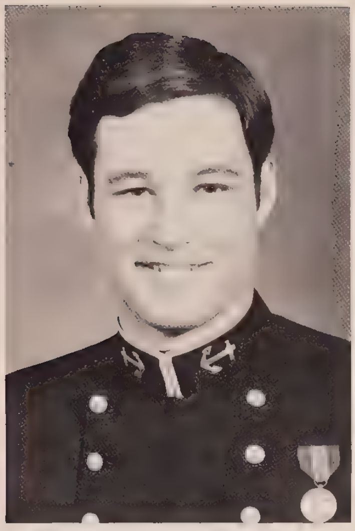
JERROLD L. MILLER
"JERRY"

Jerry came to the Naval Academy from the hills of Amsterdam, New York. An original hilltopper, he fitted in well in 19th Company. Known to many as Millbows or just Mills he soon made himself heard if not seen throughout the Brigade.

Always a good time, he's been known to go for forty hours but God knows they were't in a row. Jerry's greatest attribute however is his inability to tell the truth to any girl. Whether he's in N.Y., N.J., or Md. his best line is, "you've gotta be the 'nicest' girl in the state." at first we attributed this to poor taste but after four years we've come to the conclusion that after nine o'clock he's blind. Jerry departs USNA having left an indelible mark on the system and great memories for the rest of us.

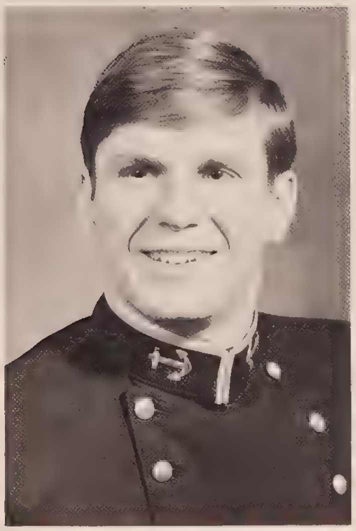
JOSEPH O'CONOR
"J.J."

Joe was a midwesterner from Ohio — ya know, where the best of everything comes from, the farm country. If ever you had a question Joe was the guy to ask — he'd give you an answer whether he knew one or not. Joe could always be counted on to say one thing and do the opposite — duty, weekends, etc. Joe was the first guy at NAVY to coach an All American Fieldball Team. Yes, Joe really worked hard his first class year. He'll not only receive a bachelor's from NAVY but an associate degree from Hood College as well. Joe really had his mind made up on Service Selection. He went from Marine Corps Summer to a visit with Admiral Rickover to Surface Line on the beaches of Mayport. It really didn't matter. Joey can do it anywhere.!



CHRISTOPHER J. RYAN III
"COOL"

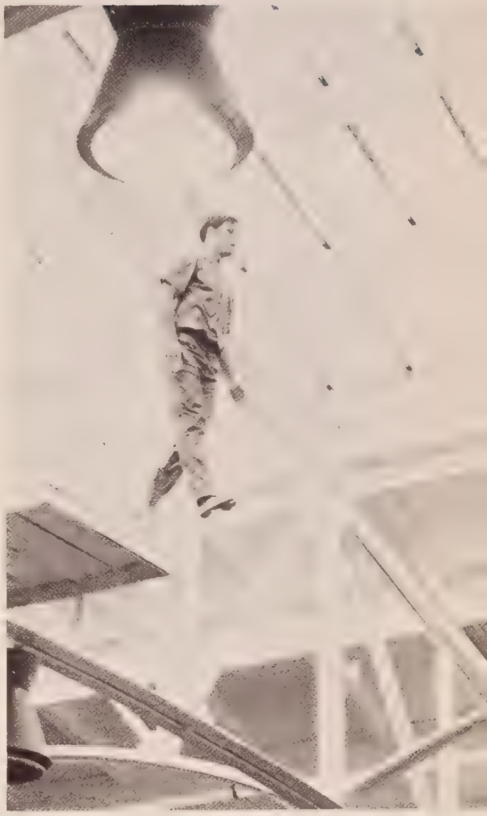
Christopher Cool made his way from the "Golden State" (N.J.?) to NAVY for the three things in life: rack, burgers, and intramurals. No one ever did believe he was a plebe with that "long" distinguished grey hair. When he instituted the late night crowd second class year, he finally got above his magic 2.0. Too bad he couldn't use that wardroom his first two years. Cool's roommates will never quite forget his fight to get the desk looking into the mirror that first day. Chris's eyes came through for him once again as he will fly for NAVY. (When in doubt — SHOOT!)



MICHAEL CARON
"MICKEY"

Mikey came to the Naval Academy four years ago but left his heart and soul in Norwood, Massachusetts. As part of the "nucleus" Mike partied with the best of 'em. The boys in 19 will never forget Mike and the Party Wagon youngster year and all the bad things that went on inside. A regular at the Navy Yard and later at Hood, he could be counted on to consume phenomenal amounts of food and beer. (with a heavy emphasis on the former huh Oley?)

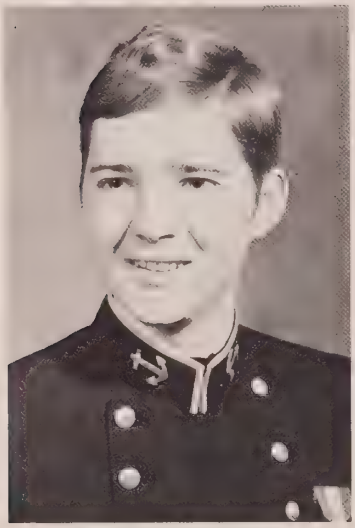
An outstanding achievement of Mike's was the perfection of the basic fieldball stance and other various athletic positions. Always outstanding in the clutch, Mike was particularly heroic in several instances throughout the D.C. area. Mikey, stay off the Meridian!



KEITH V. LOCKET
"THE HUNTER"

The tune of Anchors Aweigh accompanied this Long Islander to his first real challenge, the Academy, and Plebe Year. After four years of fighting with grades, the rack, and last but not least swimming, Keith finally emerged victorious. In search of new conquests, Keith became a part of the "Lean Green Machine" with hopes of gaining the high ground in the Marine Corps. What the future holds for Keith no one knows for sure, but a betting man could safely wager that he will live up to his nickname, "The Hunter".

CHARLES RACOOSIN
Brigade Parade Judge



THOMAS D. ALDERN
"THE D.J."

We'll always remember D.J. as the "Phono Fanatic" living in his Pat Boone look-alike dream world of $400 turntables and non-synchronized strobes. Has anyone told him that no one listens to WRNV at two o'clock in the morning? But when times got hard you could always find him pushing his 911 over the speed bumps on Captain's Row yelling, "BRRRROOOOM!".

DOUGLAS C. MEISTER
"MICE"

Mighty mice — a mellow fellow who was as easy going as the symphonies he listened to. Much in glory with pipe locked in tea-stained teeth, book in hand, German beer in close proximity, gluteus maximus fixed on a Buzzard bar stool. He loved fresh, frigid air, but, in times of embarrassment, his face was redder than his cold ears ever got. The ships of San Diego have received the best.

JERRY MICHAEL LINENGER
"DOC, LANCE ROMANCE"
4th Battalion Sub-Commander

Somewhere between church in New London and Myrtle Beach, he acquired the name Lance Romance. He was the self-acclaimed stud Machitigan; never had trouble making friends as long as his desk was cluttered with pictures of his gorgeous sisters. Even the librarians liked him — they dedicated a carousel to his memory. The Lovable Lance: he had good grades, a good personality, and great friends; from Air Force to Annapolis, he was 4.0 all the way.

MARK ALLAN CLARK

I got vision. The rest of the world needs bifocals.

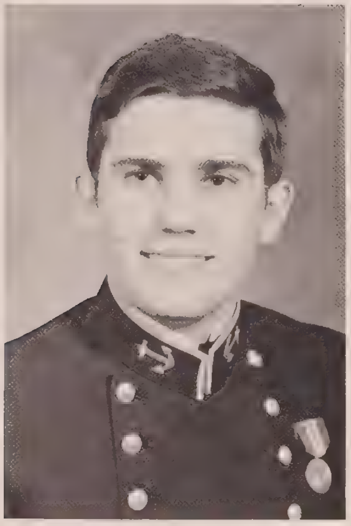
JOSEPH D. KERNAN

JOSEPH PETER MARQUES

"JP-5"

19th Company Commander

JP-5's three stripes came as quite a surprise to us all. I guess nobody found out about half the things he was responsible for 3/c and 2/c years . . . or maybe it was those xeroxed "LEEROY LETTERING SET" form 2 statements he mass produced while dead asleep . . . J.P. wake up, the one minute call, see you at quarters! But in secert retrospect, we remember how J.P. was always so available for company business . . . "Anybody know Annie Baby's phone number?" But really Joe, a sock for a tie at Army?



DAVID ZIEMBA

"Z"

Having arrived at the "CLOUD" with his four year subscription to Reader's Digest humor section in hand, Z quickly came to be affectionately referred to as "the funniest guy we know." Although he bought the Chevy van without the heater, he thought up numerous other ways to keep it warm on those cold hospital point nights. After a slow start, the van's mileage tripled 1/c year, due to numerous weekend Hood runs. Although proclaiming, "This is the happiest day of my life" after service selection, the ultimate test will be whether or not he can survive nuclear power school.

MICHAEL J. DAIGLE

"CAJUN"

"Cajun" will always be remembered as one of the classier imports from the Bayous of Louisiana . . . stompin' in his pink sneakers, wavin' his red flag and blowin' that whistle yelling, "Shake your BOOTY . . . !" If the girls in the little black book didn't like it, he could always find something in "DAIGSDATE:***". "Cajun" megastocks in Chivas Regal and Jaguar parts, but he's still saving up the funds to buy his second 1/C car — a tow truck!

TIMOTHY DEMPSEY EASON
"EASY"
19TH Company Commander

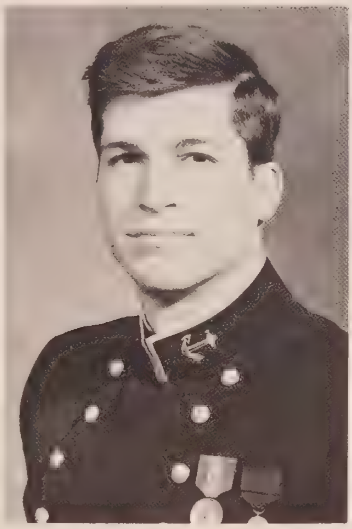
Once they finally fitted a combo cap around those corners, we all knew EASY was destined for far off places . . . But why he always went to Radford, Virginia, I'll never tell. I guess it was just a real fun place. He was an original member of Branch's BEE HIIVE and the later TRICKY TRIO. And we'll always remember his feverish attempt to sell the TR-6 for the nine passenger country squire station wagon with wood paneled siding and a luggage rack on the roof. It looks like the Marine Corps got one of their few good men. Take it EEEEZZZZ!

ROBERT ADELL GOODRUM
"GOODY"

Goodrum (Goody) is a born again Christian from Annapolis. A 1972 graduate of Annapolis Senior High School who decided to accept the Navy's challenge to become a part of the Brigade of Midshipmen. He joined a merry bunch of men known as Plebes where they proceeded to make a joyful noise as they sang cadence to the beating of drums; chow calls; chopping; and other Plebe summer antics. He is a Math major. He was also involved in extra-curricular activities such as the Fellowship Bible Union; the Joyful Noise, Big Brothers Program, Tutoring Program, Church Worker, and intramural sports. He was chosen as the Midshipman of the Year by the Chambers of Commerce of Annapolis for his active participation in the community. God has blessed him by presenting him with the gift of his favorite flower, Iris, which he knows will help make his future in the navy and in life brighter and more fulfilling. MATT. 6:33 EPH. 6:19

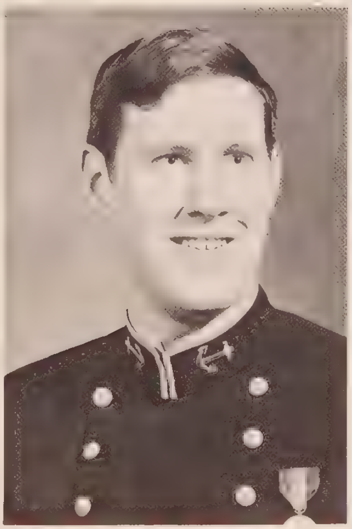
PATRICK JAMES CONROY
"PAT"

Pat is the typical tall Texan except for those "little baby feets". "The Con" kept his car 100 yards from his company officers house 3/c and 2/c year, but he earned his black N for going over the wall. The never to be equaled barber of 19th company saved all of us more than once until the shop was shut down 1/c year. His one great love has always been Physics. He learned a lesson in gravity 2/c year on a rainy night. Thumbs up, right Dude? With his blond hair and good looks what could he be but a fighter pilot. After teaching the new plebes sailing he'll be heading down to Pensacola to rough it on the beach during the day and club it at night. He's sure to turn out to be a good pilot and a good officer.



MICHAEL CALFEE
"KNEEBOWSKI"

The "Great Calfs" came to NAVY after a year at "The University" and made himself known to all right from the start. A stalwart of the late night crowd, Calf was famous for saying the right (?) thing at the right time. Youngster year he was found sleeping on the Commandant's couch and then second class year Vicenzo game him the famous wind tunnel hairdo for a mere $4.00 a week. It'd be tough to mention all the incidents that'd remind the guys of Mike because he's probably the one guy you'd never forget, no matter how hard you'd try. In all seriousness Calf should be one of the finest pilots ever as he'll be in his natural environment in the sky.



DANIEL J. O'LONE
"OLEY"

Oley came to the banks of the Severn from Ridley Park, Pa. Never one to let time or a meal pass him by he became one of the top men academically in the company. The rigors of Plebe Year were made easy with three roommates to pick up his daily mail from 'JJ'. In sports Oley played basketball, fieldball, and softball where his coaching of the refs always put points on the board. First class year found Oley standing the duty every weekend in Philly. Oley changed his 'duty station' only to go to the Air Force game to help win the party if not the game. Oley bought his yellow high-lighter and six inch ruler after talking to Uncle Hyman. The thirty-five hours a week he will study should help at Nuke school. Oley's willingness to work and his good attitude towards a career will help him excel in whatever he does.

DANIEL KERWIN BAKER
"KERWIN"

Daniel Kerwin Baker, commonly known as Bakes, came to USNA from Virginia Beach. He early showed amazing versitility from the start. From chasing butterflies and mosquitos to girls and another long weekend this misguided Physics major never worried about grades — he simply ignored them, claiming ignorance of the random numbers called QPR. Deke found his position at USNA first class year in the wardroom bagging it as hard as ever. However, he never failed to rise to a challenge successfully and cheerfully. Kerwin was always one for surprises, but a diesel submarine? The submarine force will never be the same as this friendly fellow joins the fleet in Pearl Harbor chasing grass skirts.

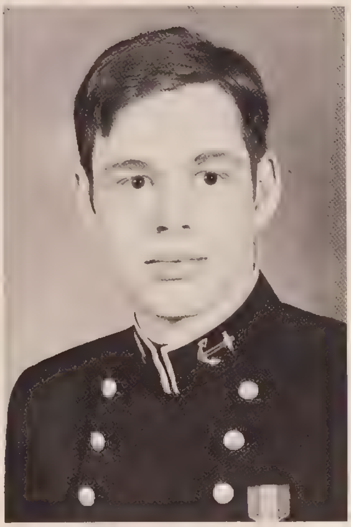
Surely a welcome addition to the fleet, Kerwin will always be remembered for being a friend whenever a friend was needed. Rev. 3:20.

PAUL T. COLMAN

Paul came to us from a Philadelphia suburb by the name of Warrington, and after some celebrated incidents with the firsties plebe summer (but I wasn't late, sir!) disappeared into his room to study, emerging only to run or track down somebody who could do the /!(&?) problem. His track career lasted only as long as it took to get his letter, then he took the sweater and ran. As the lone mechanical engineer who spent most of his evenings outside the wardroom, he looks back and wishes the time had been better invested within. Second class year saw him goin' through some changes: the illegitmate car, things in the mailbox other than bills (how many more days, Paul?). He heads to Nuclear Power School with a smile on his face and an eye to the future. Isa. 41:13 PTL!

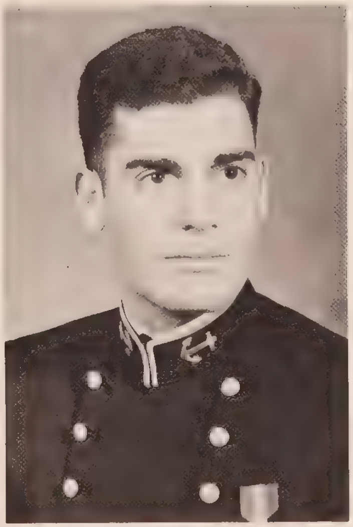
ANDREW J. HEGEMAN
"ANDY"

Never in the history of the Naval Academy has there been an English major prouder of that very fact. While Andy did very well in his "core" courses here, one suspects that the only thermodynamic problem that really interests him is whether his calculator will or won't totally burn when he sets fire to it after graduation. Plebes never trembled at the sound of the footsteps of the friendly pajama marauder, and his amiability and prankish nature will probably be his most remembered traits. Nonetheless, when he gets into the fleet, we know he'll try to apply Nietzsche to the problem of a low water casualty and actually come up with a quick solution.



WILLIAM P. JONES
"BILL"

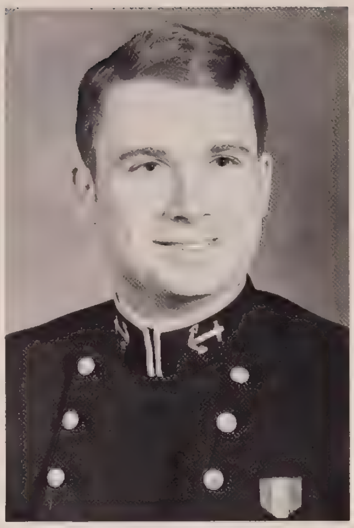
Bill, whose sweater collection is rivalled only by his unreturned Book-of-the-Month Club novels, is one of the most congenial guys ever to join "Club 19." When he bought his little red sports car, he never would have believed that windshields would be the major upkeep expense. After his spaghetti and wine cruise, Bill was the only WASP in the world whose favorite expression was "mamma mia." Even with his economic prowess Bill may not be able to balance the Navy's budget, but he'll certainly be liked and remembered wherever he goes.



GREGORY T. FALZETTA
"ZETTA"
2nd Regiment Operations

Greg hails from Linwood, N.J. After spending a year at NAPS he came to the Academy with a desire to major in Oceanography. With this desire fulfilled Greg has managed to survive four years here. He managed to become Company Commander for the first set Plebe Detail and was Second Regimential Ops. for the first set academic year.

Greg played it smart on Service Selection night and went with the Green Machine.



CLIFFORD WILLIAM KRCHA, JR.
"KER-CHA' "

Krcha (ker-cha') arrived from the Washita River Valley Basin with broomcorn seed in his teeth. Plebe year and communal living (4455!) contributed to the eventual demise of his SM005 grade. He was enlightened Youngster year, and began to take his fieldball seriously. Second-class year brought about many firsts: the establishment of the Fourth Wing Chapel, the conversion of an empty rack to Mother B's first baptismal pool, and the world's first double-melvin being successfully pulled off (up?) near the end of the year. After being effectively rammed by a Soviet "E-II" during First class cruise, "Chris Krcha" returned to Crabtowne to begin his quest to become the Navy's first Nuclear qualified preacher (somebody's gotta tell the Russians . . .). Ephesians 6:19.

DAVID SCOTT ELLIOTT
"D.E."
D&B Commander

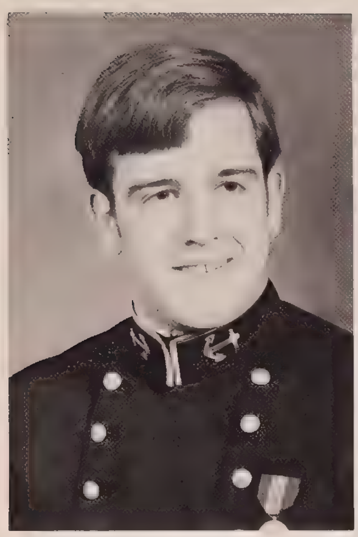
Dave came to the Academy from the land of Oz. Upon his arrival, he fell right in with the D&B and was a mainstay during his four years with them. Never one to goof off, this member of the Dynamic Duo was seen to spend many a late night trying to figure out those Aero labs. Dave, always a lady's man, will really have some stories to tell about those cold, lonely nights in Pensacola and Seattle. During second semester, first class year, Dave came a day student at USNA and commuted from town. The fleet is looking forward to a fine fighter pilot and future astronaut. Go get 'em D.E.

THOMAS ALLEN RUSSELL
"TOM"

"Knees" Russell: man of any beach, lover of any girl, all around good boy. Peerless' best customer turned Carolina Santa Claus via one MGB, Tommy always acted in the spirit of the Navy. Yet deceptive Tom (of Tom and Jerry's comedies, Markus Clarkus Directing), often escaped the shadows of Big H.L.'s blue and gold. Now he plans to fly, or maybe sail the seas. Who knows — he doesn't. But who cares? He's the talented Tom — the terror to Thomasville. He'd be great at any of 'em.

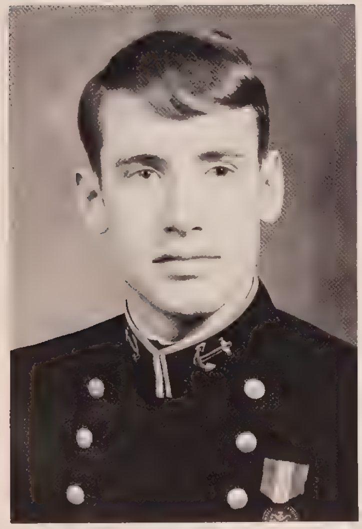
MARTIN BLAINE SATTISON
"MARTY"

Induction Day . . . Mithter Sherman . . . Plebe Summer . . . Parent's Weekend . . . The Brigade . . . four-man room . . . Army night . . . through the ceiling . . . rumbles . . . girl for Army . . . return without girl . . . Andy's tricks . . . returning from Reggie's . . . sleeping in closet . . . Dear Johned at Easter . . . no more Plebes. Third class cruise . . . rooming with Zetta . . . losing my hearing . . . navigation project . . . Batt X-Country . . . Batt Rack . . . Pensacola parties . . . playing killer Marine. TV . . . more TV . . . Christmas . . . my own TV . . . rack . . . 50 mile race . . . TV . . . company party . . . TR7 . . . Chris' TR6 . . . YSS Bkyefusg . . . San Juan . . . nights in San Juan . . . Wardroom pres . . . TV . . . Batt Staff . . . pain in the a— . . . Air Force game . . . The Terrible Ten . . . Dan and Dusty . . . Bluecheese . . . Army . . . Adm. Rickover . . . 40 hrs a week . . . the Joke . . . Nuke Power . . . retaking the Joke . . . TV . . . finals . . . leave . . . hats in the air . . . Ensign boards.



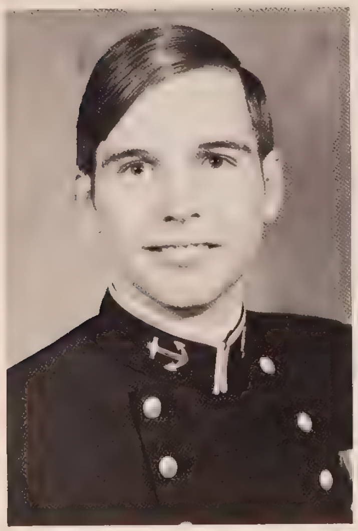
ROBERT SHEPPARD
"SHEP"

"Burl" never bagged any part of the rigorous 4 years — between Math and Crew he never had the chance. He did manage to try and he did manage to keep Grizelda in his room for a week. She found that his only fault was that he liked the 'Skins. Soon he'll be too busy with Florida beach parties to think about the 'skins — or maybe he'll be trying to outdo his brother on the high seas.



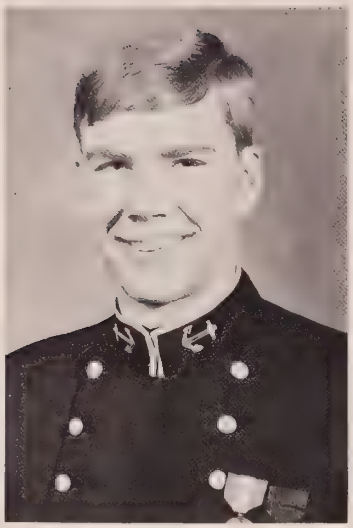
DOUGLAS M. SMITH
'SNUFFY"

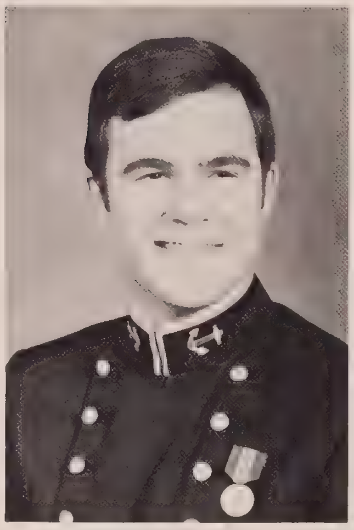
Snuffy has been a real producer since his arrival at USNA. Among his accomplishments are: 3 gold N's; 3 black N's; 3 AC boards; 3 plebe girlfriends; and 3 hours of study per month whether he needs it or not. In the JOKE Doug qualified for Unrestricted Civilian Line. He opted to be a Surface Warrior at service selection where he "punched a zero". Never shy with an audience, Snuff tells stories, jokes, and does impersonations at the drop of a hat. His quick wit and good nature will keep him in good stead. "Nobody ever said it would be easy . . . but it's a damn good life".

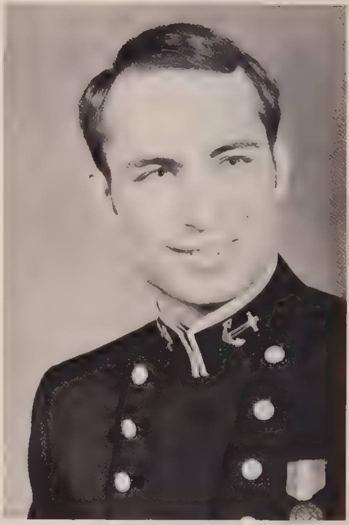


ALBERT P. VERHOFSTADT

Albert deserted the sun and fun of Sarasota, Fla. to come to USNA, and never ceased to long after the warmer climate. He wasn't homesick for Florida, though; it was the rolling hills of Maryville, Tenn. that held Albert's heart. But it wasn't as bad as it might have been — five letters a week tended to ease the pain! Albert was a confirmed Mechanical Engineer — as much TV and as little study as possible. He fell behind the pace set by his fellow ME's, though, and was always terrified of not being accepted by Adm. Rickover. He spent his time before the interview on the company soccer and football teams, and rugby helped pass the spring afternoons. His fears were ill-founded, and he heads off to Nuclear Power School with high hopes for a career in the submarine force. We wish him best of luck!







GEORGE WAYNE BOOKER
"BOOKS"

Duty, honor, country, and the gouge are the four contributing factors that inspired George to migrate from Idaho to USNA. When duty calls, he is the first one out the gate on the road to Leesburg. He galantly displayed his honor in Pensacola during Second Class Summer with a couple of six-foot-five lovelies. His annual skiing escapades illustrate his loyalty towards his country, and finally, the gouge allowed him to choose the seventy-fifth NFO billet on Service Selection Night. Not only is this beneficial to W., since she prefers blues to fatigues, but the USN will also enjoy his full potential in the cockpit.

CHARLES MICHAEL McCARTHY
"MAC"

Mac, Mackipoo, Pooster, Pudge Face, Charlie Hustle by any other name, known to his friends as Chuck Hustle, hailed to us from "The University" of Ohio. Mac is one of the gifted people who can sleep anywhere (the cloak room of the O-Club, the parking lot of IHOP, and the grassy backyard at a party). He also chaired numerous committees, for instance, the War Council and The Amateur Meteorologists of America. A believer in the addage "I don't get even; I get ahead, "he almost became one of America's "Few Good Men." But rest assured he saw the light and chose Navy Air.

THOMAS O. ELLINWOOD JR.
"HOLLYWOOD"

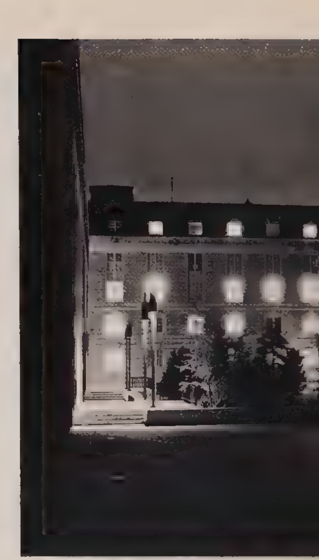
Tom came to the Academy directly from Priory High School in St. Louis. An All-State football player and track sprint star, Tom ran for the Plebe track team before terminating his promising track career midway through Youngster year to focus his attentions on academics. One of the members of the famed Crows' Nest, usually called Hollywood, he could be found either in Bowie or on the slopes on weekends. This was in keeping with his uncanny ability to be in the right place at the right time. Hollywood, Pilot, plans on being one of the first five in the class of '77 to get his wings. We can but wish him fair winds, following seas, and continued success.

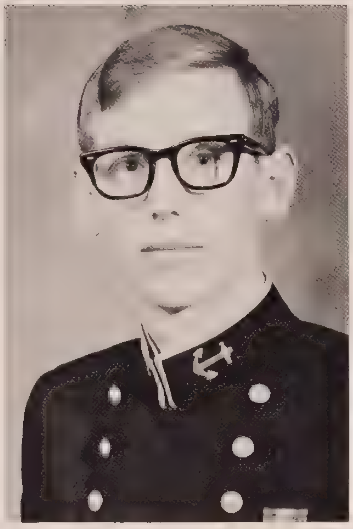
TWENTIETH COMPANY

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) D. Reiland, R. Laughlin, E. Kalisky, R. Nielson, S. Painter, R. Myers, J. Cooke, R. Small. *SECOND ROW:* D. Peters, D. Lauriat, S. Anderson, S. Nolan, L. Bramlett, T. McKeon, A. Cuellar, M. Shinego. *THIRD ROW:* D. Cawthra, E. Henkler, C. Cowen, S. Bacon, M. Hayden, A. Kolpacke, J. Felton, C.R. Dickson, T. Morse, J. Carrasco, D. O'Keefe.

FRONT ROW: (L TO R) M. Allen, J. Bradfield, J. Dinsmore, M. Kantaris, D. McElroy, B. Weidle, J. Hashberger, W. Massie, T. Fisher. *SECOND ROW:* R. Penniman, M. Wilson, M. Knapp, B. Eaton, J. Rocker, C. Doty, K. Wartick, J. Byrnes. *THIRD ROW:* M. Tempestilli, R. O'Brien, F. Hudik, B. Newman, P. Husta, E. Abel, S. Walton. *FOURTH ROW:* B. Hanson, J. Powers, F. Ferrano, K. Hamilton, G. Brown.

FRONT ROW: (L TO R) D. Rascona, S. Grundmeier, R. Press, M. Glynn, C. Clark, L. Smith, P. Geier, F. Pandolfe. *MIDDLE ROW:* C. Nelson, J. Garwood, T. Snider, F. Dimitrew, R. Saenz-Ortiz, R. Cacace, J. Prossor, J. Sayre, J. Quigley. *BACK ROW:* F. Hughes, T. O'Keefe, K. Fink, D. Beatty, K. Snider, D. Meek, K. Thompson, G. Torres.





KENNETH E. CLARK
"KEN"

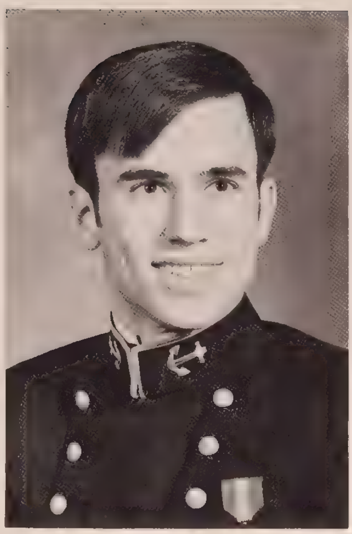
Kenny came to the Naval Academy from Havertown, Pennsylvania after a typically successful high school career where he lettered in football, wrestling, and lacrosse. He established himself as the company loudmouth early during plebe summer when he was running some tests for Army. Wrestling has been Ken's main sport here at the Academy, however he will readily admit that being the goalie for the 4th Batt. lax team was a lot of fun, especially after winning the Brigade championships three years in a row. After having photographed the entire Yard from every conceivable angle, Kenny has applied his favorite hobby to his next love; his travels around the U.S. of A. After a planned 5 year career in the surface forces, beginning with a reserve destroyer out of beautiful Seattle, Washington, Kenny plans to go to work for the Rand McNally Corporation drawing lines on roadmaps. After all Ken — WHY USNA?

RICHARD NOEL CURRENT
"RICK"

To Crabtown on the Bay he came / And a NUC he was then made / A wires man by more than trade, / He was born with Current as his name / A true Houdini of the lab, watching Rick was a scene to be had / Hands the speed of lightning, one would think him mad, / but never a number of his was bad. / When work was a must / It was done without any fuss / And from dawn to dusk, Rick's rack would gather dust / In his room, gouge was a plenty / for anyone who needed it, it wouldn't cost him a penny / To England and Holland he went by sea, / And there with the pounds and guilder he spent / he bought a double visored hat which he wore with splendor, / And kept his brain warm on cold nights in December / A short man only in size, he drove a M.G. Midget car / And when he traveled, he would travel far / With a ring of blue, / And a car of gold, / Rick's married to the sea / the rest are but mistresses.

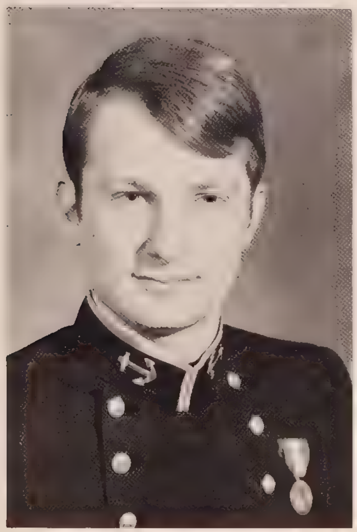
PAUL EDWARD DIEGO
"FLIP"

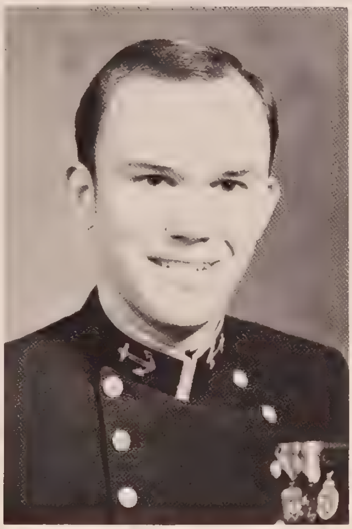
Has to be short. Still have 3 term papers to do and there's only 2 days left this sem. Being a true Mainiac, I left as King Wharfrat with the Kittery Police still after me. Speaking of short where's Ducky? I dedicate this yrbk to all you pro party people but only if you are under 6' What a hassle this is. Success has been due to plenty of booze, sex and insanity. Accomplishments? Drunk on Indoc Day, Chairman Keo and cut contest, ac and conduct probation, restrictee parties, sponge plants Tucker concerts with Gair and Boomer, Bonds wedding trip, funnalator wars, 2 kegs, 15 people, and a dog in my F Truck, St. Johns footrace with Bones as a winner, Midstore sales, Nice airport convention, 3Ho's, Wolf and his radio, filling conduct card 2/c yr, Eastport apt guzzles with Rep, Sculls, and Jack. Pings cruisin roads, Maddog and Lizards midnight rush, survivor of the water bucket brigade, Dome, Gorgo, Sandee and Shelie, and all you other lovely people. Oh I have slipped the surly bonds of earth See what you've done Lou?! Figure it out!

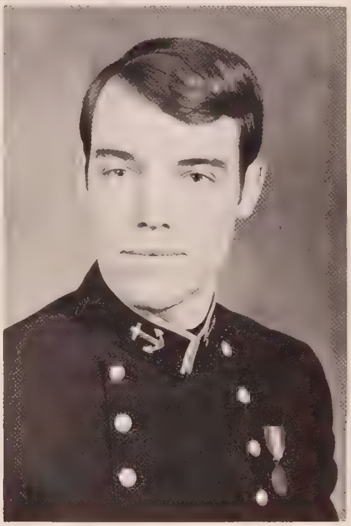


GREGORY CHARLES GRAY
"DOC"
4th Battalion Sub-Commander

Greg or "Doc", as he is called by his classmates, came to Annapolis with a tremendous desire to excel. Well, excel he did. For four years Greg spent many hours with the books "gutting it out" as a bio-science major. It was not unusual to find Greg in his room dissecting a cat or presenting his roommate with a new animal eyeball. Doc's name was consistently found on the Sup's list as he worked overtime to make the title "Doc" a reality. Not only did Greg excell in academics, but as a lightweight reject, he led 20th's heavyweight football team to a perfect season, 0-8, as starting QB. He was no pushover though, if someone stepped out of line you might hear him utter those pseudo-threatening words, "I'll punch your lights out." As a leader, "Gray's Gorillas" of plebe summer fame were enough evidence to show that Greg is destined to be one of the Navy's best. Whether via the medical corps or the surface fleet, Greg will find a promising future in his naval service to God and his country.







PETER WELLS ENGEL
20th Company Commander

See Pete run. See Pete kick the ball. See Pete get kicked. Hear him scream and curse. For shame. See the cast. See Pete hobble around. Pete loves soccer. See him buy a car. See him blow the engine. Hear him curse and scream. Shame, shame. See Pete take his flight physical. See Pete, see! Hear Pete curse and curse. See Pete go NFO. See Pete graduate. Too bad; the vacation is over.

Pete is originally from Paramus, N.J. That's the Indian word for turkey. Is there a possible connection there somewhere?

The sole management major in the company after Dome and Nels left, he held out and never lost his disdain for engineers. Hopefully his incredibly illogical approach to problems will sustain him through the long career he hopes for; even if he never does make CNO.

* * * * * *

"His greatest gift, and the curse he lives with, was that he could always care." — H. Chapin

JOHN M. FREEMAN, JR.
"BIG JOHN, JOHN-BOY"

"Big John" hails from the sun and surf of Daytona Beach, Florida. As a man of 17 with a 4.0 and a Suma Cum Laude in his back pocket, he soon found that life (especially academics) at Annapolis was going to be very complicated. With effort, however, the rigors of academics soon gave way to time for other activities: the Chess, Spanish, and International Clubs, OCF, Company Bowling, teaching Sunday School, singing in the Chapel Choir, and being a Big Brother. Of course, Admiral Rickover's 40 hours a week cramped his style for a while, but that situation, too, was soon under control.

The biggest change upon arriving at U.S.N.A. was the discipline, which, when coupled with his Christian life, helped weld his life into something stronger that it ever was before. He has adopted a motto to reflect his experiences and that which he has learned since his arrival. He shares it with others and hopes to always follow it:

— DARE TO EXCEL! —

HARRY JOHN GERHARD
"HARRY"
2nd Regiment Supply
Trident Scholar

Many new friendships and many memories later those four years of eternity which laid ahead of us on I-day 73 have melted into four short years as graduation quickly approaches. Though I anxiously await graduation, it is with much sadness that I now part ways with those friends and those memories. There were many good times (Vermont, rugby, Army 76, company parties, company free-for-alls, New Orleans, FOREX) and some not-so-good times (knee surgery); some successes (Trident Scholar, Harvard) and some failures (Rhodes candidate). With graduation another four years of education and a career in the medical corps (beware unsuspecting aviators!); new friends and new memories.

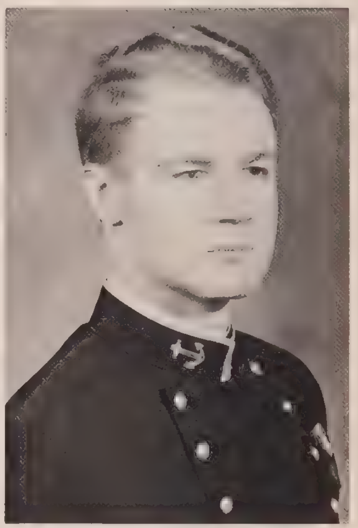
"As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others . . . be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul . . ." (Desiderata)

DENNIS RAY GRIMES
"DOC"

The sunny shores of California and Navy Town USA lost an avid San Diegan when Doc came to Navy. Never a lover of Annapolis weather, he lives for the day California sunshine will again grace the landscape. Hardly a wardroom rat, Doc was famous for sitting in on the last ten minutes of a 3 hour movie and asking what happened. During the rare moments when Doc was not booking it, he could be found recording albums or backpacking in the boonies. Never a real socialite, he was nevertheless easy going and known for his sarcastic wit. Though hardly amiable before noon meal, Doc managed to shake his Klondike Bear reputation by 2/C year, and could even be approached in the morning. Also known as Deadeye, he was a solid performer on Plebe Rifle and never failed to stretch rifle practice through evening comearound. His second passion, tennis, caused him to risk the wrath of the intermural officer as he played two seasons one year. Navy Air was Doc's choice since day one, so we'll be looking for him in the friendly skies of Navy.

JAMES DANIEL HARTIGAN
"DOUGHBOY"

Although he came from Cherry Hill, New Jersey and was deemed "Dough boy," Jim managed to overcome these obstacles and successfully complete his tour at USNA. Entering the Naval Architecture program, he distinguished himself as a seeker of the gouge and spent many a long night with his fellow "Narcs." Although a varsity excused squad member plebe year, he still got in a few seasons of company soccer and fieldball, and a taste of Batt rugby. After graduation, Jim is looking forward to his future as an ex-bachelor and cruising the blue waters at a depth of 600 feet.



WILLIAM GREGORY HIRKO
"WOLF"

Bill likes to start things out right so on the first night of Indoc. day he got lost trying to find his way back to the company area. He soon became known among his friends as WOLF.

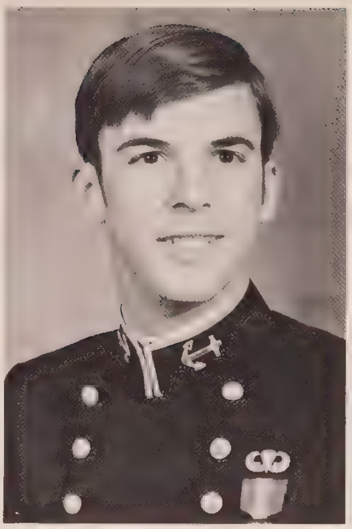
Wild Bill traded sunny California for a vacation on the Severn. One of the last remaining members of the Yamato Seven, Bill likes to keep to himself and is a loner.

Wolf will be remembered for his bayonet stabbings and animal shows, mountain climbing with Ping, trip through Georgia and to Disneyworld with Ducky, thumper at Nats, and his Highway Patrol autograph collection from Ca., Penn., Ariz., S.C., Ga., and Md.

Bill loves to compete and enjoys athletics. In June he will begin his lifelong ambition of becoming an Aerospace Warrior.

CHARLES G. IVEY
"KOOL IVE"

Mr. Charles Gregory Ivey, better known as "Ive, Kool Ive, Chuck, Charlie, Raggidy, or Raggidy Ivey," came to the Naval Academy Preparatory School as a sophisticated hoodlum from Philadelphia. Successfully completing a year at NAPS, Ivey entered the class of '77 in the summer of '73. While at the Naval Academy, besides being a varsity fencer, Ive was noted for his high academic potential. Somehow he never reached his full potential, but only through the grace of God did he complete his academic requirements. Desiring to keep his careers avenues open, Mr. Ivey chose Surface Warfare with the Aviation Option as his service selection. Whether in the air or on the sea, in God he trusts.



RICHARD FREDERICK KUEHNE
"RICH"
2nd Regimental Operations

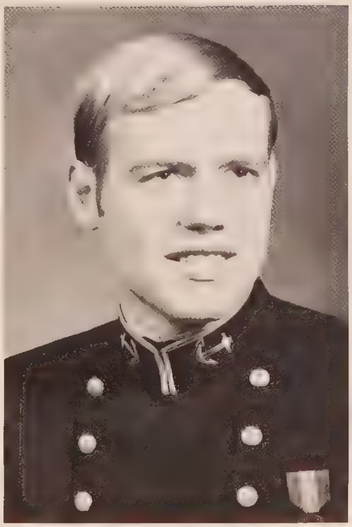
It is a long way from Annapolis down to Homestead, Florida but Rich has driven it many a time — each occasion seemed to have its own unique experience. Striving to become a member of the Medical Corps, the bioscience major was the only route to follow. He's noted as the first pre-med guy in '77 to be accepted to Medical School. Also got to enjoy the mountains of Colorado for a semester as an exchange student at the United States Air Force Academy. Although not totally by choice, he plans to spend a good, long career as a Navy doctor.

STEVEN JOSEPH KEOUGH
"STEVE"

Steve's background as twentieth's Asian Studies man has its roots in the adage of an obscure English poet who once said "In brief, sir, study what you effect most." Although not a bookworm per se. The Chairman was frequently found delving into the origins of the world's problems at the most unusual hours of the night — clad no doubt in Oriental robes. His quest for an enjoyable stay at USNA led him to participate in a multifarious number of extracurricular activities — all of which usually ended up "allowing" him to miss classes! His advice to others still struggling at the Academy is unequivocably to "keep your options open!" Such advice was no doubt a vital factor in Steve's success in being 77's first Nuclear Strategic Weapons Systems Officer. After a brief bout with a certain foreign "navy," Steve looks quite forward to being aboard the "world's finest ships" SSBN's! Good luck Mr. Chairman!

MICHAEL P. LAVIANO
"DUCK"

I've got 2 term papers to copy — I mean write — so this is gunna be short. And speaking of short I'd like to dedicate this to PABLO, GORGO and BAXTER! Some memorable thots: huge HERMY; Thursday haircuts; helmet changing squads during inspections; grilled cheese; the hold-up after 1/c cruise; brown-bagging in Dullgren; the funnelator at '75 Army-Navy; shaving BONDY'S head and DOME'S leg; burping in Sulls' tape for Bruno Bones and I BS'ing outta an HO; Stoner and I dating (?) roomies; Flipina the Jungle Babe, Ping, Wolf, Herps and I going to, staying at, and coming back from the BRIDGE; 2/c long weekends; Soots and I going 65 offa the road; Lizard'n' I coming from Maddog's on time — sometimes; 1/c "duty"; Slade vs the Beatles; Being an undesirable; and above all, LIL'BIT. Those are what I will be remembered for, but there is one thing I'd like to be remembered by: "We can understand one another but each of us is able to interpret himself to himself alone." Before this gerbel computer cuts me off: NEVER AGAIN! (DUCKY).

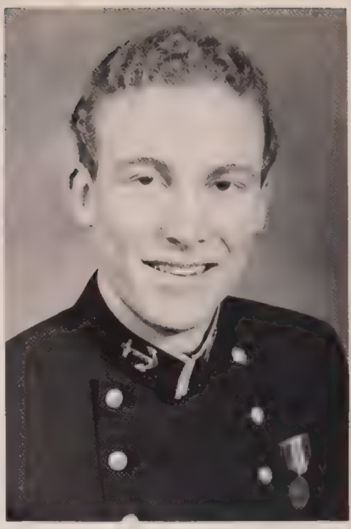


NORMAN GRANT MERES
"PING"

We risked a lot, but we had good times and didn't get caught. Try to remember: Hundredth nite brawl; chow call war; drinking in the woods Pitman's; Ocean City; Va. Beach; the fantail; Paul Lou; Norm — the Gar's favorite room; St. John's incident; Brian's party; "T" in the basement; Tarl of Gor; Hockey 5AM; Marshall Tucker the Old Man, Boomer and Gair; BOOW; Melissa; 2nd class cars Fri. nite libs; Crusin' with medley tapes; 2 kegs in a van; Bestgate; the Bridge; Flip Duck Ping Herpes Wolf — a unique group; '69 Cougar; Bondy's wedding; Nels, Dome, and Curt; Acad. accountability — sick bay; Risk; cocktail parties Visine Do you party? Ever been Bonged?; Hey, Flip — How did we ever make it back from Doughboy's Army party? Luck has been with us; We've had bad times but the good times made this whole mess bearable; I made Nu Power????

WAYNE ROBERT REPETA
"LIZARD"

Reps cruised in from Vt and 30 days escape from the "real navy" to the Un-college. Responding to the call of Constitutional rights with Diegs, Sculls, Jack, and Johnny Walker they opened the Eastport Apts early. The "Summer high in 75" with Lou, Jack, and an Army Deserter made Europe more than unique. From Brian's smash, the funnelator crew, Flip's truck kegger with HIS dog to the Nice Airport hardcore convention, sleep didn't mean much. Wayne started nites in town 2/c yr. biking and 1/c yr. on 2 striper libs to be consoled by Madonna. Wayne and Madonna plan to be married again June 77, just to make public what everyone knew already. M/LT Disco Kilo and cohorts produced "duty sections" and White Christmas for Parents Weekend "Interpreting" regs to Acad. Acc't, the Rep is surely Lawyer material but the big blue skies and gold wings of NAVAIR are in the future.



MICHAEL SCULLIN

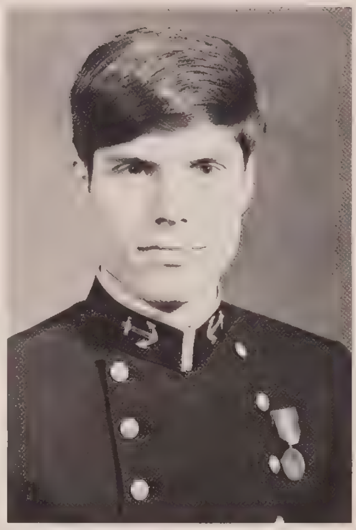
BRUCE HOWARD SMITH

Bruce walked out of the hills of West Virginia ready to make a name for himself. As a plebe he found that he would get a lot of help from Bruce S. Smith and Bruce E. Smith, as well as their laundry and messages. Youngster year, Bruce set his sights on becoming a Nuke. He hit the books long and hard as an Engineering Physics major. Late at night, after long hours of study, he was known to sometimes have dreams of goblins and gorillas. Now a Rickover man, Bruce looks forward to commanding the neutrinos and gamma rays of the Navy's nuclear reactors.

MONTY S. SOOTER

RICHARD H. STONE

THOMAS SULLIVAN



JAMES R. VILBERT
"VILBS"
20th Company Commander

West Chester's (PA) gain was Annapolis' loss when Vilbs reported aboard Navy on July 9th. Though filled with confidence after a successful plebe year, Vilbs met his match in EE. When not feverishly pondering all but impossible wires problems, Jim could be found blowing fuses and burning out resistors in Michaelson lab bays. On the athletic field he found a home in fieldball leaving in his wake a bloody path of dismembered bodies. During his first class year, Vilbs gained the admiration of all as he trained his car to pilot its way safely home while he sat fast asleep at the wheel. During the brief interludes between long weekends, Jim could be found playing company commander. Always one to plan ahead, Vilbs was color blind from birth, making him a shoe-in for the CEC. We can expect to see him pounding square pegs into round holes as the Civil Engineer Corps maintains its high standards of excellence.

BARRY NEAL WILBUR
"STRINGBEAN"

Barry started his Naval Career at USNA in the fine style of the hardcore. He missed his flight from the City of Angels and reported late. Even though the B-ball courts kept him sweating, he didn't seem to carry it into the hall. Veteran of the Yamoto-7 and the Newport-5, "Stringbean" or the "Beef" seemed to try and avoid the regs and with that Richie Cunningham smile, got caught. Herps is known for courageous duty in the water-bucket brigade and his illustrious performance at the farmhouse picnic. It is reported thast Burry's command of the french language got him a bed in Toulon, France at some judge's house when none others were available. Studying was not Barry's forte but concentration was: just ask his former room-mates; Ben, Lou, Dale, Frank, and Corny. Whether playing Risk or designing the world's first underwater, self-contained B.N.W. MK II head — the friendly skies will see alot of Barry in the next five years.

JOHN JOSEPH BRANSON III
"BOOBOO"

When BooBoo returned to Annapolis in July of 73 after a two-year sabbatical to Monterey, he noticed that some things had changed. USNA looked different from the inside looking out. Never one to let a situation better him, BooBoo closed his eyes to the matter and plunged into a pinging Plege year, hence his nickname. As an upperclass, the increased liberty and "knowledge of the system;; revealed the free spirit behind the usually absent mind. Study hour was frequently interrupted by over-the-wall reunions with his buds up the river. His room was a workshop, with assorted bicycle parts, home-made waterskis and picture frames abounding. But BooBoo's most amazing feat was the waterskiing foray on the day before Army during youngster year. Although married life has subdued his spirit more recently, Boo Boo maintains his E for unconsciousness. But during his few waking hours, BooBoo has displayed the determination and spunk that will make him a fine pilot for the Navy. Or maybe the Coast Guard?

WINSTON DWIGHT SCOTT WOOD
"WOODY"

Scott, hailing from Rockville, Md., did not have to venture far to find his nitch at Navy. Systems Engineering, his passion and pride, brought Woody the warm fellowship of equally persecuted systems majors, stimulating E.I. sessions, and catastrophic encounters with the infamous USNA/DTSS computer. Tiny started his illustrious career as 4/c Company Cdr. Later, Scott served on the plebe detail as 20th Plat. Cdr., teaching the plebes the tricks of the trade. In addition to his leadership talents, "Dancing-Bear" excelled as one of the Glee Clubs strongest bases and his stellar performances with the highly acclaimed "Segundo-Scivies." Letter-jacket, greased-back hair, shades, and Rock-n-Roll combined to give Woody the appeal that swooned bobby-soxers from coast to coast. Meanwhile, back at USNA, Woody, never demanding much, was often heard saying "No sweat," or "Piece of cake," On that fateful service selection night, Scotty-Bear chose to try his hand at Navy Air — but who's ever heard of a flying bear? . . . Well, there's always a first time.

NATHANIEL FRENCH CALDWELL, JR.
"NATE"

French is from the town of Pascagoula, Mississippi, the famous Shrimppickin' City. For those of ya'll who don't know how to pick shrimp, that's when you pick their heads off with your thumb. When he came to the Land of Crabs he left behind that good ole' southern cooking, but French soon became addicted to the Naval Academy zzz-burger (everyone knows they put mind control drugs in them things. Them mind drugs don't work on Yankees, though.)

French often talks of the quality of the Yankee mind and northern cultural heritage, and when he talks it is soon evident the War of Northern Agression ain't over yet. He's not for secession from the Union; he just wants the Nawth to join the Confederacy. "Let's move the grits line nawth!" is his rallying cry.

The Mississippi Shrimp Fleet should be proud to receive such a fine officer when French graduates.

PETER WENDELL CAMERON
"PETE"

From a simple rural beginning into a new world. Dreams change. Ideas change. Was enough knowledge and experience acquired? Still a simple beginning with a new world beyond.

TWENTY FIRST COMPANY

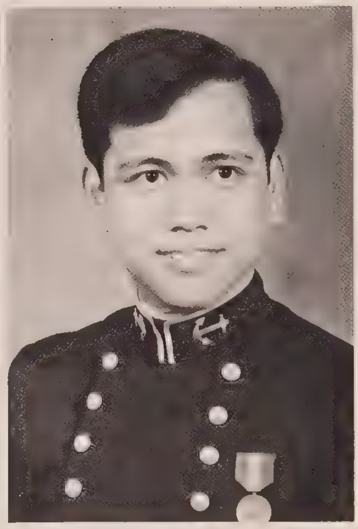
FIRST ROW: (L TO R) M. Broome, C. Nickell, M. Rausch, S. Mckee, C. Burgin. *SECOND ROW:* J. Brown, S. Provow, T. Holman, J. Wissler, S. Sutton, E. Reid, O. Bulich, J. Swartz, C. Love. *THIRD ROW:* J. Kauffman, J. McClelland, R. Scheliga, C. Rupp, M. Pasztalaniec, R. Fallon, M. Boensel, J. Carpenter, G. Jubert, J. Schlagheck, J. Storvick, V. Rossittol. *LAST ROW:* R. Ross.

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) S. Clark, S. Mihacevich, J. Williams. *SECOND ROW:* R. Groomes, L. Beyer, M. Trcka, S. Cummings, T. Arenz, M. Dancer, W. Marriott, M. Long, C. Perkins. *LAST ROW:* F. Holliman, K. Houck, R. Picchini, J. Gigliotti, D. Fox, B. Norman, D. Walker, R. Needham, C. Sain, M. Mowins, K. Norgrove, S. Garcia.

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) R. Taylor, J. Sensi, K. Koteles, C. Wilson, D. Emerick. *SECOND ROW:* M. Church, R. Matus, W. Knowles, C. Davids, E. Fell, R. Strnad, R. Lonn, W. Everett. *LAST ROW:* R. Wendland, D. Winterscheidt, S. Stewart, R. Lynch, M. Hodge, G. Pavlakos, K. Elliott, S. Nota, J. Horn, M. Turner, J. Frost, D. Benzing, J. Skinner, M. Grieco, J. Elnitsky, J. Thompson.

MARK EDWARD ALCAMO
Brigade Supply Officer

Mark ventured down to us from warm and sunny Dearborn, Michigan, and considering his sense of direction, it's a wonder he ever made it. It didn't take him long to establish himself as the ultimate sweat by "struggling" to a 3.8 CQPR in Operations Analysis. Although he beaded nights and weekends he always managed to catch at least 7 hours of rack a day, 8AM to 3PM. He was awarded for his efforts by landing the easy and gratifying job of Brigade Supply Officer. Although Mark excelled at many things while at USNA, female companionship was not one of them. His second home in Alexandria youngster year, his one lesson in night golfing, and his sweetie (she's sooo sweet) up at Hood College are all that need be mentioned. Despite Admiral Rickover's love of O.A. majors, Mark will spend at least the next 5 years 20,000 leagues under, well over his head.



DARYL E. ANDERSON
"ANDY D."

Prayer without faith is like a ship without an oar, however if you trust God and believe he will supply every need . . . Throughout the last four years Daryl has found this to be a certainty. He has seen some impossible situations in academics and sports. He has risen above them all armed with a strong faith in Christ. Patient and always smiling he leads some to believe that he is 'altered'. However he is quick to respond ". . . been sippin' some 'new wine', Northing is impossible if you trust in God! Praise the Lord!"

DOMITITO MANDAPAT BAYSIC
"DOM"

Dom's artistic talents have been demonstrated repeatedly during his four years at Navy in his participation in the Drum and Bugle Corps and the Catholic Chapel Choir. Enough food is no problem if Dom's sitting at the table because he has such great connections. "Tater" as he is affectionately called by many may succeed solely by his good looks but we doubt it. Surface Line is Dom's choice so we bid him a great future and smooth sailing!

MATTHEW CHABAL III
"MATT"

Matt rolled into Annapolis in his rickshaw, but soon traded it in on a sports car (much to the avail of the local authorities). Well known on the O-club circuit, he decided to open his own establishment. In 1977, "Alice's Restaurant" took second place behind "Chang's Bar and Grill". But it wasn't all fun and games for Matt. He could often be found with his head buried deeply inside a Physics book. Sarge was awarded the good sportsmanship award for his easy-going manner on the basketball court. He always swore that he never swung first. He will always be remembered as winning the MVP award when he came through with "the gouge" on the JOKE. Matt's love of outdoor activities is second only to his love of indoor activities. When he graduates, this die-hard bachelor will be testing his talents on the beaches and in the skies of Pensacola.

CAMERON BLAKE
"TONTO"

From the high school football fields in Oklahoma, Cameron's friends left to play major college football, but he chose a career in the Navy. Always aware of his "proud heritage", Tonto found it advantagous when it came to service selection. How else could he get TAD in Norman, Oklahoma? Cameron's only future prediction is that someday "The Musketeers" will reunite and then "look out Kato!"

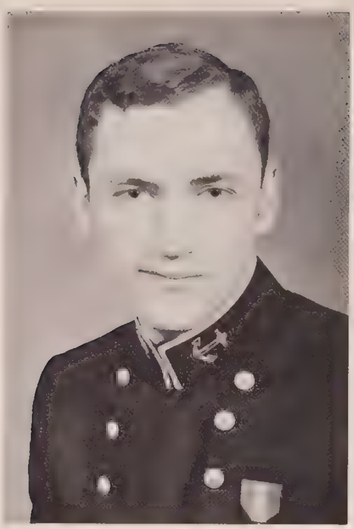
BOOMER SOONER! JER. 17:7,8.

JAMES LEE CHILDRESS
"JIMMY LEE, CHILDRII"

I'd like to say Jimmy Lee studied 35 hours a week. I'd like to say Jim did not participate in any slick ECA's. I'd like to say Jim always went to class when he was supposed to. That's what I'd like to say! Unfortunately this is not the whole truth and as the honor rep in our company Jim might not appreciate those comments. More accurate is the fact that Jim has been successful on the Navy Debate and Chess teams and when interviewed for the Nuclear Power Program sufficiently impressed the Man. Despite the fact that this Kentuckian never chopped wood or lived in a log cabin Jim wants to study law and despite what Rickover says may make President yet! Finally as Jim would say "It's not what a Man does that is most important but what a Man is." And Jim "is" a good guy!!

WILLIAM THOMAS D'AMICO
"DOOTZ"

Bill D'Amico, alias "Brows," or "Paco," came to us from the family stronghold of Sayreville, N.J. Always outgoing (and usually outspoken), Bill was easy to get along with, as long as you didn't provoke him, right Major? As far as girls were concerned, Bill could handle any situation that arose, even in a swim pool. As many times as Bill got in a jam, the Italian Gigolo always pulled it out and came off "smellin' like a rose." Bill's first love always was baseball though, and in 4 years as a pitcher he compiled an impressive record. His number of wins was exceeded only by his number of "differences of opinion" with coach Stiff. Bill always worked hard at academics, and he often concluded that if he couldn't understand something it was either useless or wrong. On tests he usually found out he was mistaken on both counts. Bill has chosen Navy Air for service selection with an option to life guard at Key West, Good Luck, Dootz.



FREDERICK ELIOT Jr.

"FAST FREDDY"

21st Company Commander

Our Fearless Leader will remain infamous for his parties, keggars, get togethers, and orgies. The Eliot's lawn will never be the same. His love for gadgets and knobs, an inherited trait, was unsurpassed, as he found great pleasure in broadcasting on his CB and typing in his Alpha Code before using the stereo. A master of the mouth, FAST FREDDY, spent endless hours recalling Viet Nam and conversing with the OOD and his little buddy, the Major. Always one for Leadership by example, Fred was frequently found on 3-striper libs eating chinese food and telling the public, "I'm the Company Commander." Meanwhile back at the ranch . . . The continuing story of Freddy's travels now turns to Florida where he will be in search of NFO wings, a 44 magnum, guinea pigs (preferably gooks), and a base camp to set up his master race. Tally-Ho.

EDGAR R. ENOCHS

"ROCK"

Trident Scholar

HOME: McComb, Mississippi
PROFESSION: Aviator (Part time Midshipman)
HOBBIES: Flying, Women, Drinking.
MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Catch-22"
LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Made Instructor sick at Pensacola.
QUOTE: "One 'Ah Shit' wipes out all the "Atta Boys' "
PROFILE: Dedicated to aviation; basically insane.

RICHARD FREDERICK FRANK

The Six-Million Dollar Mid is a wonder of modern science and technology. His built-in electronics package includes a Richard Pryor 8-Track which automatically changes tracks to the latest disco sounds and he's got more soul than most bros do. Not bad for a guy who had to live with Childress for a year. But coming back from adversity was always Frank Frank's forte. He only had two stripes but that didn't stop him from taking three-striper libs, no sir. Like he says, "I know what I'm doing. I've been on destroyers!" Rich was the master of the two hour term paper and he seldom missed either the prof's esteem or the Late Show. Rich's quick wit and discern will serve him well in the Fleet and his compassion and concern as a friend will not soon be forgotten by us.

ALLEN E. GRIFFIN

CARY HITHON
"HILO"

Coming from the Annapolis suburb of Severna Park, Cary, or Hilo to his friends, came with the desire to play football with NAVY. He made his first BIG impression at USNA on his Plebe Year Firsties, with a smile that just spelled guilt.

But what really stood out was his gentleman ways with the women and his concern about always looking good. Why he even wore a bow tie to an informal come-around. With that familiar laugh, many believed he was related to old Saint Nick himself.

HILO went on to be a key player on the football squad and his shoes WILL be BIG ones to fill in the coming season. He succeeded in all he endeavored to do, and can be found next to the toothpicks in any nearby store. Sure to become an unforgettable Ship Driver, we wish HILO smooth seas and a box of everlast toothpicks.

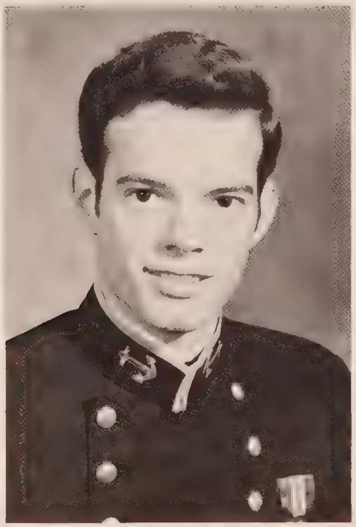
RUSSELL STEVEN HARPER
"STEVE"

Steve came to Annapolis after the wild life of a typical "Navy Brat". Fortunately for him he made a brief stop in Bainbridge prior to his four years at the "real" place — a break that kept him from being one of "them".

Steve's "walk softly" attitude was characteristic of him. With Funkman for a roommate, he was somewhat isolated from the rest of the plebe company, but once out of there, he quickly rebounded in popularity. A quiet warrior, a little alcohol went a long way. When he wasn't participating in nightly TV bouts, Steve could be found in the rack or in the steerage letting "them" know what he felt. "Always call a nimrod a nimrod . . . to his face," Steve never let discretion get in the way of what he thought.

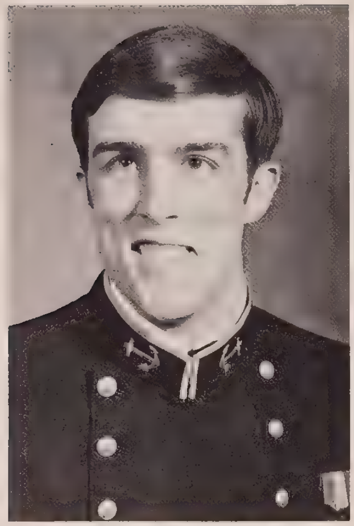
Steve's going to head back to Pensacola for a few years after a vacation in Key West. Wine, women and song — you can bet it ain't over.

MICHAEL STEPHEN JOHNSON
"MIKE"



MITCHELL A. ROSENBERG
"MITCH"

Armed with a cast on his foot, trepidation, and a fresh copy of Murphy's Law, Mitch prepared for his onslaught on prestigious USNA. And so he left his home in Langhorne, Pa. for the warmth and comfort of Mother B — "Abandon all hope, ye who enter here." It was all gymnastics and academics after that with little respite. But now in the winter of his discontent, the cast long gone, trepidation replaced by ennui and Murphy's Law well-thumbed, it all seems worthwhile as Mitch prepares for graduation, TAD in Washington, D.C. and then flight school in Pensacola, Fla.



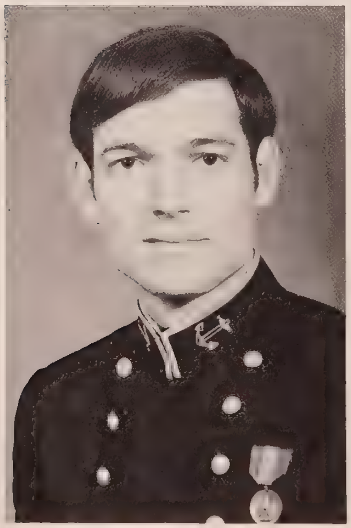
EDWARD J. ROURKE
"ED"

In considering my adventures at U.S.N.A. I would have to say they have been interesting. There was that time when some furniture seemed to be needed to be moved. Then the countless experiments thast I have conducted on the accuracy of the Bancroft Hall bell system. And of course the never ending barrage of compliments that I have earned through some of my more wondrous deeds. Charles? Then Rugby, company fieldball, and an occasional battle at Hood made it worthwhile.

Well, enough of this except to say that the three minute rule applies to more than just navigation and thanks to all my mature associates. Supply Corps is in my immediate future after I finally get my degree in political science.

BARRY STUART SHERMAN
"GENERAL"

What can you say about a man who has a profile to rival Durante and more Chiquita banana stickers than cumulative hours studied (a very unfair comparison). Between surgeries and brushing his teeth General tried to remember where his classes were . . . but you can't be a Surface Liner if you are deaf! OHhh BABY BABY. The future is bright for Barone (with or without his knees) and his monkey friends. It will someday include the acquisition of his own hockey team to rival his beloved RANGERS. Shermone's graduation proves that it is possible to bring it in on "A WING and a prayer." MAZEL TOV!



RAY C. SIMMONS
21st Company Commander

Ray comes from Florida and New Hampshire (He claims the one with the least taxes, which alternates during the year). Always thinking!

After spending an exhausting plebe year (playing darts and drinking gin), Ray slept through youngster year. A firm believer in gouge, he felt no need to go to class in order to get by. The only problem was that he wasn't. Waking from his deep sleep just before finals, he managed to pull it out (barely). Still dazed, second class year started before he knew it. Too late to get out, he decided to take what he could from the system. Making big concessions, a beer here and a baseball game there, Ray worked his way out of the dregs and became Company Commander (apparently blackmailing the Company Officer).

He'll always be known for his strongarm tactics (usually enforced by one of his roommates, the big, dumb, ugly one).

To those who don't go Air, Ray will always be one of the few that usually got what he wanted, and usually at their expense.

BENJAMIN LEE SITLER
"BO"

From the land of knockwurst and sauerkraut came Ben Sitler on a hot summer day. Just as Aladdin had his lamp and magic carpet, Ben had his genie and unpredictable GT6. These were the main features in his magic disappearing act every weekend.

Bo spent his afternoons on the blue waves of the Severn. For where else but in a shell could you cross the finish line, sitting down and facing backwards, . . . and still win.

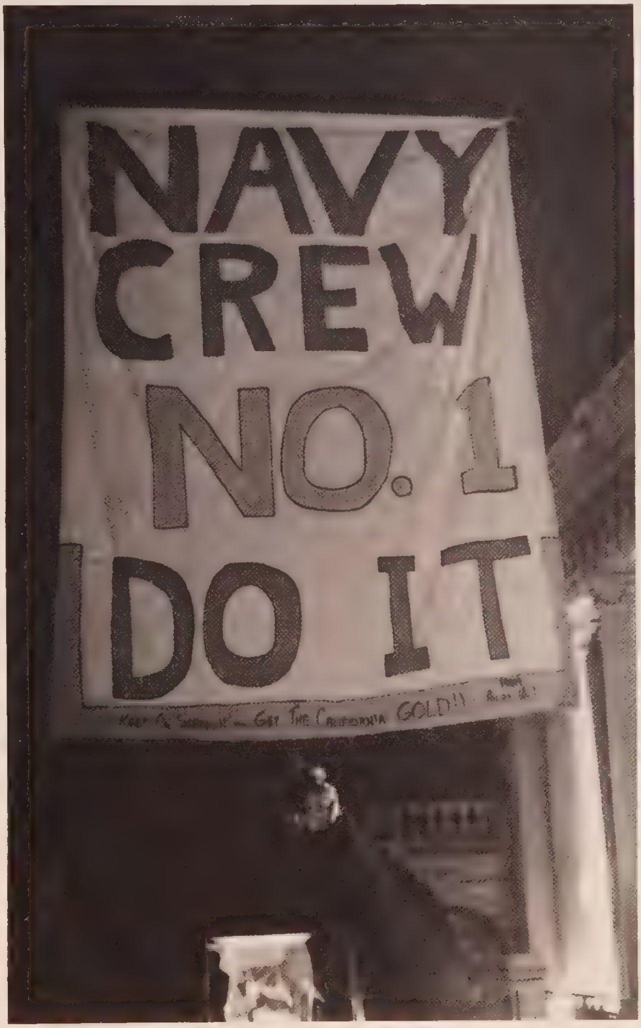
Always looking ahead towards better times, Ben saw the Admiral so that he could learn more about the mysteries of the atom. For what else can a Mechanical Engineer do?

JOHN WESLEY SPENCER, JR.
4th Battalion Operations

John came to the Naval Academy from the thriving village of Libertyville, Illinois. Always big in water sports, water on the brain and a little propoganda inspired John to be an oceanography major. Three years later Admiral Rickover set him straight on this mistake. It was obvious "Fenster" went for quantity where booze and broads were concerned, but he'll insist it's been quality. (Most of the time anyway) Although conscientious about academics, weekends were a time to get away from it all. Youngster year, Buzzy's and beer revealed "Joe's" dream to be President someday, but for now he's satisfied with nuclear power and the submariner's life.

ERIC C. SMITH
"SMITTY"

As the setting sun poked from between the sage and cactus over the New Mexico wastelands, the Smith abandoned his western lair. Twenty-one's Apollo was quickly recruited by the Crew coaches and his hard work and dedication often found Eric working out to late hours on the Crofton Golf Course, the Silver Slipper, and occasionally Hubbard Hall. Smitty's consummate skill as a scholar often impressed his contemporaries as he set the cultural and intellectual vogue from the wardroom. His prodigious ability for profligate escapades and his propensity to consume anything from grain alcohol to formaldihyde could never have been achieved by a lesser man. Eric leaves us with more good laughs and more good friends than anyone. He has earned our respect for being true to himself — for being a man. The Navy needs more men like him. As Eric leaves us for the Navy and the rest of the "real" world we know he's prepared. Like he says, "Son, I was born ready."



JAMES F. SURCH

"I am what I am today despite the efforts of all my friends and neighbors: George, Rocky, Deke, Revolting, K.A.J., Abdul, Snake, Tony, Buzzard, the Hood and Jaws." Never a dull moment best describes Suricia's confrontation with naval life. From the halls of Annapolis's jail to the shores of the Red Beach, Suricia's undergraduate education is best summed up with these two quotes: "Its time for a bit of a deviant personality." "When was the last time you brassoed your cruise box."

DANIEL THOMPSON

If ever there was a Mid with a sense for the verbose, it was Dan. Bedazzling his classmates with a vocabulary that only Noah Webster could have compiled, he proved the old maxim, "If you can't dazzle them with brilliance, baffle them with . . ." Dan finally did become a scholar just in time for it not to count towards service selection. A fine athlete, Dan made his mark in Brigade Boxing and the heathen sport Rugby until hampered by a bad knee. A "surface liner" from the word go, we'll all remember Dan as a true friend as he sails on to bigger and better things.

RICHARD THOMPSON

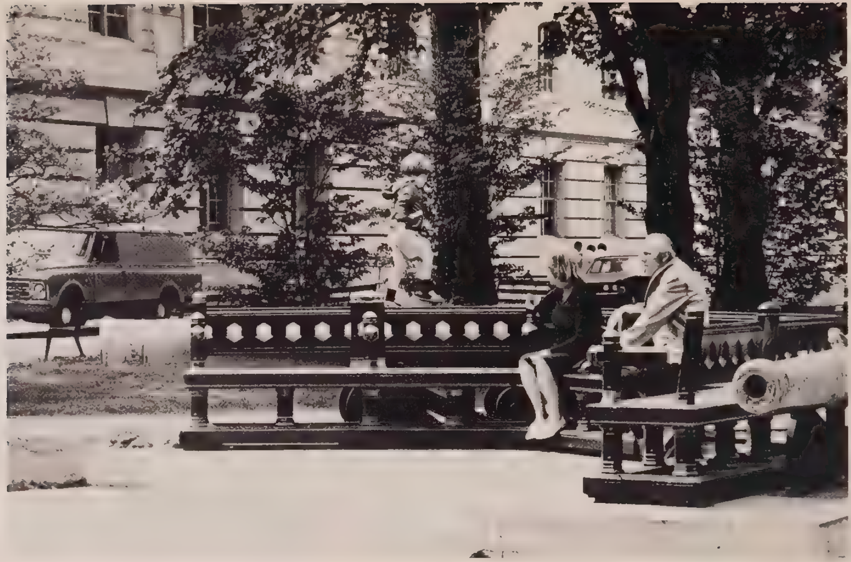
Richard Thompson, who hails from Bakersfield, Ca., came to the academy in hopes of becoming a very fine and upstart midshipman, but found the going a little tough. He is one very proud individual who has worked very hard since he has been here. There is a lot to be said about this individual, but very little is interesting to some people but to others, he means a helluva lot. He is very enthusiastic about getting married and becoming a naval aviator. It has been a very tough road, so he deserves all the luck and benefits that life has to offer.

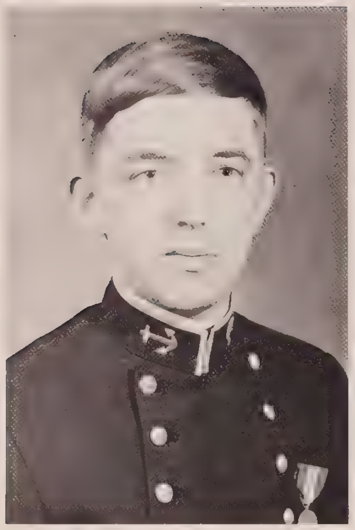
TWENTY SECOND COMPANY

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) G. Flanagan, J. Ortega. *SECOND ROW:* L. Harper, B. Girrier, R. Kaplan, E. Mosely, C. Slack. *THIRD ROW:* D. McNaughton, A. Hammond, B. Larimore, L. King, D. Reilly. *FOURTH ROW:* G. Teufel, D. Mulhare, T. Johnston, S. Copeland, E. Nelson. *(STANDING)* M. Crisp, D. McCain, J. Whatley. *FIFTH ROW:* D. Schuman, M. Duncan, C. Hefren, F. Butterfield, K. Greene, C. Goodlett, B. Terry, J. Fitzgerld, B. Poole.

FRONT ROW: (L TO R) K. Michealson, M. Brower, D. Fitzgerald, J. Wilson, P. Temple, M. Young, S. Smith. *MIDDLE ROW:* J. Hagglin, A. Chitwood, B. Lakis, G. Jackson, J. Matthews, T. Branch, M. Muldoon, R. Nevitt, S. Krause, S. Jones, B. Smout, R. Sterling. *BACK ROW:* M. Sottung, M. Campbell, V. Domzalski, G. Turnquist, B. Manzi, W. Elmer, C. Wenz, M. Bladuell, D. Beam, D. Bursch.

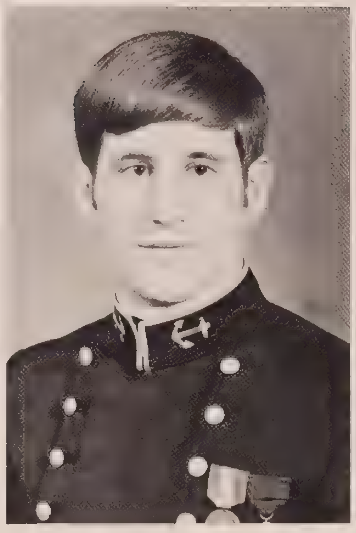
FIRST ROW: (L TO R) C. Desmarias, D. Tworzynanski, W. Eckles, J. Young, T. Ruck, R. Wooldridge. *SECOND ROW:* G. Galyo, Gonzales, M.J. Almanza, C. Geving, H. McMillan, J. Ziccardi, S. Cushanick, C. Howard, J. Buck. *THIRD ROW:* C. Thornton, D. Petrie, J. Rodman, M. Harrington, D. Chilton, E. Dimarco, M. Happel, R. Donofrio, P. Allen, J. Pierce, M. Maley, M. Sims, J. Denmark, K. Currie, C. Hahn, J. Donahue, G. Brown, K. Kott, D. Thorn.





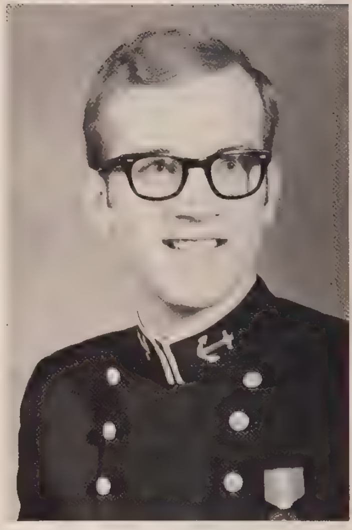
RUSSELL J. ARMENTROUT
"TROUT"

Trout left Virginia to come to Navy, but his heart was always in the South. Even though a Narc, he was always steadfast in his decision to go Corps for his whole career at USNA. He was indeed unique. As John Prine, one of his favorite musicians, said, "There was two of everything, but one of me." Usually seen with his ever-present chaw of Red Man, thoughts of sports, progressive music, and backpacking were never far from his mind.



ROBERT L. BARNES
"BOB"

Robert Lee Barnes, otherwise known as Badnews Barnes, is the biggest thing to come out of Columbiana, Ohio since Harvey S. Firestone. Bob's plebe year was highlighted by deliveratly trying to flunk out via the ac board first semester, but to his debelief was not summoned. After changing his mind and realizing he wanted to stay. Bob tremendously applied himself second semester. The ac board finally got him, however, and assigned him a tour at USNA summer school. Bob has always believed in being resourceful. As a result, he engineered one of the boldest stunts in Naval Academy history — something which the Washington Post would have liked to print. He now intends to settle down with a cute little redhead from New Jersey who herself was one of America's finest. Surface line looks mighty fine, but the reserve fleet looks even better for Bob. We're all sure he will enjoy himself as he heads out to sunny southern California in his yellow vette with his most prized possession which he stole from Bancroft Hall.



CHARLES CHRYSOSTOM BOLEY, JR.
"CAP'N"

Charles C. Boley, alias Cap'n Boley or C.B., came to 22nd company from Lexington, Va. After that fateful day of 9 July 73, Cap'n quickly learned, as we all did in 22, the ins and outs of USNA, especially the ins with the chins. After mastering the challenges of plebe year, the remaining years at the Academy were a snap for Charlie. An avid science fiction fan, he was known to enjoy a good episode of Star Trek once in a while. Well, maybe twice, or thrice, or . . . In any case, he enjoyed going where no man had gone before.

But this is not to imply that Charlie didn't have his feet on the ground. Majoring in Engineering Physics, his free time was devoted to the Drum and Bugle Corps, Pep Band, and the Physics Honor Society. In addition, he was the 1st set company adjutant.

Having selected Submarines as his warfare specialty, Charlie will soon be exploring the far reaches of the oceans. Best of luck to you, C.B.! See you in the fleet! "Dum vivimus, vivamus!"

EDWARD L. GARCIA

FRANK PETER CHRZANOWSKI

Frank, otherwise referred to as Franush, is 22nd company's Polish representative from Wilmington, Delaware. Over his 4 year period at the Academy he has taught his buddies more about Polish ancestory than E. B. Potter has taught about seapower.

Frank has 2 of the fastest feet in the country. The highlight of the company parties is watching Franush do his many different versions of the polka. Frank spent his first 3 years at the Academy on the mats for Navy Wrestling. His firstclass year however he decided to devote his time towards the finer things in life, namely, his car, partying, and eating kielbasi.

Frank believes in the saying "navy air treats you fair" and has decided to head south after graduation. In about 2 years the skies should be full of Polish music coming from a P-3.

JOHN ALSTON CLOWARD
"OLD MAN"

The Old Man wanted to claim Seoul Korea as home, but two years at U. of Utah pegged him as a Salt Lake City Mormon. An Air Force brat, he had never lived four years at any one place until he came here. John skated through plebe year because he was a year older than his squad leader and looked ten years older. He seemed to have plenty of good looking girl friends inspite of his hair. (or lack of it!) He divided his time between Chinese, Church work, and glee club trips, ankd set an all time record for carrying food out of the mess hall. He spent his Summers at Fort Benning, or traveling around the Far East. He's the only mid who ever burned Budhist Temple incense to Tecumsa instead of throwing pennies, and told his plebes to quote from Chairman Mao's little red book instead of Reef Points. His most famous saying, especially during mid-terms or duty weekends was, "Why didn't I stay in ROTC!" John finally settled down with Jacque in 2/c year, and it looks like he'll be taking her with him to Japan as he joins the Black Shoes.

CHRISTOPHER P. COOK
"COOKIEMAN"

Christopher P. Cook or 'Cookieman' as he was dubbed, was a land locked New Mexico Cowboy, who woke up in the Atlantic on Youngster Cruise and saw the Ocean for the first time. After crusing with the Navy's 'Finest', the cowboy got an itchen for dry land and signed up for the Corps. Cookieman and his redneck roommate R.W. ran the honky tonk in the 2-0 ghetto after they teamed up and got the Country Western Music roll'n. Finding no Western Band at USNA Cookieman took up the bugle in the D&B, and became Co-Chairman of the Pep-Band. That crazy cowboy missed the Rodeo, and the thrill so he went Airborne. As the commander of the Airborne Volunteers, he enlisted scores of fools to run with him. His loud and thunderous 'Airborne' in the wee hours, will long be remembered on Captains' row.

ALBERT RICHARD HOCHEVAR
"HOCH"
Deputy Brigade Commander

"Hoch" came to us directly from Joliet Catholic High School in Joliet, Illinois. Adapting well to the life at USNA, he quickly fell into the Plebe summer routine of chopping, chow calls, and p-rades.

The transition to the academic pace proved to be no problem for Al. Majoring in Oceanography, he was able to maintain a high enough QPR to be selected as a Burke Scholar and a member of Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges. But this is not to say that Al neglected the professional side of the Academy. As a Firstie, he ranked first in the JORR and served as the 2nd set Deputy Brigade Commander.

Despite the demands made on his time by the rigors of Academy life, Al always managed to find some roon in his life for members of the fairer sex. Occasionally, he swore off girls in order to devote his time to Navy, but these periods of abstention rarely lasted beyond the beginning of the next weekend.

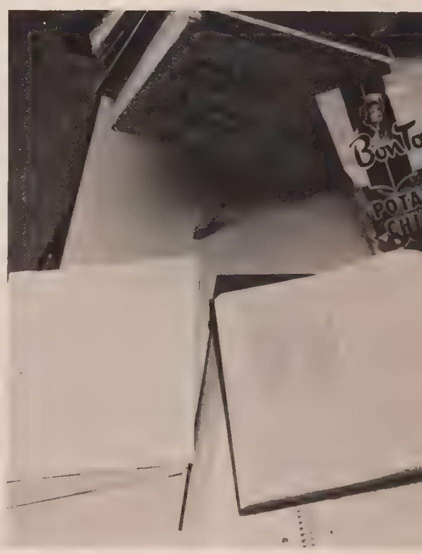
Selected for Nuclear Power, Al's warfare specialty is submarines.

ROBERT F. HOLMAN
"BOB"
Lacrosse All American
Honorable Mention

ROBERT F. HOLMAN alias FAT DOG comes from the quaint little town of Lothian, Md. . . . Located approximately 20 minutes from Annapolis BOB'S house soon became a haven for the 22nd company. IN fact midway through 2/C year, BOB didn't know if he was managing a parking lot, hotel, bar, or diner. What's BOB famous for? Playing lacrosse, SIR. BOB'S performance on the lax field has just been outstanding over the last 3 years. Yes, Navy's starting crease attackman really knows how to handle his stick. McGarvey's, Petes Place, and Pier 7 will certainly miss BOB's business as he heads out west to man his Fleet Reserve Destroyer out of Seattle. Meanwhile Olympia beer corp is rolling out the red carpet. BOB is ready to make a great steamer. Our only concern is Seattle might not have enough women to last through his first tour. Good Luck BOBBY.

DAVID A. HOUSEHOLDER
"KEEPER"

Dave came to USNA from Ellwood City, a sedate little town in Western Pennsylvania, confident and ambitious, but not quite sure of what he was getting himself into. Beginning with Day 2 of Plebe Summer, he found out rather quickly. In fact, he learned about the Academy fast enough to emerge from Plebe Year relatively unscathed. During Youngster Year, a chronic case of Youngsteritis struck, but it wasn't serious enough to prevent Dave from opting for Canoe U. on College Selection Night. Segundo Year saw much hard work (ARRGH!), an occasional attitude attack, and the revival of the long lost moniker of "Keeper." Although having been accused at times of taking advantage of the system, Keeper proved his mettle by pulling out the grades. First Class Year witnessed Dave's decision to join the ranks of the Nuke Pukes, in spite of the bull major that he loved so well. We are sure that, as Keeper hits the fleet, his four long years of preparation at USNA will serve him well.



RICHARD J. KNOWSKI
"MOUSE"

Mouse, alias Rich, was the shinning pollack that joined us all the way from Philly. After a futile try at 150's, he made a name for himself plebe year as the star quarterback of the Fourth Battalion. On and upward he flew, all the way to Company lightweights. Besides the Eagles, he liked the Broad Street Bullies best. A founding member of the "managers 3", he had little trouble with his double major. Mouse was always around when anyone needed a favor, except on weekends. Seldom a Friday went by, that he didn't beat-feet north on Rt. 301. P-3's and wedding bells were always on his mind.

RICHARD LOUIS PAUL MARCANTONIO
"MARCO"
22nd Company Commander

As soon as Rick arrived at Middie City from nearby Newark, Delaware, he planted a miniature Delaware State flag in his room, a faded little ornament which truculently withstood Trout's four years of attempted removal. In that time Rick became famous for late nite EE gouge sessions, 2 Gremlins a year, and a girl bound and determined to go to the Ring Dance. While on Plebe Detail, he was Midn-in-Charge of conducting the much feared STBD BATT come-arounds, and author of that intrepid Parent's Weekend "Boondockers" speech. However, 1/c AC year saw him in charge of something much more important: tracking down the gouge for the infamous JORR, a task he met with such easy grace that 22 took 1st in the Brigade. Rick capped off his Midn career by guiding 22 thru the Dark Ages by the blinding light of three dazzling stripes.

In Rick, Sunny Pensacola has found a true lover of Navy Air; when he starts talking about driving one of those big, ugly Greyhounds in the sky, his eyes get almost as starry as his SDB lapels.

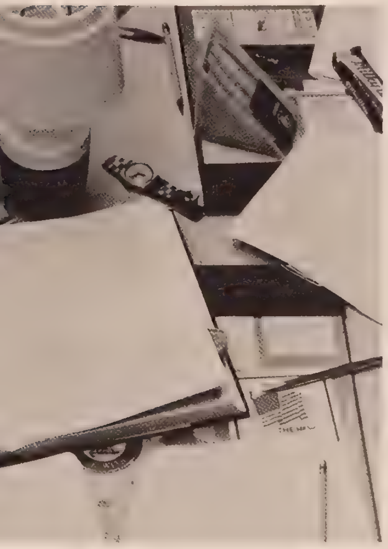
MICHAEL JOSEPH MAIR

Nightmare came to the Academy in search of fame and fortune; however, he chose Nuclear Power instead. After rooming several years with Waldo, a friend who unfortunately couldn't pronounce the name of his own homestate, and KOSZ, a confused FLAGPOLE who couldn't spell his, Mike roomed with Corporal and received the ultimate ARRGH! Deciding Nuke Power was the best choice early in his years, Mike picked Ocean Engineering and was fortunate enough to achieve sufficient grades. Although he will never be accused of having a deep affection for poetry, Mike thinks Frost best expresses his feelings in "The Road Not Taken;"

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

RICHARD J. McGRAW Jr.
"TUG"

Richard "Tug" McGraw is a native of Cleveland, Ohio, one of America's finest and most beautiful cities, as he has told us countless times. Due to his high pitched voice, debonair looking smile, and Irish background, Tug has accumulated more nicknames than China has rice. Probably his greatest loyalty is towards his old high school, St. Edward's. Tug may not have known Navy's starting line-up as a plebe, but he knew St. Eds' backwards and forwards, providing his Mother sent him the newspaper articles from the Plain Dealer, Cleveland's number one newspaper. Who knows what lucky young lady waits for this handsome devil? At any rate, Tug will be able to smell her out one way or another, even if she is his roommate's date. Tug should make a fine NFO if the instructors at Pensacola figure out a way to keep his feet from sweating before every flight. If they can't, well that's the way the toast burns! Good luck Tug!



HARRY F. MEYERS

Harry was the perfectionist of the company. He always had the answer before you had the question. Harry spent a large part of his time at WMID and the rest in the rack. He knew about more loopholes in the Regs than the keenest officer. Recon raids were his specialty and he slept through company officer meetings to be fully rested for them. Harry is headed for Med school and it looks like he's a career man since the Navy has signed him up until '94. He'll be sure to enjoy his shore duty though, especially with all those nurses and X-ray techs around to help the time pass quickly.

TOM OSSECK
"TOM"

TOM drifted into the Academy from Altamout, Illinois and has been drifting ever since. After the usual hard time of plebe year, "Snake" drifted into youngster year picking up his grades, his "flame", his girl, and everyone else's girl. TOM never tried to win a popularity contest with the plebes; if he had he would have lost for sure. This reputation as the number 1 flame stayed with him until the end of 2/C year. I wonder if a certain Hot Tamale from Mexico could have put out the fire? TOM mellowed out during 1/C year and starting burning the midnight oil over his books rather than burning plebes. He then became a good source for E.I. and was always willing to spend some time to help you out. Headed for Pensacola, TOM should get to see what real after-burners are like. vGood Luck TOM.

CLINTON L. PAGANO
"CLEM"

Clem came from the well known, over populated town of Milford, New Jersey. His plebe and youngster years he wrestled for the JV's but decided to retire and concentrate his efforts toward Company light weight football and Battalion crew. He decided to volunteer for the plebe detail because he felt he would get too much leave and would have an adverse effect on his growth and potential as a professional Naval officer. Besides his fiancee', his favorite sight is Potter County, Pa. — "GOD'S COUNTRY", as he would say. A member of the Honor Board, Clem's counciling ability was highly regarded by everyone. Marriage, land based NFO, and becoming an honorary member of Pete's Place were always foremost on his list of priorities. Good Luck Clem!

W.E. PATTERSON

LAWRENCE J. PERUFFO
"LARRY"

Arriving from the wilds of upstate New York, from the first it was obvious that Larry would fit in well at the Severn River Canoe and Country Club. Sailing, scuba diving, and tennis did not take all his time however, he always found time to sit and ponder his Model A Ford hot rod, the pictures under his blotter, or his dubious success with the opposite sex. Larry had enough of boats water, and waves in Ocean Engineering and decided to join the crowd and fly the friendly skies of the Navy after graduation. If all goes well, the future holds fun in the sun at Pensacola and then a nice comfortable job flying P-3's for the next twenty years.

COLIN WENDELL SARGENT

Colin left the Maine woods to come to USNA, where he quickly began piling up four long years worth of empty Coke cans. After an invigorating Plebe Summer, Sarge roomed with two favorite sons of the Deep South: Charlie Boley, who taught him the winged value of time, and Trout, who inculcated into him Rule Number One of Grammer; e.g., never start or end a one word statement with WHY. Colin had a lot of fun as an English major, winning the Academy of American Poets contest in 1976, and teaching a Plebe class (Poetry and the Novel) during Second Semester First Class Year. He was Company Pro Rep during 2/c Year, 1st Platoon Leader for First Set 1/c Year, and was last seen buried under a blizzard of white paper as CAO for Second Set.

Sunny Pensacola looms brightly in his future, and, while gliding through those footless halls of blue air, he'll fondly recall CDH from '17, Missile C, X Canuck, WPS, Keeper, Steins and Charlie, Little Lord Fauntleroy, and all the tongue flicking contests with Nightmare.

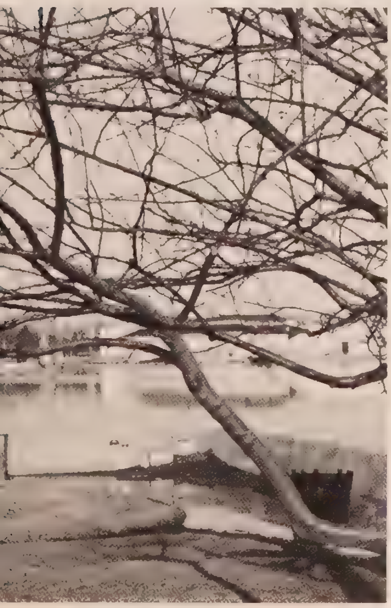
ROBERT JOHN PRODOEHL
"GROTE"

Rob Prodoehl, alias Grote, alias Jelly, tough guy from Philly. "Good Buddy" to everyone, the locator of the gouge, and always the one to supply food from home on a Sunday evening. Grote, as he was affectionately known, was one of the more intelligent in the company, but no one could figure out how he did it. Whenever you wanted to find him during study hour you first looked in the wardroom and then in his rack. He got the reputation of never studying but still doing the best of the managers three on tests. He was known for his gifted ability to talk forever, but he was always the one to sit and listen if someone had a problem to share. Though he was usually late for our company parties, he always left giving everyone something to talk about: one of the best all around — someone we will all remember after we are long gone. The Grote.

MARK STEPHEN SNOW
"SNOWBIRD"

But the wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, reasonable, full of mercy and good fruits, unwavering, without hypocrisy, and the seed whose fruit is righteousness is sown in peace by those who make peace.

JAMES 3:17-18



JOHN W. STEINMULLER, JR.
"STEINS"

From the sunny beaches of Florida, John came to USNA expecting the worst. He was not disappointed. With "Flame-on" Reid giving everyone a real plebe summer — even if it killed him — every plebe in the "double deuce" soon came to identify strongly with maggots. Riding through plebe year on something a little less than the crest of a wave, John found his remaining three years at USNA much more enjoyable.

Devoting his free time to Pep Band and Masqueraders, he particularly excelled in the latter where he soon established himself as tech foreman. With his roommate, C.B., he set up a cheese shop and pharmacy on the "edge of the world".

After a month of polishing the rock in GTMO, 1/c summer, John has decided on Navy Air where he will soon be flying the friendly skys of Navy. Good Luck and see you in Pensacola, John!

"Sic itur ad astra"

OWEN GODFREY THORP III
"BIG O"
22nd Company Commander

Owen Godfrey Thorp III, also known as Big O or Fatboy, is the son of a New Jersey liquor store owner, which is evident from his habits or habit of drinking beer. Fatboy carried his musical talent through the Academy by leading the NA-10 with his solo sax playing. Big O's talents were not limited to the sax, however as his way with women was also unique. Godfrey would ask out anything that walked which is proved by his letter to Susan Ford for a date. The parties at The Big O's house will always be remembered by his buddies. O's parents went to extremes in preparation of the food and drinks. This was the only party to have an 18 course meal and drinks to order. (Naturally, Fatboy enjoyed every one). The Big O will also be remembered for his outstanding leadership as Company Commander. O, who enjoyed his sub cruise so much, has decided to join Rickover's boys for a career in the deep blue. DAAAHHH!!!

JOEL L. WILSON
"SCHNOZ"

Joel, Schnoz, Wilson with family currently residing in Willow Grove, Pa. still clings stubbornly on to his former home state of New Hampshire. Not to say that he regrets the move. A three hour drive for a weekend suited him just fine. As a quick reference, the name Schnoz was a result of a baseball accident in high school.

After high school Joel had plans of entering an Aeronautical School in New Hampshire, but a scholarship to a Prep School for the Academy soon changed his mind. Joel found Prep School a big disappointment, but he does admit one thing; the rooms and food were so bad that it made the Naval Academy look like the Hilton.

Joel formed no steady relationship with any girl during his four years, sticking with the sound philosophy that they simply cost too much. Now that he will be making Ensign pay he can start looking, and when he makes Captain he can get married.

Service selection found Joel going Navy Air, the only way to go.

RANDEL W. WOOD
"WOODCHUCK"

Randy came from way down South in Louisiana ready to work hard enough to succeed and still have enough time for fun. He had this knack for finding good deals to make the four years seem a little shorter, he typed for fun and profit while the rest of us studied for Uncle Sam, went to Mardi Gras Balls when we sat at the Academy, and got to be Wardroom President so he could sit in the front row. Randy decided after four years of cruising thru management, why stop when you've got a good thing, so he'll be a surface skimmer after graduation, going to one of those greyhounds of the fleet.

MARK TUCKER
"T STARR"

Mark came to USNA straight out of high school, a fine product of New Jersey wrestling. But he soon traded in his wrestling shoes for boxing gloves and has proven his prowess in the sport by, not only making the Brigade finals, but by also coaching the Batt champs. Mark put more than his share of time in when it came to studying but his long hours paid off.

On Service Selection Night, T STARR decided to trade in his Navy Blues for Marine Greens. I am sure he will make a fine addition to the Corps and if he puts as much effort and desire into his future career as he has into his 4 years at the Academy, he will certainly make his mark in life.

GARY L. WALDRON
"WALDO"

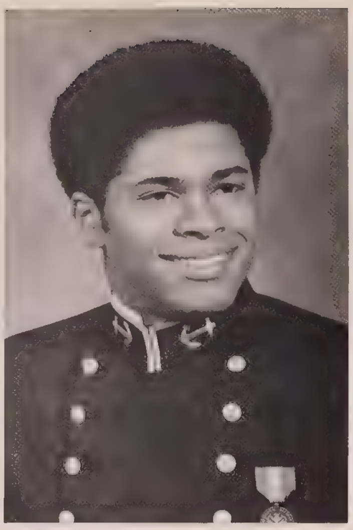
Gary roared his way in from Bend, Oregon, with a one-year pitstop at NAPS. He distinguished himself early as a plebe by winning stare-down contest with first class and lettering in rack. A lapse of sanity resulted in a three-year Mexican standoff with the Electrical Engineering Department. Second class year brought a wholesome change to Gary's life as he began his weekend jaunts to Baltimore to see his OAO and take part in other spirit related activities. A WWII tug was Navy's surprise first class cruise for Gary, and indeed the old steamer almost swayed him over to Surface Line. Casting caution to the wind, he finally chose his life-long ambition — Navy Air. The West Coast awaits the return of this top-notch ace.

TWENTY THIRD COMPANY

SEATED ON FLOOR: (L TO R) M. Galpin, J. Skogsberg, B. Green, S. Ferree, S.H. Seeger, J. Martin, J. Rogers. *SEATED ON CHAIR:* K. Hamilton, R. Knight, C. Dawson, W. Duggan, S.M. Johnston, L. Norton, A. Robredo, D. Vance, B. Lord. *STANDING:* K. Walter, J. Cramer, B. Cook, C. Orzalli, P. Matthews, J. Stanik, T. Dowding, J. Painter, J. Warren, J. Byers, M. Senseman, H. Leavitt, C. Powers, S. Podawiltz, D. Morrison.

SEATED ON FLOOR: (L TO R) R. Eadie, T. Shelly, M. Wilsey, J. Adams, J. Rickman, A. McCombs, D. Lyons, J. Erickson, D. Evans. *SEATED IN CHAIR:* M. Welch, F. Sablan, G. Krumel, P. Prutzman, B. Kahl, T. Guelich, M. Johnson, B. Ward, G. Franks, J. Taylor. *STANDING:* T. Phelan, G. Torgerson, E. Bauer, T. Walsh, B. Wawrzeniak, R. Chapa, B. Driscoll, L. Armor, S. Schmmel, W. Shear, T. Womble, S. Kenyon, G. Roby, R. Kovac, J. Spillane.

FRONT ROW: (L TO R) S. Masalin, F. Stagliano, K. Sieczkowski, G. Miller, J. Kubo, D. Hermoso, S. Sullivan, R. Stafford, P. Tatro, R. Torres. *BACK ROW:* K. Browne, R. Atwood, D. Lengyel, B. Gehrke, D. Anderson, A. Wellesley, J. Hickey, L. Rucker, P. Shaner, B. Grooms, S. Anderson, W. Turnock, M. Sneed, R. Oxborrow, M. Dimercurio, M. Robinson.
NOT PICTURED: G. Morris, B. Ferguson, G. Houck,



GREGORY LEE BYRD
"BYRDMAN"

Hailing from the rosey abode of Pasadena, Maryland that is, the BYRDMAN was destined to be one of our premier middies. After a slow start he quickly emerged as a star in his own way. Football was not as he expected but the long hours at Nimitz gave him glory. Not being one to give up he finally won his N*. An excellent card player the Byrd was, he never lost at solitaire. If he plays his cards right he'll become one of the best ship drivers the Navy has seen. If not — McDonalds always has a place for him.

DEAN PAUL BREZACK
"BREEZE"

Dean Paul Brezack was born in Allentown, Pennsylvania. He attended high school at Valley Forge Military Academy and graduated validictorian. Breeze was appointed to the U.S. Naval Academy by Representative Fred B. Rooney. Validating his way through the Naval Academy, his major was European History. Dean was a member of the sport parachute club. His main interests include automobiles, planes, politics, and slot machines. Dean will attend flight school at Pensacola, Florida to become a Naval Flight Officer.

LESTER E. CARR III
"LEI"
4th Battalion Commander

Loyal, honest, and thrifty he was, and despite many temptations, remained the same throughout his years at USNA. In addition to his many outside interests, LEI manged to get by academically, and was always good for some EI in EE. He was undoubtedly the most improved athlete in the company, although he never quite picked up the finer points in squash. Not known for his delicate appetite, it was rumored that he single-handedly kept Rocco's in business first class year. After steadfastly refusing to fly wingman for four years, LEI finally decided to take to the air, only this time in an F-18. His only regret is that he didn't buy a real car when he had the chance.

JOE D. CLEMENTS
"CLEM"

You could take Clem out of the South, but you couldn't take the South out of Clem. Coming from Rome, Ga., Joe could always be found with his red "DOGS" shirt on. Clem was recruited and played football, but being "meat" for All-American Chet Moeller every day got old quick, and Joe decided to devote his athletic prowess to intramural sports. He lead the football team in all categories and was player-coach of the championship b-ball team. Clem was the only member of the gang to come and leave with the same girl. The date has been set for him and Cecilia, a beauty queen that no one can deny, and all of us wish them the best of luck together. Above all, Clem will go down as a great friend, and often coordinator of the famous click's pranks and games, (also another great swimmer.)

CLIFF COOKSEY

"COOKS"

Cliff lived by the Air Force Academy, was headed for West Point, but somehow ended up in Annapolis. The gymnastics coach is glad he did, because "Jaws" lettered from plebe year on and was one of the best ring-men in the nation. This was culminated by his qualifying for the NCAA Championships his junior year, and at the time of writing he is favored to repeat. The hours in the gym took its toll though. His hands were as rough as the sand paper he used to smooth them, and because of doing too many "iron crosses" he had to sleep on his back (and snore!). "Cooks" got his Trans-Am (and nearly killed us all) and is headed for Pensacola to make like a bird and fly. His antics were often recognized by the dant, but what they don't know will never hurt them. Above all, Cliff will be remembered as an outstanding friend, athlete, and a card-carrying member of our "click."

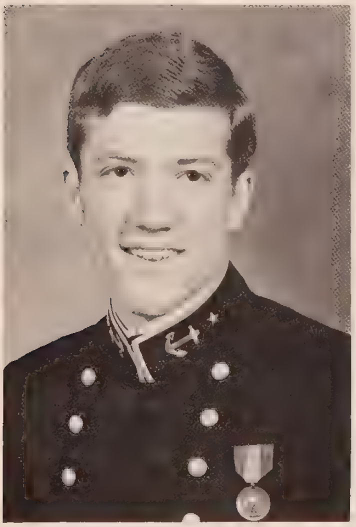
THOMAS L. ELMORE

The Lord is my life and my salvation of whom shall I fear? The Lord is the stronghold of my life of whom shall I be afraid? Though a host encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war arise against me, yet I will be confident. 27th Psalm

RAYMOND F. COULOMBE JR

"MUNDO"

Having visions of electricity zapping through his brain, Mundo headed for the Naval Academy and left his Connecticut coast line far behind. After getting plebe year behind him and acquiring the needed skills to beat the system, he took on the rigors of the electrical engineering major and managed to do quite well. Good enough to land him in the nuclear power Navy. The four years of Canoe U. was time enough to gather memories of lightweight football, squash and all the other intramural sports that benefited from his athletic ability. Add all that to a fine running Jensen-Healey and it's back to the garage for parts. Can't keep a good car running! Here's wishing Mundo the best of luck in the fleet.

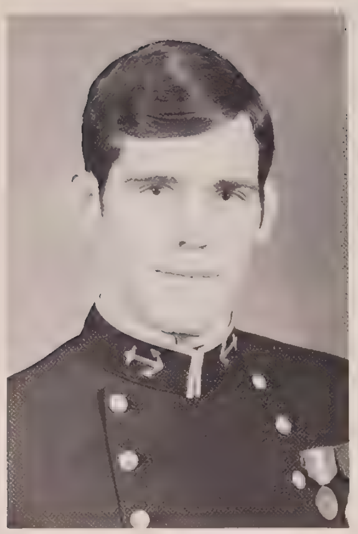


DIRK J. DEBBINK

"D_2"

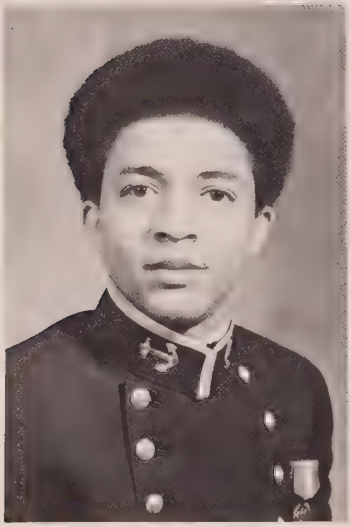
Brigade Commander, Trident Scholar

As a rule, when one is told that one doesn't belong at USNA, it usually means one cannot cope with the system. With Dirk it was just the opposite. Evidently it wasn't challenging enough for him, as shown by his perfect academic record, six stipes, Trident Scholarship and varsity letter. And he's still a nice guy! Even if he is tone deaf! He always said he could do better, but how could he? This simple Wisconsin boy can only be described in superlatives, even his taste in women. As a line officer, he will no doubt amaze his superiors with his abilities and will be the youngest CNO in history if he stays in the Navy. We wish him, simply, happiness, and the best of luck as a true friend. See you in California, Dirk! The real Navy at last!



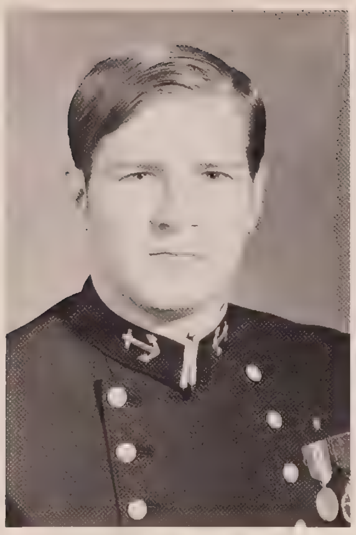
WILLIAM H. FELKER III
"ROCKY"

Known for an enormous appetite and an even greater capacity for fooling around, "Rocky" leaves a permanent mark on the walls of USNA. Like in a fairy tale, "Uncle Billy" was never too busy to play with the "Kid" until one day the big, bad nuclear ogre stepped in and demanded more hours of study. In this case, Rocky rewrote the tale and continued life as always. Hailing from California, Bill never forgot the fun and sun, both of which he got at USNA by stroking crew on cold (!) winter mornings or playing at the stadium afternoons. With a continuous watch for the right girl and a proper sampling of all that's good and fun, all one can say about Bill's graduation is "Look Out World!"



IRBY DEMOBIL FOGLEMAN III
"DOLL BABY"

"Last House on the left before you get to Mississippi," is what Irby had to say on Day One at U.S.N.A., and Annapolis will never again see another like this Memphis Cat. From hair that (received) quarterly cuts, (and a baby face that got even less), to getting elected as captain of the Sub-Squad, to inviting three girls to the same Disco, (all of whom showed up), to becoming a Vegetarian except for chicken, turkey, and when he really got hungry, Irby Dee, as I called him has always kept Annapolis guessing. Well, there's no telling what surprises graduation will bring but Supply School in Georgia is step number one and all I have to say is NAVY LOOKOUT, Doll Baby is free at last.



STEPHEN RUSSELL IRVIN
"SAM"

Sam, or Mirv to some, spent four year majoring in Naval Officer and YP's. He came from the fleet, and returned to the same. He was peculiar in that he loved Surface Line, even on LPD's. For Youngster Cruise he went west, but he spent his First Class Cruise on an FF in the Carribean. Mechanical Engineering grabbed him, but after Wild Bill Lee, Rocket Reed, and Prof. Joyce he managed to escape to the sanity of General Engineering, and survival. Service Selection found him taking a Carrier out of Mayport. Soon he will be back in the Fleet, but oh for those lost four years.

DAVID P. HARDING
"DON"

In his quest for moving onward, Dave passed through the Gateway Arch the wrong way. With a wrong turn and an easterly wind blowing his parachute, he dropped into Canoe U. Dave fit well into the system and it was his enthusiasm for life that found him on the Lucky Bag staff (as photo editor his second class year) and Secretary-Treasurer of the Parachute Club. Yet with all these activities he pursued a demanding electrical engineering major. Looking for an opportunity to use his talents he chose the Marine Corps for his service selection. The Corp is acquiring a fine officer and we wish him the best of luck. (Thanks Wimber, Pup).

WILLIAM PAUL GARLAND
"BIG DADDY"

Billy came here heavily recruited to play football out of Windber, Pa. Strong, fast, and tough as the Steeler team that he loves, "Windber" played his frosh year, but then became disenchanted and took to intramurals where he gained fame in Batt football, fieldball, and softball. In his senior year, he switched to b-ball where he lead us defensively to the Brigade championship and also to touch football where he was one of the best receivers in the league, (along with Clem). Sports was just one side of him though. Always a hit with the ladies, "Big Daddy" had as many girls on the string as beer cans in the cooler. It was for the latter that he gained worldwide fame, and after one trip to Mynderbinders with him and Vo-Tech, anyone can attest to that. Some say "yes" and some say "no" about many Mids, but there isn't a soul in 23 that won't miss Garlicki. He will be remembered as a true friend, character, and charter member of Latsky's click, (along with being a great swimmer.)

ROBERT C. HANSEN
"HARPO"
D&B Commander, Trident Scholar

A young and agile child, Harpo relocated himself into USNA with a drumstick in one hand, a jockstrap in the other, and a book under each arm. He then proceeded to diversify. They say his mother wears combat boots. He wears gold jump wings, a deterrence patrol pin, occasional stars, and three stripes for Drum & Bugle Corps Commander. Mom is proud. He speaks Russian rather fluently, but alas, converses in Ocean Engineering somewhat less so. Hailing from Wisconsin, he learned to skate at an early age, proven by his acceptance as a Trident Scholar. Famous quote: "Prove that you love me: buy the next round!" Hibernation is his game, and drums are his claim to fame. Harp may either become Admiral or a clamdigger. One thing is certain: he'll never engage in normalcy! But beneath his salty exterior, Rob is a musician, a scholar, a free spirit, and a good friend. "Give me a fast Jensen-Healey, for I intend to lay a patch in Harm's Way!" AMEN.

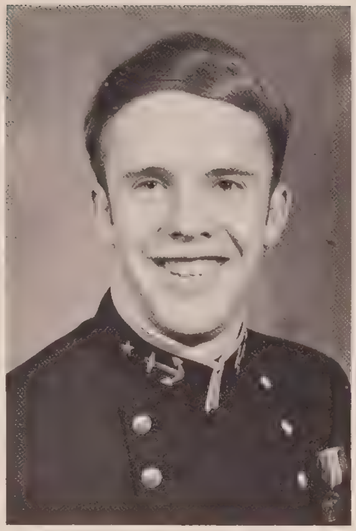
DANIEL J. McCARTHY
"MAC"

Anyone who has ever played any basketball at Navy knows "Mac," mainly because all of them have tried to block that 25 foot jumpshot (and failed). He came to USNA heavily recruited to play roundball, but after frosh year found the emphasis on defense severely cramped his offensive style. Danny then turned his talents to intramurals and led good ole 23 to a Brigade Championship in B-ball with his shooting ability. Mac called Miami Springs, Fla. home and at every break in classes he had some deal going to get him back to the sun and surf, cheaper and faster. A sports fanatic, Mac always knew the "spread" and teamed with Big Daddy, they formed the best trivia team in the Brigade. He will indeed be missed by 23 and all the luck in the world is wished him.

DAVID ROBIN MICKLE
"PIE"

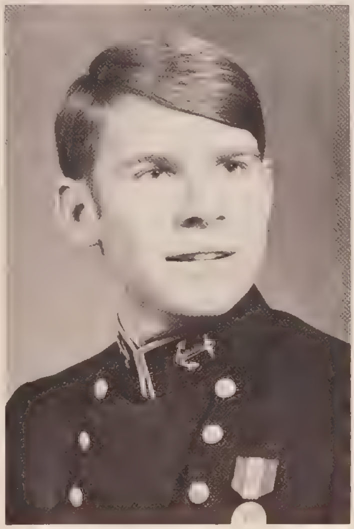
23rd Company Commander;
150 lb Football All League

Dear Robin, we knew him well. The Naval Academy's short version of Clark Kent: mild mannered college student from a great metropolitan (?) area somewhere in Stillwater, Oklahoma, fighting a never ending battle for truth, justice, the American way, good grades, and an All-League slot in 150 lb. football. He won the battles, too, emerging on top of everything while at the Academy, even the beloved rack. Nobody quite understood how he did it, except his perennial roommate, Harpo, who is sworn to secrecy and refuses to tell. Bored with school, he set new horizons in poetry, cigars, women, sports, and the most diverse (perverse?) record collection in the brigade. His physical stature would make Hercules shudder, accentuated by his newly-patented and progressively improving Yul Brycner hairstyle. Obviously, he's starting a new trend in the field of Navy grooming standards. As a future surface ship skipper and eventual CNO, we wish the lad infinite success.



MICHAEL SCOTT
"MIKE"

"Bubba" Scott came out of retirement at Georgia Tech to make U.S.N.A. his final alma mater. Refusing to choose between a good education and a good time, he chose both. Out of a TR-7 and into one of Rickover's nuclear "sewer pipes," Mike proved that even the best can make successive mistakes and still be everybody's "Little Buddy" (Just ask the Good ole Boys or his man Ran!). Becoming a good officer should be no problem for a 4.0 man, especially after another year of rest and relaxation at graduate school. No matter how long you stay under the water, Rocky, Achs, Tank, Trims, and Smitty (and of course Adcrank) will always wait for another memorable night. Fair winds and following seas . . .

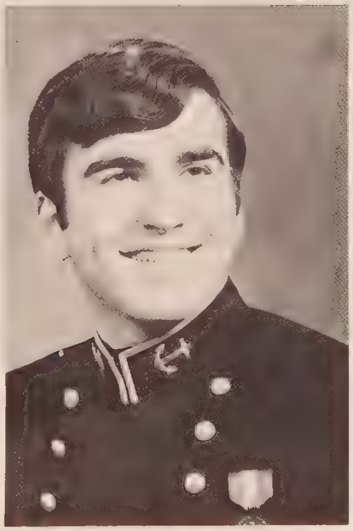


GEORGE PLATZ
"FLYER"

George came from California with a smile on his face,
'Till Bud and his friends started getting on his case.
He and the MASKED MAURADER were a fearsome sort,
Holding Trims' B-day out in Goat Court.
He felt very sad for his friends left behind,
Bakes, Rees and Falls will stay in his mind.
In soccer, Bong Mo, and Pig were right by his side,
As Wildman took the opposition for a ride.
In heavies, Flyer superbly intercepted and ran,
Making him a consenus intramural All-American.
With Colin's help he could not lose,
But he and Po sang the my-Z-no-work blues.
Soon Florida will be the place he calls home,
And the sky will be his new soccer field to roam.

ROBERT JOSEPH MORIN
"BOB"

Robert J. Morin was born in Cincinnati, Ohio and attended Rice Memorial High School in Burlington, Vermont. Appointed to the U.S. Naval Academy by Senator Robert Stafford, Bob has participated in many activities. He has been a member of the sport parachute club, scuba club, hop committee, and concert committee. In his senior year, Bob was appointed to the Board of Advisors of the Officer's Club. Bob also spent that year as the midn-in-charge of the conditioning squad for Coach Heinz Lenz. Bob selected Aerospace Engineering as his major, and will attend Naval flight school for Pilot training at Pensacola, Florida upon graduation.

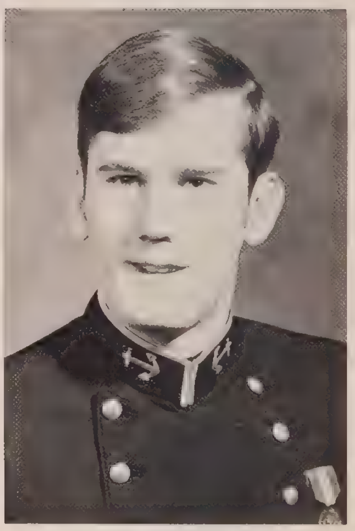


FRANK E. PAGANO

Frank came to us from nearby Brooklyn Park in Baltimore, anxious to accomplish three things. He wanted to play for the "Blue and Gold" soccer team, get a 'vette, and fly like an eagle. His speed and quickness earned him an "N" and enabled him to excel on the soccer field. His most memorable moment being a 1-0 shut-out, in the net, against a nationally ranked Penn State club. And of course he got his 'vette and is headed for Pensacola. He had many other claims to fame (as did all members of the clique!) but most cannot be revealed. It ought to be recorded though, that if Frank should fall asleep from a few too many, PLEASE don't wake him. Because of the proximity of his house, Frank's Mom naturally became "den Mom" to the clan. Their hospitality was particularly appreciated by all, as well as their handy side yard for second class cars.

COLIN Y. SMITH
"C.Y."

Where does one begin with Colin? They can't even give enough space to cover his escapades but nevertheless, few of us will forget them. Coming from Georgia could explain some of them, Marine Air could claim some more and his crazy enthusiasm for the banjo even more, but the list is endless. Never one to let life become stale, C.Y. could always be found under his car, the 4th wing terrace or behind his banjo. Colin had the knack for being able to find the good side of just about anything and who's ever going to forget that cackle with a Georgia accent. Oh well, Quantico will have to care for him now. Good Luck Colin, the Corps will never be the same!!!



JOHN SMITH
"J.S."

From day one at U.S.N.A., one could sense that with Smitty around nothing would ever be the same. Preferring a good time to a sound college education, he decided to read English books and become doomed to a life of teaching back home in Yazoo City upon retirement from the Navy. People have tried, but nobody can get away with not loving the kid. He's so cute! Just ask Admiral Rickover! Filled with infinite energy and a love of life, there's seldom a dull moment with Smitty around — as long as he's asleep. He is living proof that one can be a great officer in spite of — not because of — the Academy. Smitty will be easy to spot in the Fleet — he's the one pretending to be a zeppelin — a relevant thing for his service selection — TAD with Harpo, Pie and Dirk. PRICELESS!

MARK STEPHENSON

Mark, the Duckman of NAPS, came to the Academy from the garden spot of the nation, Middlebush, New Jersey. While at the Academy, most of Mark's time was spent in the pursuit of two major interests: Diana and Naval Architecture, in that order. As a result, Mark was not one to be found anywhere near Mother B. on weekends; weekend transportation to Philly being provided by an MGB, often seen near the State Capitol Building.

Youngster year posed the biggest problem for Mark during his stay here, with him spending many a sunrise walking the terrace. What time was left was spent with "Trout," working on Naval Architecture. Mark plans on going into the surfact fleet, and if all goes well, a June Week wedding and some more work in Naval Architecture will be a part of his future.

JOHN ARTHUR ACHENBACH
"OX"

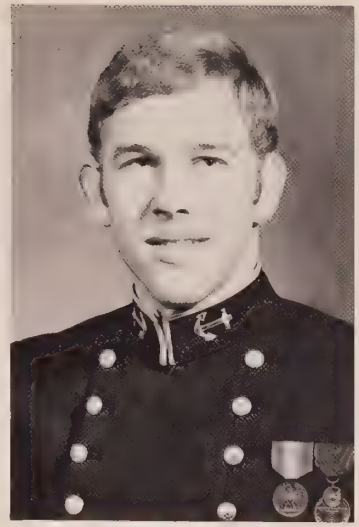
John sailed down to USNA from Massapequa, Long Island and immediately drifted into computer land. Over his four year stay the computer put it in his eye many times, and his Systems Engineering major only shoved the bat up farther. During youngster year "straight arrow" went out for the Navy's "cold war program," affectionally known as intramural fieldball. During semester break you would find John helping his classmates with studies. He taught lessons on the alphabet, Italian Mammas, and E.I. on skiing into snow fences in Vermont.

John kept his moon guard up during first class year but when Admiral Rickover asked John for blood, John pledged 30 hours a week. Upon graduation John will join the forces of the submerged tube dwellers. Dive! Dive!

R. CRAIG TRIMBLE

"TRIMS"

"Trims", as R.C. Trimble was lovingly referred to, has certainly left his mark on the 23rd Company. Few showed the spirit that this young man did, with his devotion to the "Big Blue." His youngster year, he became so emotionally attached to the Football team that he painted himself blue and gold to demonstrate to the Brigade that he was full of Navy Sprit. It was also a fine demonstration of his mental prowess. Rising from a lowly stagehand to President of the Masqueraders in a short three years, his finest hour was when he played the part of Throttlebottom in the musical "Of Thee I Sing." He will long be remembered by his classmates as the bright boy who suggested wearing informal attire to a class photo youngster year. Headed for a future in Naval Aviation we all wish him the best of luck. We will all be proud of the day the newspaper read "Jap reaches outer space and discovers that there is life on Uranus!"



RICHARD B. ADCOCK

"PO-REES"

Four years ago, SLO-MO left Arkansas and drove into town on a truckload of "Punkins." Determined not to let Navy cramp his style, Bancroft Hall was soon ringing with the echoes of his famous HOG calls. Blessed with the ability to touch his knee caps while standing straight, he was a formidable opponent on the b-ball court as well as in a slap-fight. As one who was never satisfied with the air around him, SLO-MO was always improving it in one way or another, as evidenced by his fondness for cigars. Not known as SLO-MO for nothing, he pulled many an all-nighter writing Poly-Si papers that were probably due the previous week. Despite buying a fast car and selecting a fast ship, he will always be SLO-MO or PO-REES to us. GO HOGS!

RONALD BARNES

"BARNE"

23rd Company Commander

Ron can look back upon his years here at Canoe U. with a certain amount of pride. He rolled in from St. Petersburg, Florida and found being a Midshipman at times can cramp one's style. Not one to be stopped, slowed maybe but not stopped, he took up a grueling Latin American Studies major and however difficult it appears, he sold it to the little old man in the Nuclear Power office. He is also being considered for the Olmsted Scholarship, which is a merit in itself. But Barne was not all academics. He is a fairly gifted athlete and was a member of the 23rd Co. Brigade Champion basketball team. An easy going guy, Barne was well liked by all, and the Nuclear Power family is gaining a fine individual.

TWENTY FOURTH COMPANY

(L TO R) IN ORDER OF HEADS: M. Mckeon, J. Bowling, S. Godfrey, S. Howell, G. Wheless, J. Arcano, A. Winns, P. Fox, M. McEntee, T. MacNamee, J. Cobb, J. MacElwee, D. Philman, D. Bruckwicki, G. Sambrano, R. Daniels, C. Lindstrand, C. Lyon, F. Meadows, A. Shaddix, J. Gagne, K. Davies, G. Hunegs, J. Gerety.

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) R. Marrs, B. Fergurgur, R. Tobey, L. Mueller, E. Hayer, M. Stephens, C. Wilder. *SECOND ROW:* J. Mower, W. Daminqo, J. Ciano, J. Mellner, L. Jones, M. Dean, P. Reese, J. Hedden, S. Jenkins. *THIRD ROW:* S. Pratton, C. Giedlin, D. Albrecht, P. Pirozzi, E. Kelley, E. McGinn, M. Fiedt.

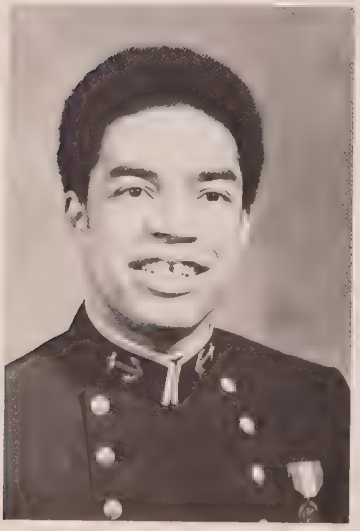
FIRST ROW: A. Colegrove, B. Henry, J. Hawkins, L. Maskell, B. Neunaber. *SECOND ROW:* S. Honan, B. Cavitt, B. Sizemore, N. Petersen, J. Conolly, L. Plunk, C. Vaught, L. McCauley, J. Carlson, J. Spencer. *THIRD ROW:* M. Wedge, J. Trueblood, E. Griffith, J. Adams, J. Anderson, S. Brown, V. See, J. Ransom, D. Porter, J. Dorsey, R. Thompson, M. Mooney, C. Wallington, J. Jamison, G. Petro, R. Blunt.
MISSING: S. Benson, R. Cline.

PAUL JOHN CAPPELLINO
"CAPPY"

Cappy, coming from the snowy hills of Northern New York, made it to USNA a little late. A quick year at NAPS was needed to sharpen academic skills (?) and then it was on to the Big Blue. PJ had a few problems the first year, obtaining a Black N in the process, but the Cape St. Claire 5 were legendery and so were the mornings on the Red Beach. In his second and third years he mastered the rack, and the Beltsville mile. Marriage is somewhere in the future, but for now Cap hopes to fly and just leave Mother B behind.

JAMES SAMUEL EBERLE
"SPOOLIES"

Big Jim hails from Chattanooga Tenn. He left the beautiful hills, fishing and four wheeling to come to the exciting life at Navy. His dynamic personality did not surface until second class year, but when it did he knew he'd never be able to go back to his low profile. Jim was a brigade boxer, but decided to save his face for the women. Jim is an avid believer in the phrase a girl in every port, leaving countless broken hearts around the globe. He was not a very good party goer plebe year. This is evidenced by the fact that he got sick at army. However by June week second class year, he was a veteran. I'll never forget Jim running into the pool with his clothes on and then later without them. He was a little tipsy at the time. He must have had a few more later because he forgot to come back to USNA that night. This led to the position of prominence in the company demerit club. After graduation, Jim will be in the Marine Corps. They will be getting a great person and officer out of the man also known as SPOOLIES.



BENJAMIN ANDRES GARCIA

A true city boy at heart, Benny came to us from Big Apple country. After some trials and tribulations plebe year, he finally was able to take life at USNA in his comfortable, leisurely manner. He met the boys during the end of his plebe year and from then on it was three years of raising hell and enjoying life. It will not be easy to forget those quick disco feet and those Friday night dance lessons in Bancroft. Benny was known for his strange women and loves as his roommates' can testify. Benny will be flying surface line and looking for good times on the high seas.

GARY PAUL GAMBARANI

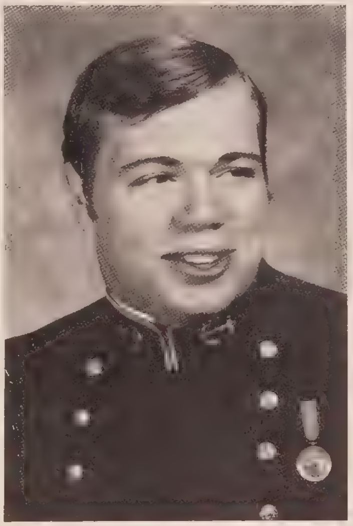
Gary hails from Syosset, New York and came to USNA via the seaman to admiral program which involved a year of high school post graduate work at NAPS. He played 150 lb. football his first two years here, earning a letter as a youngster, but soon became too fond of eating and decided to go the intramurals route. Gabs teamed up with Neidhold and Lawlor every Spring to form the ever potent if not somewhat lazy starting midfield line for the 4th. Batt lacrosse team, two time Brigade Champs. Never one to sweat the system he was a member of the infamous Cape St. Clair Five plebe year and has put in some overtime on the red beach. An avid seeker of the gouge Gary was never one to worry about a test and somehow managed to get by academically. He is always ready for a party and should enjoy his next stop very much. From Jacksonville it will be on to Pensacola where Gary will fly the friendly skies of Navy.

FRANK WARREN WAGNER

He never let his schoolin' interfere with his education.

SCOTT TRIMBLE NEIDHOLD

Scott came to Navy from Southern Maryland after a quick stop at NAPS for some postgraduate work. After a few doubts Scott decided that Navy's in-state student tuition rate was hard to beat. His ECA's Plebe year consisted of being a member of the Cape St. Claire Five, restricting, and watching the sun rise over Annapolis more times than he'd care to remember. Youngster year found Scott leaving Annapolis on the weekends when his company officer would permit and tending to more important business in College Park. Scott never had too many problems with academics and even enjoyed Statistics so much that he decided to take it twice. Never one to turn down a good time Scott and the boys of 24 could often be found raising hell everywhere. After graduation Scott will head south with his belongings and his lady and rejoin Gabs and Lawlor in an attempt to fly the friendly skies of Navy Air.

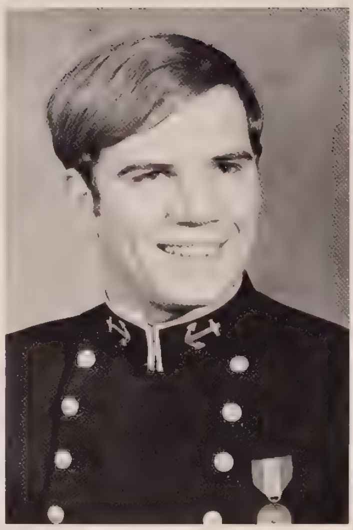


JOHN SAMUEL KERR
"LUCA"

John came to the banks of the Severn from the thriving metropolis of Westfield, New Jersey. Earning the nickname of Luca, he starred on the gridiron as both player and coach and off the field his personality and sense of humor made him a favorite of all. His ability to make anyone laugh was well known and greatly appreciated. John fell victim to the Marine Corps pitch and will wear the scarlet and gold till death do they part. John also entered USNA as somewhat of a lady's man, but more than met his match while only a second class and has remained true to his one and only ever since. Those of us who were fortunate enough to know John will never forget him and probably won't as success is sure to follow wherever he goes.

GEORGE P. LAWLOR

GEORGE came to Navy from that big garden in New York namely Floral Park Long Island. He was the typical big wheel from the big city. He bought a big blue corvette and had big ambitions to make it rich quick. His business was initially laid by his older brother and George was intent on continuing it. George soon realized that 50 demerits was well worth the profit that was made. George's love life at USNA consisted mainly of drinking beer. The figure of a beer can held a special place in this man's heart. Although Service Selection has long since past George is still pondering the best way to go to escape the Navy in less than 5 years. Wherever George decides to go good times will surely follow.



EUGENE JAMES BOJARSKI
"BO"

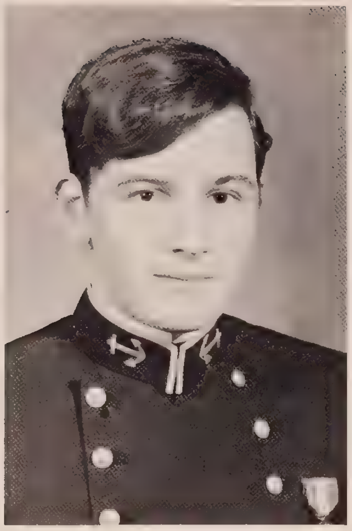
Bo journeyed down from the shores of Erie, Pa., exchanging his fishing pole and traps for the ole M-1 and a pair of leggings. Quiet and shy at first he quickly showed his true colors in numerous classmate tussles and was always ready to join the weekend Melvin wars. Not a true admirer of the Academy regs, Bo found ideal living conditions with his permanent roommate, Mark. Their room instituted civilian standards at the Academy. Blessed by good grades, Bo always found the time to invade other classmates rooms using his sarcastic wit to keep them in place. A little too small for the Big Blue, he played an outstanding four years for the 150's in his frisky, hot-tempered style which was also evident in the fields of fieldball and lacrosse. The last of the "I'm not whipped" bunch, Bo finally set the big date in June with Barb. As we wish him luck on his career as a navy aviator, Bo's buddies will always cherish those memories of Grove City weekends and those nights at the "Vous."

MARK WILLIAM KENNY

Fresh out of the big Buckeye Region of Columbus, Ohio, Mark came to the Academy a veteran of a year at NAPS. The Plebe year combination of good grades, positive attitude, and sports, had all added up to future big stripes, but resulted in Plebe Detail Intramural Officer when his fast growing hair and liveable room conditions didn't meet eye to eye with the new Company Officer. Then came Cheryl making the final 2 years much more bearable. A lover of athletics and a real competitor, Mark was a standout at center for the 150's and helped spark the 4th BATT lacrosse team to 3 championships. His love for camping sent him and Doc on winter treks to the Shenandoahs. After tying the knot with Cheryl, Mark can look forward to coaching the 150's and ultimately, God willing, a successful career in nuke subs.

CORWIN JOHN KARAFFA
"COR"

The light at the end of the tunnel finally arrived.

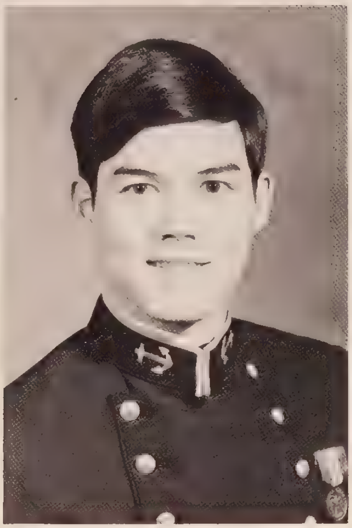


DANIEL RAY SHINEGO
24th Company Commander

Dan made his way to the academy from the beautiful beaches of Florida. His highly competitive nature eased the transition to military life, as he readily adapted to the new requirements of Plebe Year. Doc's love for the sea lead him to pursue a major in Oceanography. However, as time passed, his study habits became more and more erratic as his first love, the art of conversation, surfaced. He has pulled many an all-nighter, rarely hitting the books before the stroke of midnight. Thus Doc will graduate with two degrees — a B.S. in Oceanography and a PhD. in B.S. Doc gained some valuable experience his second class year with girls, leading to his distinctive selection of having the girls in his squad first set first class year. Difficult situations arose frequently, but presented the type of challenge Doc thrives on. Dan selected Nuclear Submarines for his service selection, destined to do it deeper. But no matter where he is, the Shinegogram will forever remain the most colorful form of communication known to man.

WALTER MARK SKINNER
"SKINS"

There's a place in the world for a gambler
There's a burden that only he can bear
There's a place in the world for a gambler
And he sees, Oh yes he sees . . . .



ROBERT WARREN TETSUO MULLOY
"HAPA"

Rob came to Annapolis from nearby Springfield, Virginia. Already adept at attracting blondes and playing golf, his first year was spent struggling with term papers and slide rules. Rob's determination and will power served him well through a tough Plebe year and by June Week he had the system figured out. Never one to let his schooling interfere with his education, he quickly discovered that the best view of USNA was through the rear view of his Jensen "Heater." With his quick wit and easy going manner, Rob has made many good friends. As he looks for a career in Navy Air, we hope he is always within reach of his "Heater," his blonde, and his golf clubs.

PAUL DUANE RING
"RINGER"

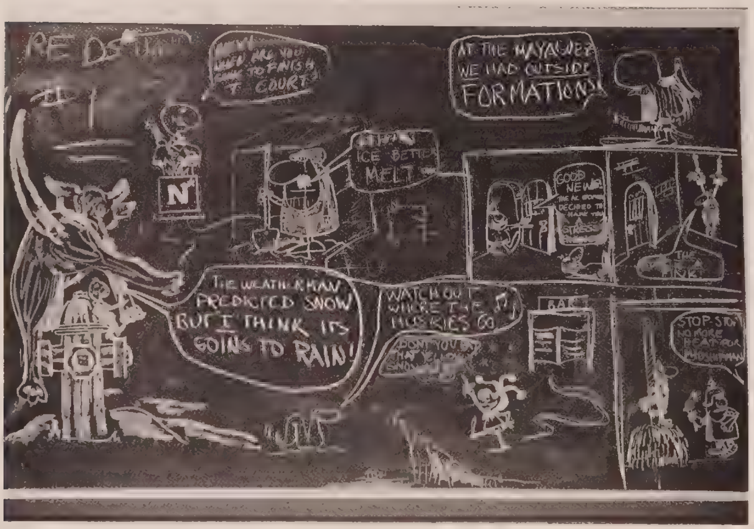
From the sunny walkways of "North Terrace" in Southern California, Paul found himself in the presence of Mother "B" with his surfboard under one arm and his baseball spikes over his shoulder. Adjusting to both the Maryland weather and Academy life spelled "trauma" to one who was used to the sunny shores and surf. Sporting a host of nicknames, (Dinger, Dwight, Nit, Raul Ping, Sherman, Furman, Herman) the "Great Hunter" had a variety of experiences from the bears of Virginia to the "Angels" of Stanford. Though Ringer will be departing for his home port of San Diego, there will always be fond memories of "the Musketeers" and dreams of the day of their reunion.

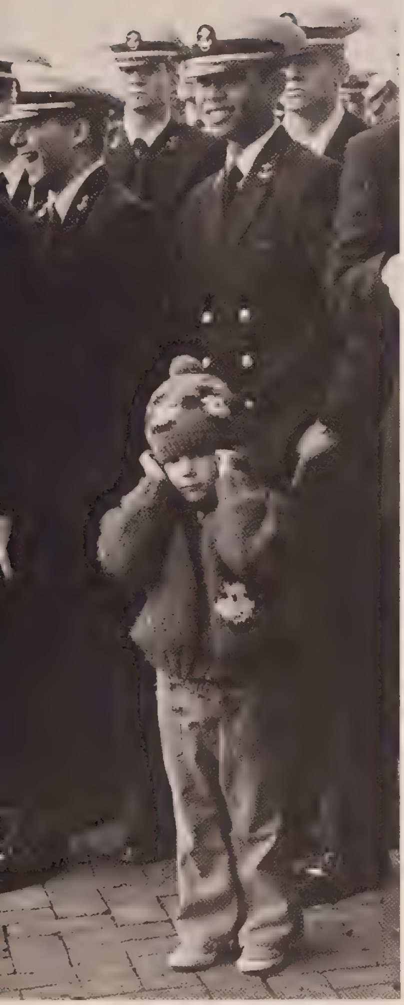
MICHAEL F. MOYLAN
"MIKE"
24th Company Commander

Boomer Moylan came to us from the many derelicts of Alton, Illinois. As they lost another mischievious rascal we gained a fine classmate. Plebe year found him to be a slow starter; but, He soon got the hang of the place. We had almost lost him to a power greater than ours but after Greefer had left we were able to help him recover. Everyone held their breath as he took a desperate dive Youngster year. Luckily for Mike, he sheds water like a duck and emerged unscathed. As the years drug on Mike realized his inherent academic prowess. However, one could always find him on Saturday nights at the Gun Factory killing off those extra brain cells. Mike graduates from the USNA Barber College after a four year apprenticeship under one of the great masters. As the end grows near we wish him the best of luck. Rickover could not have picked a better man and everyone can rest easy knowing Boomer Moylan is putting in time under the waves.

RAIMOND G. ROBINSON
"SUGAR RAY"

Ray came to the shores of the Severn from Panama and felt right at home in the heat of plebe summer. Having no problem with English and an outgoing manner, he was quick to make friends (especially female ones). In fact Ronnie Romance's biggest problem has been how to distribute his time among his many female admirers. On weekends when not bogged down with a chemistry book, Ray can usually be found at "Disco Dahlgren" or trying to keep his Fiat between the telephone poles. After graduation Ray plans to go back to Panama and start a navy. We will always remember our friend for his happy-go-lucky attitude, Spanish accent, and romantic escapades on the astro-turf.


AT THE MAYAGUEZ WE HAD OUTSIDE FORMATION!
N
ICE BETTE MELT
GOOD NEWS
THE WEATHERMAN PREDICTED SNOW BUT I THINK ITS GOING TO RAIN!
WATCH OUT WHERE THE HUSKIES GO
STOP STOP



STEPHEN AYRTON YOUNG
"YOUNGY"

Steve arrived USNA from St. Louis and was promptly dubbed "Youngy". A real slash at first Young quickly found his way to the top as the 4/c company commander. And just as quickly, Youngy realized the error in his ways, whereupon he sought to gain obscurity as a wardroom maggot, 2nd wing barber, sailing enthusiast, and MIR. For 3 years Steve optimized his position as a varsity sailor in order to obtain such good deals as no marching in parades, special cruise preference, and sign-in privileges. However, when liberty was at stake, Steve forsook sailing to pursue other interests. Never let it be said that Steve chased other women for he was one of the few to make it through four years with the same girl. Upon graduation Steve will be travelling to Pensacola to get NFO wings, and with absolutely no luck at all he could be getting a wife, if a certain little lady has her way which she most probably will!

BERNARD WILLIAMS
"BERNIE"

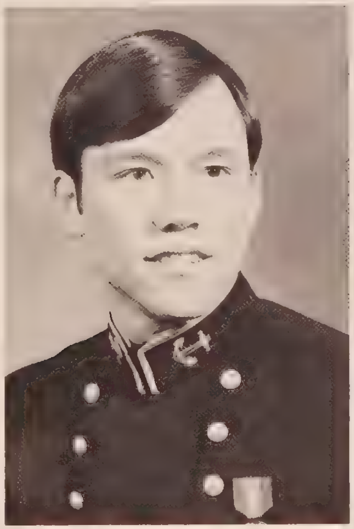
Being a Navy brat it is not surprising that Bernie found himself stuck in bootcamp. After a one year stint at NAPS he arrived at USNA.

Plebe summer proved to be not so difficult, but plebe year was a real shocker. The infamous Lou Crenshaw did not make things easy for Bernie the first set.

For 3½ years he tried to convince himself that surface line and maybe even Nuc power was the way to go. 2/c year killed Nuc power though and after realizing that he was only deceiving himself about his desire to go surface line, he went navy air along with a lot of other wise people.

DAVID WILLIAM SANDERS

Dave came to the Naval Academy from Butler, Pa. after a year at Bainbridge. He came with high hopes of achievement both academically and athletically. Every afternoon Dave could be found chalking up for the parallel bars for the Navy Gym team which he captained as a senior. Always watching his weight, Dave still enjoyed a good cookie from home. Dave was serious about his academics, but at the same time was able to find time for other people. He was a friend to all and always had a good word for everybody. The Surface Navy is sure getting a fine man in Dave Sanders.



GREG RUSSELL GULLETTE

Greg came to Navy with high hopes of great achievement in academics and athletics from the competitive area of Northern Virginia. Plebe year he could be found just about every afternoon jumping high for Navy on the track team. Youngster and second class years Greg turned to the more serious side of academy life — his grades! Although studies were his least favorite past time he managed to come up with the grades in time for his "good student discount!" Again in his senior year the lure of competition got hold of him and he fought his way to a spot on the 150 lb football team.

Fishing is one of his favorite past times and second class year caught him off guard because he was taken in by a pretty Virginia lure who'd been reeling him in for the last four years. Gregs personality along with his good nature will be a plus in the air community.

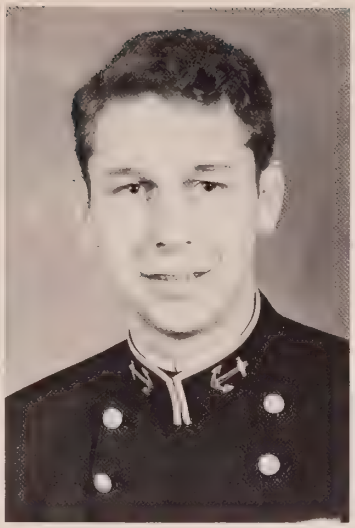
KEVIN PAUL MURPHY
"CHIEF"

Murph came to USNA from a year in the fleet figuring the grass had to be greener on the other side. During youngster and second class year on any given Saturday night "Chief" could be found patronizing one of Crabtown's finest establishments, Pete's Place. Once a first class Murph was not content to restrict himself to the limits of Annapolis. So with his shiny new 455 Trans Gas Guzzler, fueled and ready to burn tires, launched himself into unexplored territory ready for anything he might find. It was expected that the Chief would return to the fleet as a surface liner, however, being his usual unpredictable self he decided to pursue a set of NFO wings.

MARTINUS MARIA KLIJN
"MARTY"

4th Battalion Commander, Trident Scholar

Drifting in USNA with a Texas drawl and dream of becoming a Navy Pilot, Marty nearly succumbed to the non-academic hardships of plebe year. By the end of first set he had acquired the most demerits in the company and an expertise in his squad leader's favorite subject, the Philadelphia Eagles. However, with plebe year behind him, it was all up-hill for Marty. Never a big fan of booze, tube, or weekend liberty, Klijny could be found slashing away at academics. The hard work paid off when he became a Trident Scholar and spent first class year working on his well known project, the Klijny Kopter. At graduation he was not only near the top of his class but also a Batt Cmdr. His fondness of his Dutch heritage was always evident and more so when he came back from his Forex cruise with nothing but praise for their navy. Still a flyer at heart, Marty's poor vision has forced him to join the fleet as a NFO. The future is bright for this Texas boy whom we are all proud to call our friend.



FREDERICK L. LITTY III
"FRITZ"

"Fritz" followed in his father's footsteps and came to USNA with dreams of fun and adventure. After a challenging plebe year he caught on to academics and never had much trouble remaining above 3.0 in his systems engineering major. Though he insisted on not allowing his schooling to interfere with his education, Fred sometimes had trouble making the decision to leave his books and pursue his dreams. When he did get away it was either after girls in his 280Z or down a wilderness river in a canoe with his fishing rod. A lover of sports, Fritz can always be depended upon for a challenging game of tennis, golf, or a weekend of skiing. His easy-going manner and quick smile bring him many friends, though he is still searching for that perfect lady. After graduation Fritz will seek his fortune in nuclear submarines and surely continue to pursue his dreams.

PAUL JAMES MAZICH

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;
Then took the other, just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.
I shall be telling this truth with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.
. . . Robert Frost

TIMOTHY LEE WHITED
"WHITEY"

4th Battalion Operation's, Trident Scholar

Tim came to us from North o' the border: McAllen, Texas and from day one made it clear that the system wasn't going to lick him. His high aspirations for big time stripes were evident early as he took pride in his ability to give the fastest chow call and pretty much being the most squared away Plebe in the company. Unfortunately in later years Tim's free spirit got the best of him and one too many encounters with equally stubborn upperclass destined him to the lowly depths of Batt. Ops.

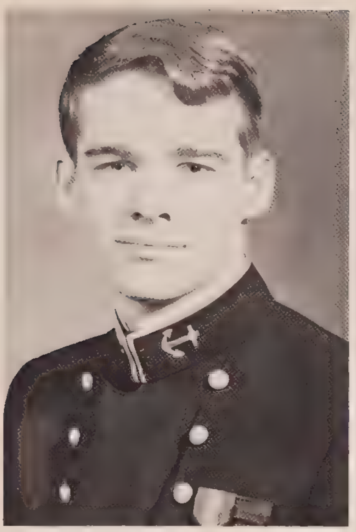
Whitey was always a whiz at academics and he proved his stamina by taking on Aerospace Engineering and even tackling a Trident Project his 1/c year.

School books weren't his only talent, as shown by his interests in stereo, cars, and girls. Being a financial wizard of sorts and never being one to waste time when opportunity presented itself, by youngster year he had himself a new car, stereo system, Easy Dawn, and a whole bushel of I.O.U.'s. His classmates wish him the best of luck in the future.

DOUGLAS H. BRIGANTI
"DOUG"

It's been a long four years for Doug, but he has prevailed. From Springfield, Pa., he's developed himself in a myriad of interests. Doug, a sailor at heart, qualified to command a yawl as a 'youngster' and sailed in the Annapolis to Newport Race and Block Island Race Week. Looking for excitement, he became a paratrooper and later earned his gold wings. He was certified as a NAUI advanced scuba diver that same year. Doug also gained an interest in running through brambles and swamps with a compass in his hand and is also working for his next belt in karate.

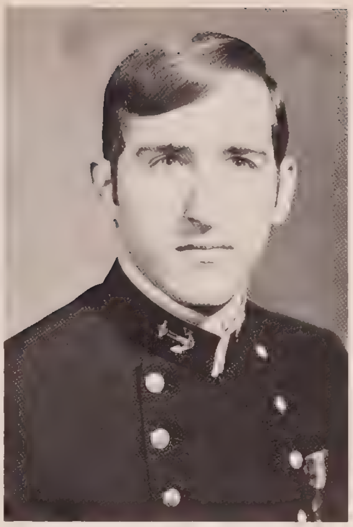
He reports that after seeing 'The Men With Green Faces' Plebe summer, he became fascinated with UDT/SEALS. Doug spent 3 weeks of leave last summer with the BUD/S training command and earned his Navy Scuba qualification. While there, he was initiated into the Border Park Yacht Club with a mud bath he'll never forget. Doug's service selection is — you guessed it — the SEAL option. He sounds like a natural to us! Good luck.

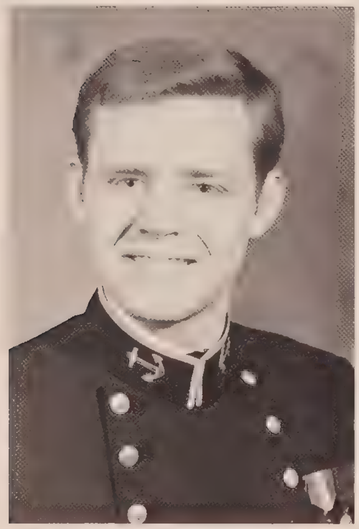


MARK ALAN BRYNESTAD
"BRYNIE"

Mark, at home in the waters of Puget Sound, has found the water in the natatorium much to his liking. For three years he could be found diligently making waves with the swim team. He then decided that swimming took too much time away from his true love, bobbing around the pool throwing balls at people. Here Mark concentrated his effort as president of the water polo club.

After graduation Mark will be found bobbing about the blue waters off Hawaii for two years when he then must make up his mind to keep on running with the Greyhounds or fly with the birds.





BRIAN W. DOWSLEY

Brian was born on November 5, 1955 in Cleveland, Ohio. 15 years and four moves later he came to Union Lake, Michigan, where his home is now. While in High School Brian was active in Junior Achivement, and held a job as a stocker at a local supermarket. With this as a background he chose Management and Technology as his field of study at the Academy. While at the Naval Academy Brian was active in WRNV, Sigma Iota Epsilon, and the Y.P. Squadron. His hobbies include stereos, motorcycles, electronics, cars, drinking beer, and in general having a good time. While at one of the Sunday afternoon mixers, youngster year, he met Mary, the woman Brian will be marrying in June. Brian came to Annapolis with expectations of becoming a pilot, but over the years Surface Warfare took first place, and he looks forward to an enriching career in the surface Navy.

MICHAEL DAVID COHN

Mike descended on USNA from the wilds of upstate New York. He immediately found his place on the varsity rack team. All of this sleep came in handy when he arose to spend a semester's worth of studying in one night to ace a final the following day.

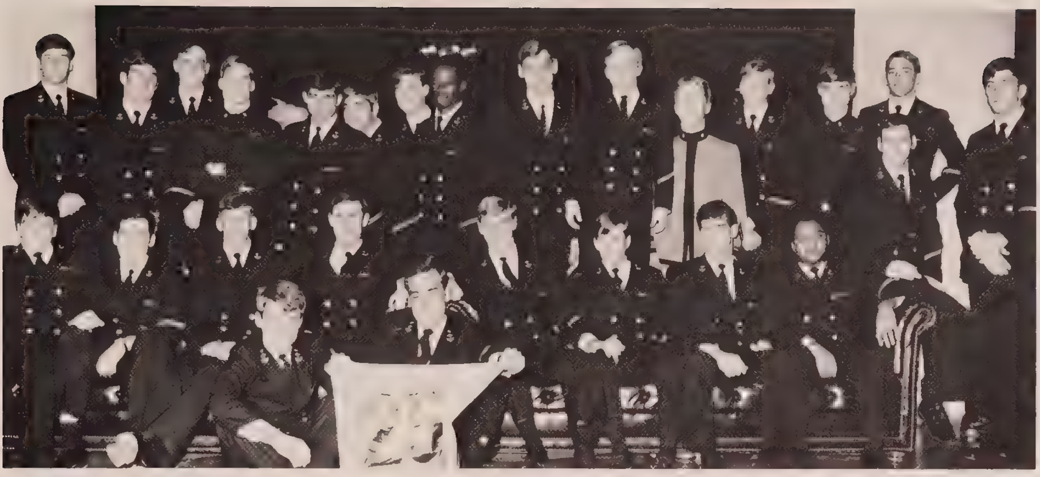
Mike also found time to enjoy the sun and salty air by being a member of the dingy sailing team for 2 and 1/2 years. He finally hung up his sails for the freedom allowed by a set of wheels where he was known to frequent the path to D.C. or Hood.

Mike will attempt to use his unique study talents at the Nuke school. We wish him luck.

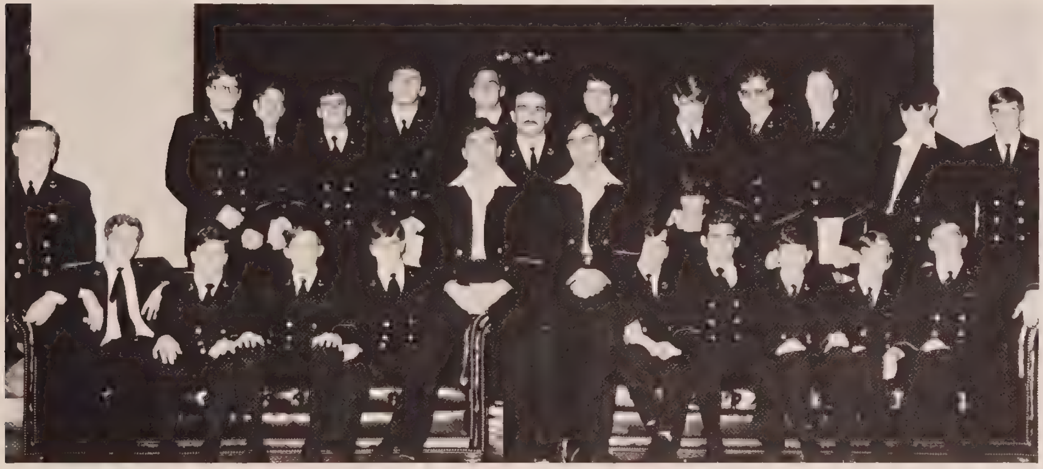
DANIEL T. HUNT
Honor Deputy Vice Chairman

Dan came to USNA from the Western Pennsylvania metropolis of Peters Township. With sideburns trimmed to above his ears he soon earned a reputation as a "sweat." The title was shortlived as his frequent come arounds to "Nuke" soon shattered any hopes of being squared away. Dan was the first man in the company to set a marriage date, which he did in September of his plebe year. The romance flamed out after youngster cruise, but the following Christmas, a trip to Paris resulted in another engagement . . . again shortlived. Second class year brought different drags, and keeping track of Dan's engagements became a company pastime. Dan's quest for service selection has been just as exciting as his quest for a mate. He was sure pre-med was for him, then he was sure of being a jet jockey. In the end he surprised us all by becoming one of Rickover's men. Through all this he found time for Wires and the Honor Committee. If Dan takes on nuclear power with as much zeal as he's had for the Academy he'll go very far.

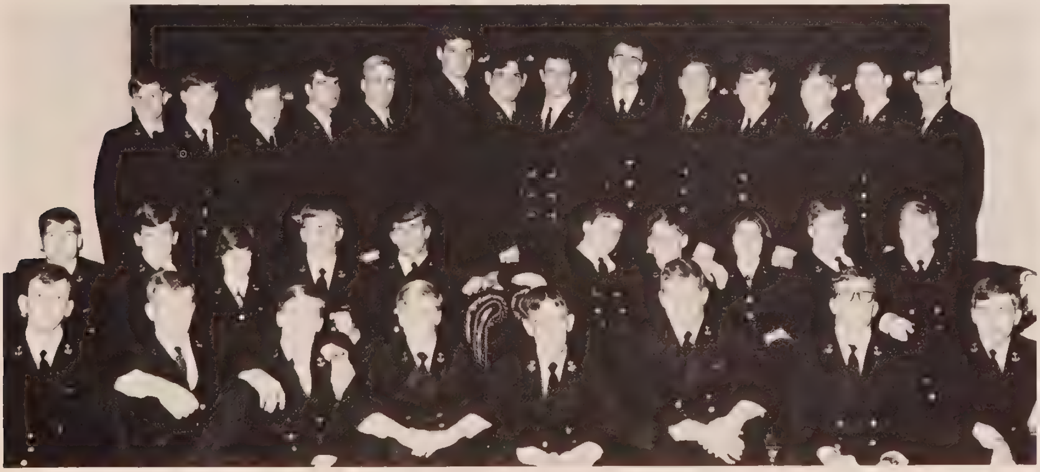
TWENTY FIFTH COMPANY



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) R. Wilson, B. Latta, T. Tracy, T. McMahan, C. Hartfelder, R. Bracy, J. Kantner, D. Diggs, W. Burger, C. Gilliam, K. Wallace. *SECOND ROW:* E. Nelson, D. Brady, N. Dellinger, J. Rudzis, S. Paternoster, G. Giltzow, K. Norris, L. Newby, C. Lowther, R. Stolle, D. Cripps, P. Rodgers, M. Soha, D. Schultz, D. Jenkins.



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) J. Hillan, B. Williams, D. Jerabek, H. Shelton, L. Tilton, M. Ryan, R. Tata, P. Carrier, G. Romanoff, T. Ruth, D. Crevelt, T. Mulcare. *SECOND ROW:* J. Bayless, L. Taggart, J. Pavoni, E. Christensen, W. Rucker, A. Brugal, T. Blue, B. Sanborn, M. Kuharik, T. Nagle, J. Schneider, M. Winsor.



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) D. Miller, B. Burlingame, G. Smith, S. Tetro, J. Nance, D. Jones, J. Gutzler, J. O'Hara. *SECOND ROW:* J. Munson, M. Crook, K. Shanebrook, G. Monson, R. Sauls, R. Carlquist, V. Sodd, L. Rampp, J. Roberts, G. White. *THIRD ROW:* D. Hesse, R. Klusmann, K. Sullivan, A. Vanaria, S. Watkins, B. Boehme, P. Gainous, R. Waddell, D. Gordineer, M. Bouuier, R. Godsey, C. Gilbert, M. Cerceo, B. Trop.

MICHAEL E. BAIN

MICHAEL BRUNSKILL

Mike arrived at the Academy at the last minute because Breakfast seemed to take forever to eat, and for that reason he never made weight training, but consistantly worked at eating as much as he could. The first years at the Academy girls sent numerous cakes and cards, but never signed their names, trying to tell him something. Mike talked so much of quitting that it seemed everyone who talked to him did. On weekends, this pseudo-intellectual could be seen driving through the streets of Anapolis in a slightly battered VW. Did someone say Coast Guard?

THOMAS ANTON HEJL

"HEDGEL"

Known affectionately by his professors as Hedgel, Hegel, Heigel, the rest of us just know him as Hedgel-dog. Anton came to the big N from sunny FLOR-IDA to show all the northern girls his big blue eyes. One caught his eye though, and was appropriately named Laura Jude Dog. Although a swimming star at Boca High, Tom turned to the infamous crew team and quickly became a star (A star is born, in hardtimes Mississippi . . .). Unable to communicate without massive hand signals and elaborate expressions, this Aerospace major had a bumpy ride. But possessing an undying sense of humor and enduring wit, Tom managed to slide through Gas, Orbits, and EE. Not without a little help from his friends, however. Many thanks to Strum, Juno, Casey, Proph, Walt, and J.D. for making it all possible. A bird at heart, Tom is first going to sea, but those golded wings will not escape him. May he never stop laughing.

MICHAEL LEWIS CROW

"MICKEY"

25th Company Commander

Mickey came to the shores of the Severn after battling the trials of Bainbridge. Being of "COLOR ME PROUD" substance and spirit he is a gentleman's gentleman of unquestionable honor and ideals. Academics were not easy for him and the decision to change his major extended his tour to an extra year. Mickey's persistence with academics found him usually studying on the weekends which is probably why he did not buy a car until December of his first class year. He played JV lacrosse as a plebe and went on to play battalion lacrosse during the following four years. Mickey's outstanding moral fiber proved itself by his becoming company commander of the "Easy Company." He led the Marching 25" onto the football field in Philadelphia which was displayed in newspapers across the country. Being a conscientious worker, he became a walking regulation book and he showed fairness and concern toward people. Graduation will find Mickey sprouting Blue and Gold wings and following after his father at mach speeds. FLY NAVY!!!!

DANIEL FRANCIS BUSCH

"BUSCHERS"

D.F. was always quite sure where he was from and where he was at, St. Louis and Nowhere, respectively. One of our more down-to-earth classmates, Buschers earned, however deserving, a reputation as the company Casanova. There was Sue Busch, a friend of us all, who forced the issue one day (Can WE afford it?). There were many others, as Dan could not help but fall madly in love on the first date, but none so dear as B.H. Buschers overcame many barriers during his stay at Navy, not the least of which was to become a track star (Duh, my name's Dan. I do track.). After finally attaining his N*, a more handsome profile was not to be found (I'll never wear it.). Dan was by far the hardest working, best known, best looking (by his own admission) Mud major in the department. Such recognition is well deserved due to his active interest in courses on filth, i.e. Soil, Pollution, etc. Daniel was, is, and always will be our closest of friends.

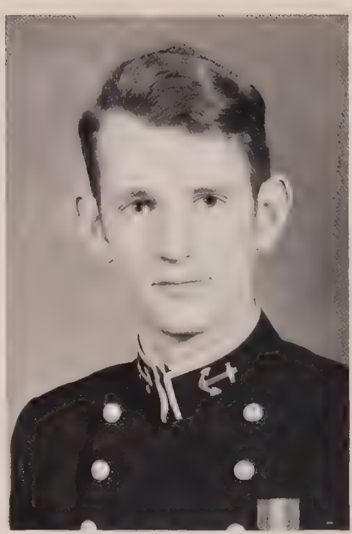
HAROLD HICKS CASEY

"HAL"

Hal, also known as Peppi', was the one person who decided after 3 1/2 years that his visit at the boat school had been long enough. This happened when he heard about life in the big city once too often. Being a navy junior, he claimed the world as his home, and he seemed to know somebody everywhere he went. Peppi' is a hard charging surface line type and told everybody so since day 1. Besides looking forward to getting aboard the tin-can he picked for service selection he is also looking forward to a June 77 wedding. Upon graduating from the boat school, Hal claims it will be all up hill. With his knowledge of the surface navy he is sure to be a great asset to the wardroom of whatever ship he may be on, and do very well as a Naval Officer.

WILLIAM MICHAEL KEENEY
"MIKE, REENIE, KIKI, BEANER, SENOR, GRINGO"

Mike showed an early inclination towards life at sea by refusing to bathe for prolonged periods of time. In desperation his parents threw him in a pool and he has been trying to swim ever since. A heavy validator in Plebe year, Mike took advanced courses in walking, but he continues to have trouble with stairs. Progressing to first class year he instituted studies in advanced driving technique, and finally lettered — even if it was the Black N. One of the Banana River Boys he plans a tour of the West Coast and to cut a live album featuring the original Rio Jam Band. Having majored in Chinese and minored in Cheech and Chong, Reenie is ready for absolutely nothing but plans to go Navy Air anyway. A true friend to those who know him, Mike is an eternal source of optimism. More often than not he can be found wandering about aimlessly (well maybe not that aimlessly) comforting himself by mumbling those immortal words, "You win some, you lose more."



MICHAEL C. McCORD

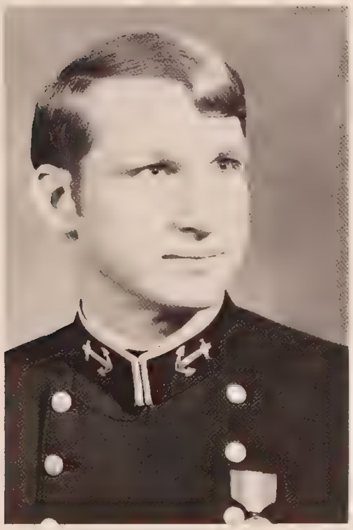
For everything you have missed you have gained something else.
Emerson

GLENN ALLEN McCORMICK
"MONK"
25th Company Commander

"Good news guys, they've called off the search." But really, why is Glenn referred to as the Monk? Glenn is currently existing at the Severn River Monestary. Monks are very studious people. Glenn never studies anything; he doesn't have to. Monks are religious fanatics. Glenn doesn't believe in God; he believes in himself — and Physics. On a different note, Monk kept himself busy running from the women and listening to GTB. We will always remember all the good times and the long talks — and the bus ride to Philly Youngster year. Who can forget the smile (but why do you close your eyes?) Off now to fly the F-18, Glenn dreams of TPS and of being the first man on Mars (in a spacecraft, of course). But the best is that he gives of himself. "Let there be light." So it goes.

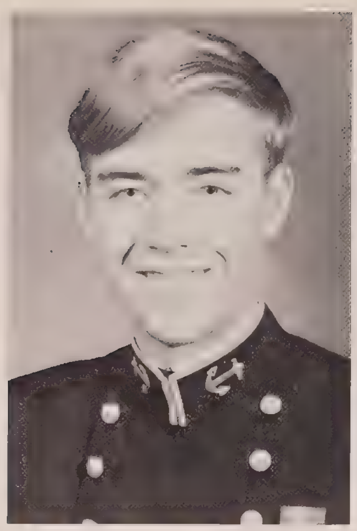
JOHN F. MCGOWAN

John came to the Sailor School on the Severn from the warmth of Florida sunshine and never did appreciate the finer points of Maryland weather. Not one to remain in one place for long, Plebe Year June Week provided him with an excuse to spend three years worth of weekends away from the Academy. Trying to figure out why he became a Russian major became John's favorite pasttime. John graduated with Navy Air in his sights and wedding bells in his ears, but he will be remembered best by his classmates in "Easy 25" for showing us how not to warm up for PEP.



PETER JOHN MISIEWICZ

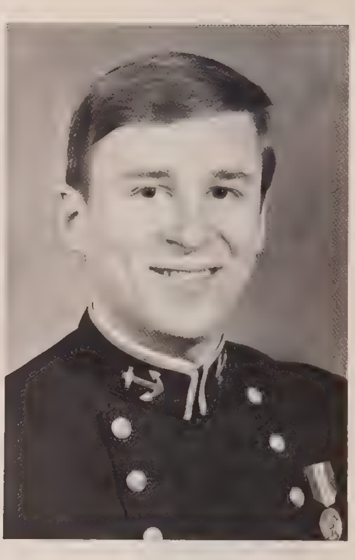
Arriving at the Academy with high hopes and a good tan, Pete soon learned that football was for those with speed and that academics wasn't for crew jocks. He therefore contented himself with a secure spot on the intramural teams and a not so secure spot on intramural academics. But through determination and a lot of hard work, Pete excelled professionally and physically winning awards in each. His interest in music led to long hours of practical application of EE311, and outrageous expenditures on stereo equipment. On leave, Peter could be seen out on the slalom course water skiing, or else out on the beach soaking up the rays. Rest assured this porkchop will be well done.



STEPHEN JOHN O'LEARY, III

Steve came here by way Old Lyme, Connecticut and the sparkling waters of Long Island Sound. Sporting a desire to avoid lab reports and term papers, he became a math major and soon disappeared from sight. When he wasn't skating after hockey pucks in Dahlgren Hall at all hours of the day and night, he was playing soccer, or running Pipe Loops. If all else failed, you could find him hiding out on the second deck of Nimitz. Second class year found him a charter member of the 25th Company 'Z' Club, spending many an hour on I-95 North. Somewhere along the line, and for some obscure reason, he picked up the name 4.0 — Leary which he tried to shake off by going out of company for the first set first class year. After graduation, Steve will make his way to Orlando, to learn the fine art of boring holes in the ocean.

FRANCIS S. PIERCE



DANIEL L. PORTER

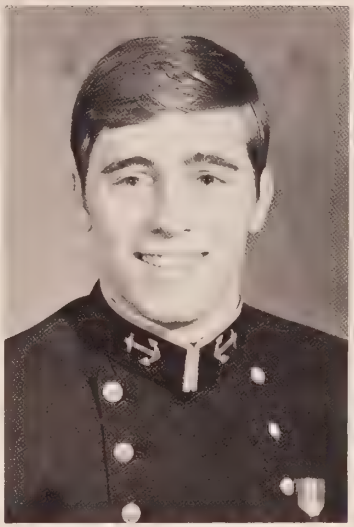
Riding in from the west, High Rolls?, New Mexico to be exact, Dan's major interest was in keeping his roommate out of debtor's prison. After an initial slow start, and a change for the better in his major Dan has pulled his Cum up to a respectable level. Not wanting to be terminally seasick, Dan is headed for Quantico and the Marine Corps. Whatever specialty Dan picks he will be successful at it and the sky, or the ground as the case may be, is the limit.

JEFFREY A. REINHART
"BUFFALO"

Born and raised near Buffalo (and bearing a slight resemblance to one), the Buff spent his academy years in a constant quest for knowledge and The "3 Essences of Life," stopping only to lay some humor or digger-filler sarcasm on his classmates. An Ocean Engineering major by trade, he also became semi-fluent in Russian because his roomie, (the infamous Gavno) was a foreign national from the Ukraine. One of Jeff's major study diversions came when he signed his contract as lead singer and bizarre instrument player for "Captain Beaner's RIO JAM BAND." Although he was a member of the plebe football team, a parachute jump youngster year turned him to non-violent(?) Co. soccer. A hard core conduct case, Buffalo's most serious conviction was littering Ward Hall with computer programs. After careful consideration of his options, Jeff chose Nuclear Power, primarily because Hoagie told him that they serve Ham Francisco on attack subs. Determined to stay single as long as he can, the Nukes are sure to gain a devoted officer in Jeff.

JAMES STEPHEN PROPHETER
"PROPH"

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds — and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of — wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew
And, while with silent, lifting mind I trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.
— John Gillespie Magee, Jr., "High Flight"



JOSEPH NICHOLAS REINHART III
"JOE"

The first time I met "Mighty Joe Reinhart" was at NAPS, where one day he punched me in the face several times: Even now I'am still not sure as to why. Since then, I have made a strong effort to be his friend. Joe came to the Severn River Monestary from a large and wonderful family of a small town, St. James on Long Island, New York. Never one to let Regs. cramp his style, Joe enjoyed Plebe Year with a Stereo and T.V. in hand. Youngster year Joe became the "gentle giant" for a little "blue-eyed, brown haired girl," and Jeanne and Joe have since become a regular "institution" at Navy. After spending most of his time "in the clouds" at Navy, Joe has made plans to fly for the Marine Corps after Graduation. A sincere and close friend to us all, we wish Joe the best of luck and tremendous success in all of his future endeavors.

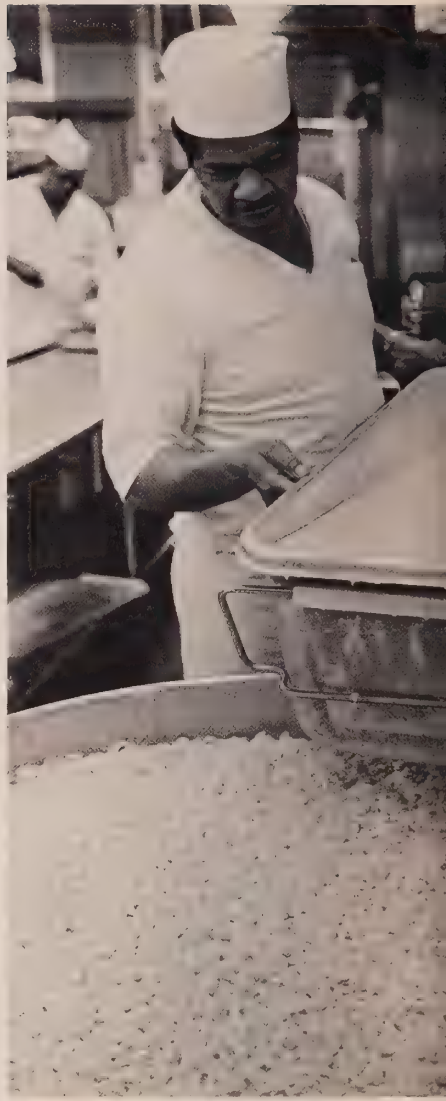
"It's only castle's burning."
"i sing of Olaf glad and big"
E.E. Cummings

PAUL ERIC REINHART
"P.E."

Well all of you guys back in easy 25, old P.E. will be awful glad to get out of Bancroft and try something new. The call of the wild blue is very strong. Maybe I got brainwashed after listening to the same roommate for 4 years tell me Navy air is the only way to go. With a degree in Naval Architecture and my wings I won't know what to do when my 5 years are up — maybe design flying boats. The best of luck to all of you and I hope you and your familes have a wonderful life.

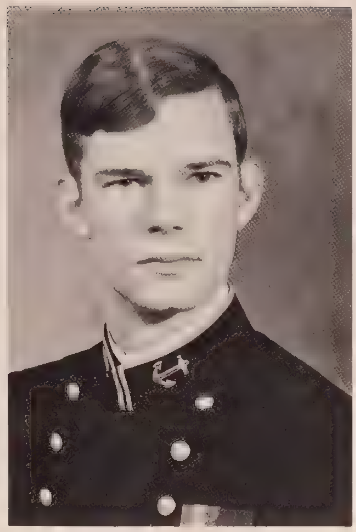
ROBERT KIMBAL SHELDON
"KIM"
Brigade Adjutant

"Hey guys! I finally made up my mind for Service Selection . . . I think." Don't count on it, but the tiger-striped fatigues may be a hint . . . Well, "Kim Boy Boy" surfed in from Hawaii, with a quick pit stop at Bullis Prep before becoming a "Moon"-man. He was busy from Day One. Why, between Plebe Ltwt. Crew, YP Squadron, Scuba Club, History Club, Professional Education Committee, Company Soccer, and Co. Ltwt. Football he STILL found time (and some of us still wonder where) for taking pictures, showing slides, wreck diving, mixer diving and brew diving. He even managed to find the time to serve a stint as Brigade Adjutant. I guess if you had one word for Kim, it would have to be "time." He never seemed to have enough. But then, who did those days? All in all, though, you'd have to say he taught each one of us something. (Like short people can make it big? How to share during June Week? How to ask a thesis-er, question?) Stand tall, Kim, stand tall — for you have taught us that stature is not a matter of height. Be true, be sure, be strong — but never change . . .



SCOTT SHEPHARD

Scott is well remembered for his uncanny ability to convince firsties that a homeport twelve miles from the Academy, as the Crowbird flies, was "inside the seven." It took Scott only two years to discover the blessings of "the tube," and he spent countless hours worshipping it, particularly before exams. Academics presented no significant stumbling block, and he is one of the elite few ever to be named to the Sup's List solely for TV time. Accepting the challenge of Wires, Scott soon realized that majoring in EE was the only way to pass it. Tired of Maryland winters after a dozen years of them, Scott took up winter squash, teaming with ex-roomie Strum to lead the 5th Battalion to two Brigade Championships. Service Selection saw Scott bid farewell to groundlings, bound for the skies of P-Cola and the arms of the crazy blonde engineer from UM.



WILLIAM STUVER
"BILLY BOY"

On a hot balmy day in July of '73 William "Billy Boy" Stuver blew in from the Windy City with a sweet little honey wrap-around. As we all know honey sticks to ya, and she has stuck to him ever since. Billy Boy holds his liquor well, as long as it is in a mug, but let him get any in his stomach, keep the rascal outta the Head . . . Toilet Bowls are very expensive . . . just ask the plumber! Of course, Drinkin' isn't Billy Boy's favorite hobby. If he's not watching the tube, just turn on the C.B. and "Break Channel Seven." Ask for the One Armed Bandit He'll come back to ya. The Naval Academy Base Station is his baby, ya need to know anything about C.B.'s? . . . Just ask Billy Boy. One thing to remember . . . If you happen to be monitoring the Primary Tactical Frequency for the task force, and the speaker crackles and sputters: "Break 19" think of your good buddy, Billy Boy Bandit Stuver.

MICHAEL ROLAND STURM
"STRUM-DOG"

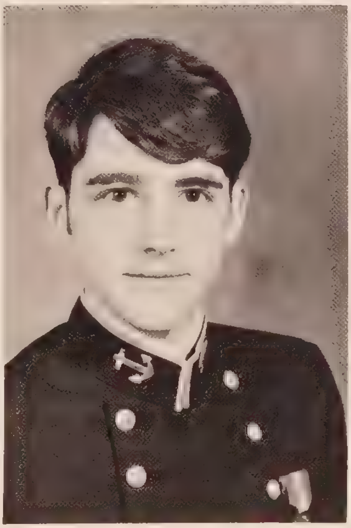
Mike came to Navy from Hoosierland after spending a glorious year at Purdue — why he left we'll never know. His flaming hair and Carter-smile have been perrennial company symbols. Due to years of hard work building up his right arm, Mike was proudly awarded the 25th Co. Pitcher of Beer Award. Known for his infamous "penna" jokes and flashing white 'vette, Strum-dog went on to bigger and better thrills in beautiful downtown Pensacola. Having a knack for proper planning, of the last minute variety, Mike spent many a long night deep into irreleventia, otherwise known as Aerospace. As a personal note, Mike would like to thank Hedgel, Casey, Proph, Juno, and J.D. for making it all possible.

JOHN MICHAEL SHMORHUN

An ardent student of Soviet Studies, "Gavno" managed to find the time to learn some English during his stay at USNA. Contrary to what the Plebes and NIS suspected, "Gavno" was not an undercover agent (even though he was found speaking to his toothbrush on several occasions.) Between wiping the constantly dripping sweat off his brow and "getting-in" his 35 hours of study per week for Admiral Rickover, John was a four-year "roomie" of the famous "Buffalo." Yes, he knew that when the "Chips" were down, the "Buff" was around.

Fully appreciating the "Three Essences of Life," John spent many a waking moment wondering whether to go on to bigger and better things or just to continue his career as leading squash racquet guitarist in the renowned group — "The Rio Jam Band!"

Deciding to "bore holes in the ocean," instead of flying with Easy Two-Five's "Blue Angels," John chose Nuke Power. Though he couldn't make 6-striper at USNA, he's sure to make it in the fleet.



ROGER EARL STEWART
"ROG"

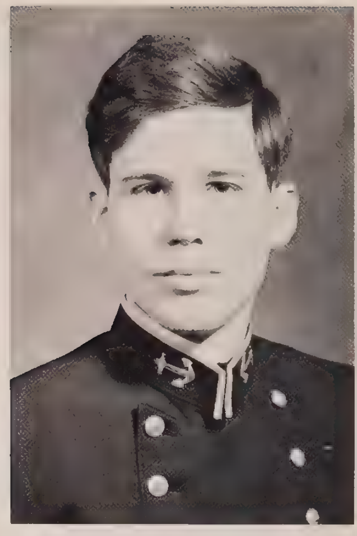
Rog came to USNA from the small red neck town of Charles Town, West Virginia. Never one to let academics get in the way of his pleasure time he changed from an EE to Phy. Sci. major so that he could spend more time at his favorite hobby, ice skating. In the hall Rog could be found doing one of four things. He would be either playing his guitar, watching the tube, listening to mountain music, or acting crazy (normal.)

During his four year stay Rog opened the sixth wing grocery/hardware/cafe establishment. Who could forget the wonderful culinary delights, including refreshments, during second class year.

After graduation surface line will have a fine officer. So if your ship is being refueled and you hear LAGNAF or SKOOSH-SKOOSH over the 1-MC you'll know that Crazy Rog is on board and filling you up.

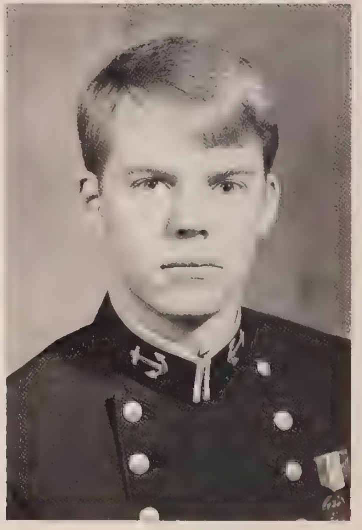
PAUL DAVID WAGNER
"WAGS"

"One thing I know; the only ones among you who will be really happy are those who will have sought and found how to serve."
— Dr. Albert Schweitzer



RICHARD A. WALL JR.

Rick's first stab at the Navy wound up placing him on board a subtender as an MM3. However, he was not long in seeing the light and 9 months later showed up here, determined never to set foot on a ship again. Three and a half years later he was able to lay his fears to rest by picking Pennsacola as his post-grad school. Aspiring to major in the art of Bull, Rick somehow got into Engineering and had to work long and hard to keep his major so he wouldn't have to admit he'd made the wrong choice. A typical night (morning?) would find him stumbling back from the coffee machine at 3am mumbling something about running out of cigarettes at a crucial time like this. Rick's first true love (or was it the second?) came along during second class year: she had a great body, perfect skin and twin double overhead cams. When he didn't have his hands full of oil or a part on order, he would run around asking everyone what their 0 to 60 was. For Rick, the sky is not the limit.



EDWARD PETER YETSKO
"GOLDEN ED"

Big Ed hails from the booming city of Vestal, New York. He didn't let that hold him back, however, as he took Navy by the horns. When he wasn't quarterbacking the lightweights or playing lax, Ed could be found out on the Red Beach working on his skin tone. To his credit, the Engineering Physics major spent many a night sitting on honor boards. A more honest and dedicated man is not to be found. Although somewhat quiet and serious, Ed was always there when any serious beer drinking was to be done. Eddy was the only one of us that survived four years with the same sweetheart, but being with Lynn wasn't that bad, was it? Oh, the "Z", the nights at Pappy's, the physics labs; wasn't it all great? Off now to bore holes in the ocean; Rickover got one of our best.

JOSEPH AHLERT
"SMOKIN JOE"

Smokin Joe wondered in from Massapequa, New York with a lacrosse stick and a Long Island accent that wouldn't quit. Massapequa slim played three years at attack for Navy until his brilliant career came to a sudden end. Splitting his time between Kojack and a waitress at Donatellie's, Joe even found a few spare moments on the side for his English major. He had a strange way of putting life at USNA into perspective and was often heard quoting very Beat poets. Joe is headed for the Marine Corps with a couple of the boys from Easy-25.

"I am waiting
for a way to be devised
to destroy all nationalisms
without killing anybody"
L. Ferlinghetti

TERRY DON AMYX
"TEX"

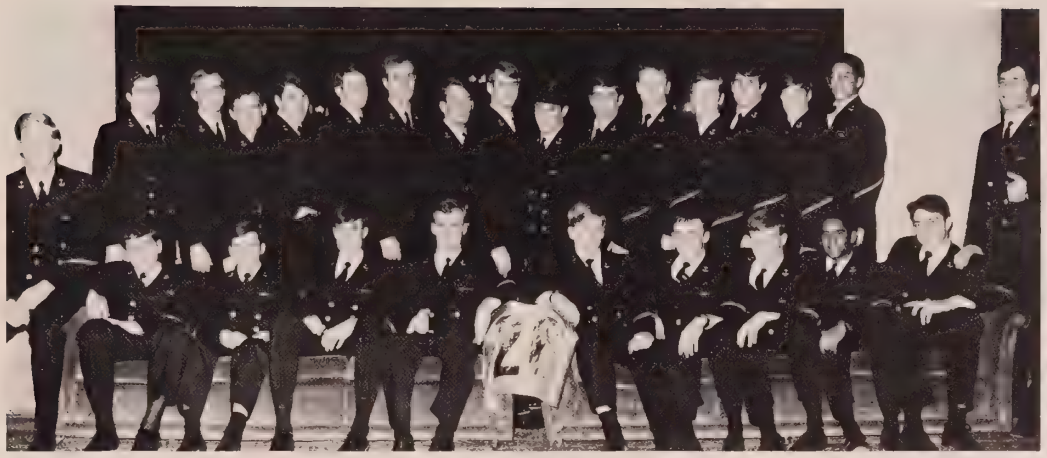
Hi, my name is Farah Fawcett. Terry asked me to write this because he is too shy and embarrassed to tell y'all how marvelous he is. Me and a few other girls followed Terry from Houston when he came East to Navy. My what big hands he has. Terry was a star football player. Coach Welsh begged Terry to play longer but Terry said no because he wouldn't have time for me. Terry used to go over the wall so that I could fix him his favorite dish of popsicles in Dr. Pepper. Mmmm! Terry never had much time to study and if you could see me, you'd know why. Terry decided to leave me to go into the Marine Corps to carry-on that great Berachah tradition. The Marine Corps can stop looking now because they have found their good man; and so has Eliska.

DAVID JAMES ALAND
"DEEJAY"

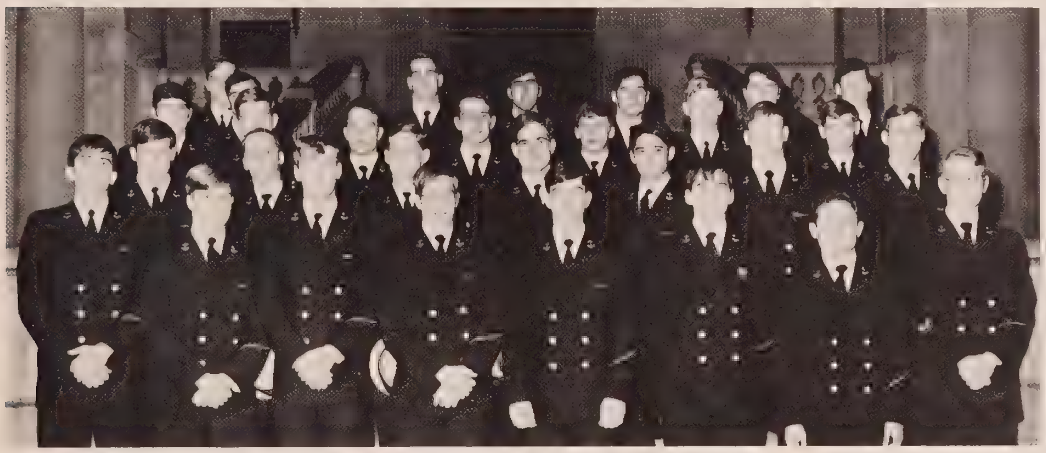
English Majors do it in more words . . . Deejay the DJ . . . managers are athletes too . . . batt squash meat squad . . . cartoons in notebooks instead of notes . . . when in doubt, fall back five and pun (t) . . . "Fall, therefore, not in love; for it will stick to your face." . . . " . . . in the rupture of possibility, some things never change." . . . among the many things learned, the many facts jammed into one single all night effort, the steady procession of faces and names, dates and roommates, courses and profs, sports and fun, forget not that it seemed to be so long in passing, yet so short, and over so soon. 150's, WRNV, The Log, Masqueraders, Squash, Fieldball, Reffin', and Le Pauvre Papillion . . . Good night, good luck, good love, good life . . . and God bless . . . WRNV now closes another broadcast day.

STAURANT
JAGUAR
E TYPE
V12

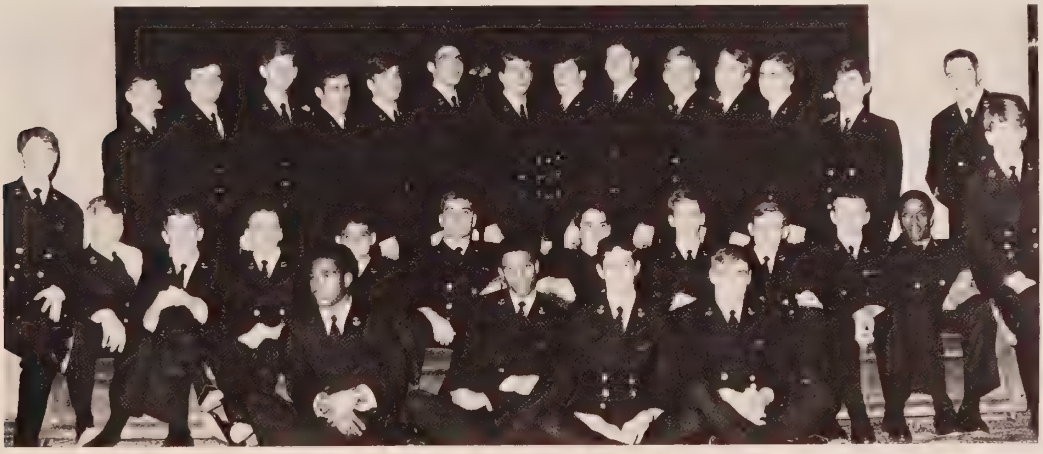
TWENTY SIXTH COMPANY



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) L. Davidson, A. Callas, M. McNair, W. Beary, D. Berry, M. Hoppe, T. Rehrig, M. Honeck, M. Williams, C. Miller, V. Digirolamo. *SECOND ROW:* K. O'Keefe, C. Cragg, B. Fifer, D. Trundy, B. Wilson, D. Morris, C. Savant, N. Hansen, S. Crair, F. Fink, G. Long, S. Cornwell, T. Buttle, K. Lynch, B. Marchant.



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) A. Acevedo, R. Riley, S. Belanger, R. Klocek, R. Macek, J. Brazee, K. Vanderhorst, A. Whiting. *SECOND ROW:* K. Jackson, J. Hartigan, M. Erikson, J. Stetson, A. Salcedo, J. Albiso, D. Frey. *THIRD ROW:* J. Shugars, S. Kremer, B. Shade, K. Kaye, H. Murphy, H. Burns, W. Harris. *FOURTH ROW:* R. Runolfson, M. Montana, D. Shaw, T. Amirault, S. Schock, K. Russell, S. Hull.



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) C. Bryant, M. Lewers, M. Kane, P. Gaskill. *SECOND ROW:* C. Ward, D. Leivonen, B. Morris, D. Nylen, C. Shintani, B. Mullarkey, T. Crum, M. Munday, D. Langston, T. Smith, L. Barnhill, H. Stoddard. *THIRD ROW:* C. Wood, C. Bayack, C. Tindal, P. Jerome, B. Konopik, R. Griggs, G. Miller, S. Obranski, E. Dempsey, M. Kaczmarek, G. Wojcieszak, J. Randall, J. Cassell, D. Williams.

EDGAR A. BALLESTEROS
"GAR"

When Venezuela sent one of their nation's finest to be educated at the U.S. Naval Academy, no one thought they would be meeting the likes of "GAR." This stocky, easy going Latin came to USNA with intentions of taking the place by storm. After four years he now lives inconspicuously in a corner room in the 6-1 shaft. His accent and sarcastic sense of humor always kept his classmates smiling and the underclass wondering what he said. Gar played soccer and softball on the intramural level for four years. You could always count on Gar when it came time to party, especially when the Army-Navy game in Philly rolled around. He made the most of his four years here as an effective leader of the underclass in the company. After Graduation he is going back to Venezuela for a brief vacation and then to join his classmates in the Venezuelan surface line. Hey Venezuela STFB.

THOMAS L. BIERY JR.
"STRAWBERRY"

Arriving at Canoe U from "Wild Wonderful, Triadelphia, West Virginia," "Biers" or "Strawberry," as he was better known, soon gained his fame as the twenty-sixth company "abuse rep" — a position he held for four years. As an Oceanography major, Tom stood high enough to stay out of trouble, yet never passed up a good time. A dedicated amatuer photographer, Tom spent many hours in the dark-room processing for the Lucky Bag, his friends, and occasionally himself. Being able to maintain a sense of humor better than most anyone, Tom was in good shape to tackle his "classic" PORSCHE 912 as a firstie. We know in the near future we will be able to look up to Tom as he gains his true place — in the sky — as a Navy Pilot.

DANIEL L. HANSEN
"MOUNTAIN MAN"

Coming down from the mountains of Colorado, he has stayed a "Mountain Man." Next stop: Pensacola. No doubt that the "Grode's" parties will be as good in Florida as at USNA. Burning the late night oil was not uncommon — must finish that Ocean Engineering to take off on the weekend. Fishing, camping, or Frisbee at Ocean City, always something. The world's formost authority on the art of writing movement orders, the only thing he could not requisition was enough tequila. Known to be the center of attention at two formal meals, he will will always find attention whether it's driving his van cross country, or trying to find a carrier to land on.

STEVEN J. MARTIN
"STEVE"

The Syracuse Boy-Wonder came to the boat school via the Marine Corps and the party route at NAPS. Steve set a record here for trying out for more varsity sports than any other individual. If he could just make up his mind what sport to star in!

Steve finally mastered Whiteacre's law second class year pulling himself once again from the jaws of the ac board. With his studly looks and natural flying ability, he will make the "Green Machine" proud to have him flying air cover for them.

WINSTON DAVID WOOD
"WOODY"

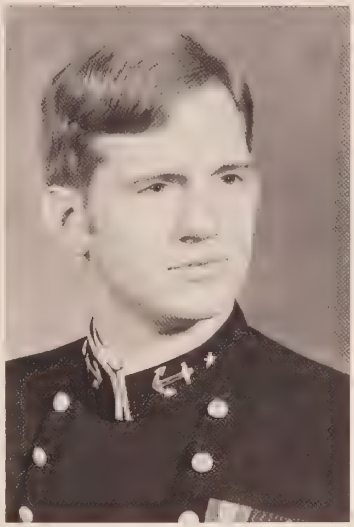
Having come from Virginia, Woody, after being turned down by several other schools, was accepted at NAPS. After his rather dull stay, he arrived at the ACADEMY with high horizons of an EE Degree and Navy Air. His horizons have increased in number to include weekly conversations with "Daddy Jack," chasing women, sailing, and as much hunting and fishing as was possible. Of course to do all of this, it was necessary for him to shift from EE to Physical Science. At least he had his priorities straight. Yes, Woody did keep one of his goals, he is going Navy Air and spending six months TAD in the outdoor paradise of Washington State with Waldo.

KENT A. WILLIAMS
" 'WILLY' "

Kent Williams, more affectionately known as 'Tanker Willy', comes from Peekskill, New York. From the very start, Willy's philosophy on academics was, why make a 4.0 if all your grades can do after that is go down. A 3.0 is just right and for Kent it never required too much effort.

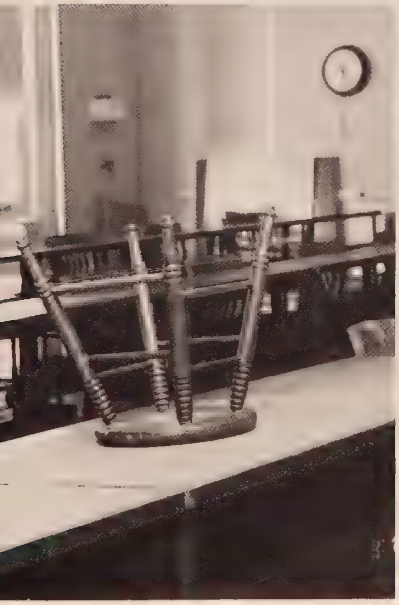
However, with respect to cars and the young ladies, Willy's philosophy was certainly a contrast to his life at U.S.N.A. — 'Full speed ahead!': and he was for the most part. But like us all, Kent occasionally fell D.I.W.

Kent is a greyhound of the sea but surface line on a carrier is mighty fine especially when its homeport is in Japan: and his four year background in Chinese at the academy will no doubt come in very handy.



TIMOTHY STORRS JENKS
26th Company Commander

Fresh from the sunny shores of San Diego, Tim had learned chow call before the end of the first day of Plebe Summer. Always the outstanding scholar, Tim was a double major in engineering. Famous for his gold-plated lab reports and a knack for having the right information at the right time, school work was a breeze for him. In fact, his love of school work was only surpassed by two things: money and Michele. Between Jenks and Jenks Westpac Importers and searching for the perfect good deal, Tim's weeks were well occupied. Of course she kept him busy on weekends and between the two he studied. Honest he did. At USNA Tim leaves behind him the presidency of ASME and ASNE, the Company Commander's job of the 26th Company and four years on the National Champion Pistol Team. But he looks forward to realizing his lifelong ambition: to get into M.I.T. after three successful tries. Then add nuclear power to round out the near future. His fortune, however, has not and never will be in doubt.



THOMAS PICKLES
"PIX"

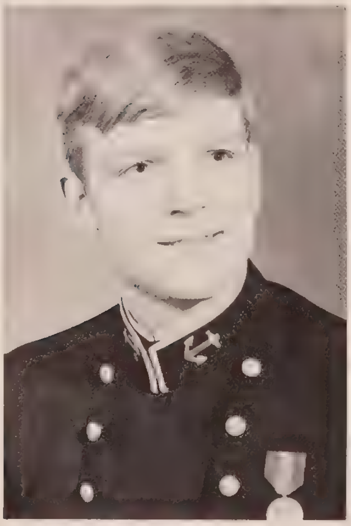
His arrival a week late with the newest in Michigan hairstyles set the tone for an interesting four years. Never his fault, the Pix was invariable found behind the oat-ball. Accustomed to all nighters he was known to never let Electrical Engineering stand in the way of Star Trek and the call of the rack. Always willing to help his classmates with anything, Tom's generous nature has made him many friends. A June Week wedding with Toots, his high school sweetheart, should fulfill his dreams of a life-long roommate. Undaunted by Rickover and those room inspection blues, the Pix is off to sunny Hawaii to try his capable hand at boat driving.

CHRISTOPHER M. CLEAVER
"CHRIS"

Chris came winging his way into USNA via NAPS. He breezed right through Plebe Summer, and somehow the system never quite caught up with him after that. He invented Cleaver's Law: "If the minimum weren't good enough . . . ", and spent four years proving it. It is true that they had to explain sweat to him? Maybe, but no one had to explain women to him. Don Juan Ver was the most famous woman killer in the Regiment. A true sportsman he was, in it only for the thrill of the hunt; and he did his best to bag a new trophy each week. His secret to success? I don't know, but Robert Redford looks a lot like him. Now Chris is trading his Baby Blue Z for the Navy Blue sky, though, bottle or throttle, things will always come easy for Chris.

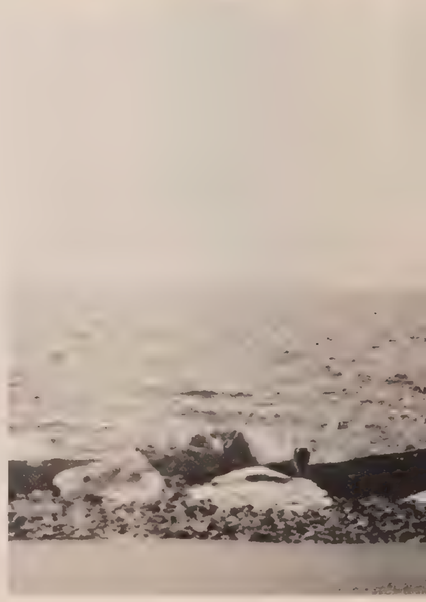
MICHAEL S. HAMNER
"NER"
2nd Regiment Commander

Ner! Probably the most well known, and well used member of the brigade. Not a bigger sweat has ever entered the hallowed halls of Mother "B." Famous for "Ner Notes," he has contrived such linguistic gems as: "I think I've had a too few many" and "To come to tell you the truth I don't really do." His suave manner and ease of speech make Mike a snake with the ladies. All kidding aside, Mike has all the qualities everyone at the Academy strives for. The mainstay of the 26th Company fleet worked harder than anyone; his regiment and EDO selection are evidence enough. His honest fairness and genuine availability make Mike unique and valuable to borderline friends and classmates. A man who sets such high goals as to find the "infinite resistor," will surely succeed in every endeavor.



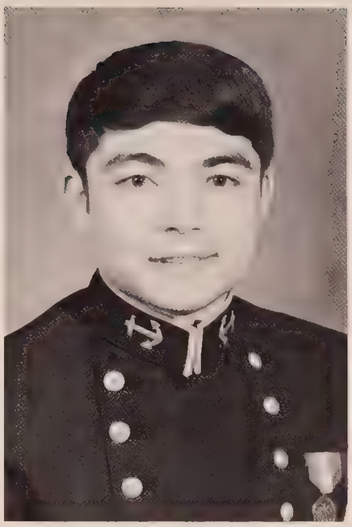
CHARLES WATKINS
2nd Regiment Sub Commander

"KINS" came to USNA after a year at the University of Texas. He immediately asserted himself during plebe summer by asking rates of his astonished squad leader. It is a credit to Charlie that, although some of his relatives were in interesting positions, he never took advantage of this fact. This was evidenced by the display on his car's front bumper. He is unfamiliar with the manual of arms due to the timing of a few serious injuries. By taking an active interest in the company, including his role as "smut rep," he managed to procure the "sub-regiment," famous for its tough entrance requirements. Despite his California surfing heritage and his constant "Blythe spirit," he bypassed the humanities and focused on Mechanical Engineering to become one of Rickover's finest. The future holds marriage and sure success, in whatever fields Charlie chooses to conquer.



DOUGLAS LEE MEINTS
"DOUG"

Doug began his military career as a native Washingtonian and, during his stay at the Boat School, obtained various homes of record in California, Oregon, and Arizona. This explains why he carried minimum I.D., dark shades, and a big stick. Being the proud owner of a "plastic pig," Doug minored in legal loopholes (unfortunately, the IRS handles the curriculum). Doug took advantage of the fine educational resources the Navy offered at Annapolis. Being an Oceanography major, he studied about the 'birds and the bees' in the sea community and applied his theories on the weekends (in the terrestrial environment). "D.L." decided to opt for NFO training ever since Coca-Cola began to design the lenses for his glasses. Besides, he figured a lesson in orientation might get him to D.C. in under two hours. We wish Doug the best of luck as an avaitor and know he'll ace the program.



PATRICK E. DOWNER
"CUBE"

When Pat came to this resort on the Severn, everyone called him by just his first name. After a steady evolution process he proceeded to become MoDo, Cube, Third Power and finally Diesel Downer, King of the U-Boats!

Pat came from Pataskala, Ohio. A town no bigger than it sounds. Being from Ohio, he lived and died by the Buckeyes. We'll always remember that bet, right Pat?

There were only two things on Pat's mind for four years and one was those 'nuke boats'. This lead him to academic achievment; stars. Pat's other interest was Company sports. A fierce competitor, every soccer, football and softball season was started with the Brigades in mind!

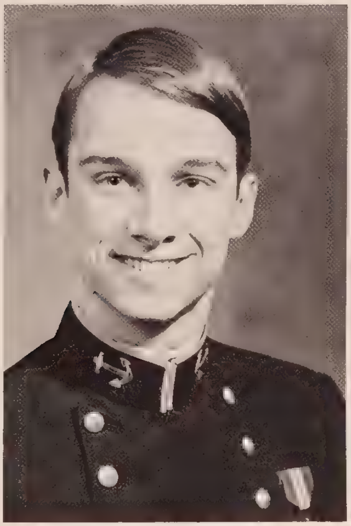
Pat will always be remembered for his late night cookouts and his undampened spirit. Bonzai!!!

ROBERT F. NICHOLS JR.
"NICK"
26th Company Commander

Nick came out of the wilds of Boston hailing from a suburb called Woburn. Using his famous accent he breezed through plebe year with fond memories of Army and the fast pitch team.

During his last few years at the boat school, Bobby approached his potential, and in the process collected numerous nicknames for many dubious accomplishments.

The Bullet, recalibrated to a 3 incher in first class year, will be boring holes in the ocean with "the RICK" and will make a name for himself as a real Hot Runner.

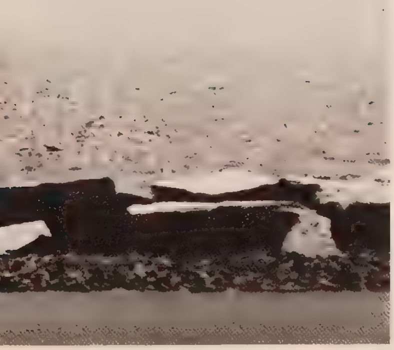


DAVID ALEXANDER BRADY

Sailing into USNA from the home of our first President, our favorite Sandblower soon forgot what weekend fun was due to his steadfast dedication to excellence in gymnastics. This he did only after a two year struggle with two majors. Dropping the numbers in favor of politics, his ability to handle two-dollar words served him well for his term papers but left his classmates alone with Webster's. His love for classical music and Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser sustained him throughout his time at USNA. While two knee operations forced him into early retirement from gymnastics, he was soon drafted for company light-weight football. Hailing to nuclear power, behind him David leaves his mark as summer Company Commander and many unfinished cartoon soap operas, long to be remembered. He will ever be the Gray Mouser.

ROBERT D. BENDER
"BOB"

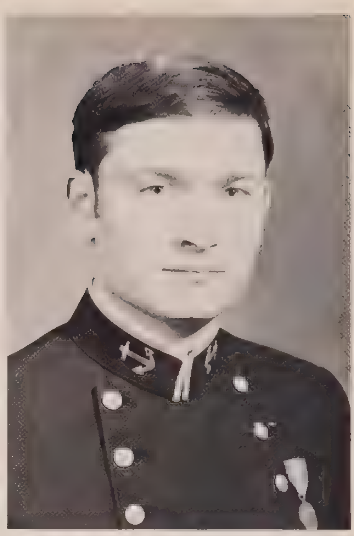
Roaring in from that thriving metropolis of Bowmansville, Pa., Bob came to Navy and quickly demonstrated his athletic prowess. A standout in high school, his versatility was further demonstrated on the Naval Academy gridiron, soccer field, and track where he devoted many long hours towards his love for competition. Taking his academics in stride with athletics, Bob majored in Oceanography and managed to earn respectable grades, while at the same time getting many tedious hours of work done in his horizontal office. His easy going personality and habit of always looking for the good in a person made him one of the most liked and respected members of the company. Being a lover of the sun, one could be sure to find Bob on the Florida beaches every summer, soaking up the rays, scuba diving, and water skiing. Thus it is easy to see why he chose to begin a career in Hawaii with the Surface Navy. Best of luck always to a unique individual with a compelling urge to succeed.



RONALD LLOYD BOOKER
"BOOK"

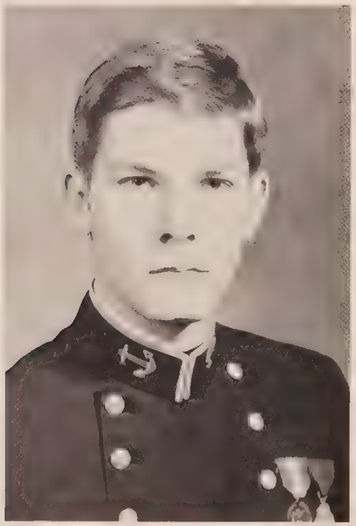
Ronald Booker ventured from Chicago to the Naval Academy to see if he could meet the challenge here. Battling a couple of academic storms here and there over his years at Annapolis, Ron proved that the challenge wasn't too tough to handle. His personality is probably best described by the word 'motivation.' If there's an easy and hard way to do things, Ron won't hesitate to do it the hard way, especially if it's the right way, just to prove that he has the ability to handle any job.

After his years at U.S.N.A., Ron chose to go into the Marine Corps — another tough road, but one in which he will find many rewards, as the Marine Corps will in having him as a leader of Marines. With a great sense of personal pride and professionalism, Book will accomplish much in his lifetime in or out of the Corps.



PATRICK LeBLANC
"FRENCHY"

Pat, better known as Frenchy or just Blank, came to the Naval Academy from Breaux Bridge, La., the Crawfish Capitol of the World. Choosing Mechanical Engineering as his major, Frenchy soon realized he had bitten a bit more than he could swallow. But after three chews and a little persuasion from friends, mainly brutal force, the light at the end of the tunnel soon came within view. His first three years of living hell paid off First Class year when he took full advantage of liberty for the first time. On the weekends, if not drumming away somewhere, or jumping out of airplanes yelling AIRBORNE, Frenchy was found at some motocross track killing himself, which he claims was more fun than girls. Too bad no one ever believed him for one special reason. Amazingly enough, his grades improved. Look for Frenchy flying with an attack squadron in the future. He's determined to do as well as Frenchy SR. Good luck Frenchy!



GERALD THOMAS FRENTZ
"TOMAS"
5th Battalion Sub Commander

Jerry originally came here to be molded however the upperclass and Mother B wanted him. A celibate 4/c summer and 1st semester, he became quite a girl chaser by 3/c year. Alienation by classmates, increased academics and a decreased QPR made for low spirits and performance. Even after being a loner 2/c summer, the obligation was easy to take, but he soon found out he would be NPQ for line. Girl friends left him and all he had were good marks by his Co. Ofcr. who put him up for stripes. Without a great record, Jerry became 2/c Batt Cdr. Less time and more work showed him he needed help. It is said, "Make time for God and He'll make time for you." Jerry rededicated his life to Christ in April 76. FOREX to Spain and summer leave brought time to re-evaluate convictions, weaknesses and goals. Senior year, he became OCF music director, broadened his Choir participation and found Christian friends in 26. He now credits all to God, like being Batt Sub-Cdr, and his Civil Engineer Corps commission. John 15:13 represents his life.

DAVID BURDINE
"BIRDMAN"

Dave will be remembered for several things. He was the company explosives man and could usually be found blowing something up. With out a doubt, he drove the weirdest car in the world and could be found on the weekends over at the auto shop tinkering with it. Dave was one of the few people who spent as much effort trying to get around the system as he did conforming to it. He will long be remembered as the Conduct Officer for some of the amazing things he pulled. Service Selection was Navy Air, and you will probably find Dave tooling around somewhere in the friendly skies.

WILLIAM JAMES KEAR
"JIM"

Jim hails from Wheeling, West Virginia and over his last three years at U.S.N.A. he has kept a hometown beauty in his energetic wake. Reknown for his ear-to-ear smile, Jim's good sense of humor and easy going manner were always welcome among his classmates. His brave but ratey weekend jaunts through the halls clad only in his Navy issue underwear will hopefully be carried on by future plebe classes.

Interested in all sports, Jim found lacrosse to be most enjoyable as a defenseman on the J.V. lacrosse team his plebe year. During the winters, you could find him working up a sweat in the handball courts.

Surface line was 'might fine' to Jim long before the expression came into vogue and a career in the Navy seems to dominate his thoughts but in or out of the fleet, success will be in Jim's destiny.

CONSTITUTION

DONALD DAVID DONALDSON

Don came to Annapolis from Haddonfield in "South Hersey." After plebe football, "D" really got into his double major. I must admit the competition was pretty stiff but Don still found a lot of time to listen to Rod, lift, and play fieldball. Second class year was a little rough, it brought wires and wires in turn brought Captain M. Even though Don did have to play the serious "weenie" for a couple of semesters he still was often heard yelling things like, "Kid, let's go have some cold ones" or "10:30 pad." Although Don is known for disliking much that goes on around USNA two things he is very positive about are Deb and the Marine Corps. Kid, Loid, Kins and Bo wish to join everyone else that knows Don in wishing him the best of luck in whatever the future brings.

KENT DEMPSEY WHITE

Williamstown, Massachusetts is the place "Kid" calls home. Kent is sometimes seen in the gym and sometimes the library, but whereever you see him it is a safe bet he is in the company of "D." Grades have never been a problem for this man and Navy Air should be no different. Vettes and music are two of Kent's big interests with tube, pad and lifting not far behind. Although Kent's quiet nature has made it difficult for him with officers and upperclass it has won him numerous friends among his peers. It is easily seen that Kent's future will be rewarding no matter what he plans to pursue.

JAMES G. LUEHMAN
"BO"

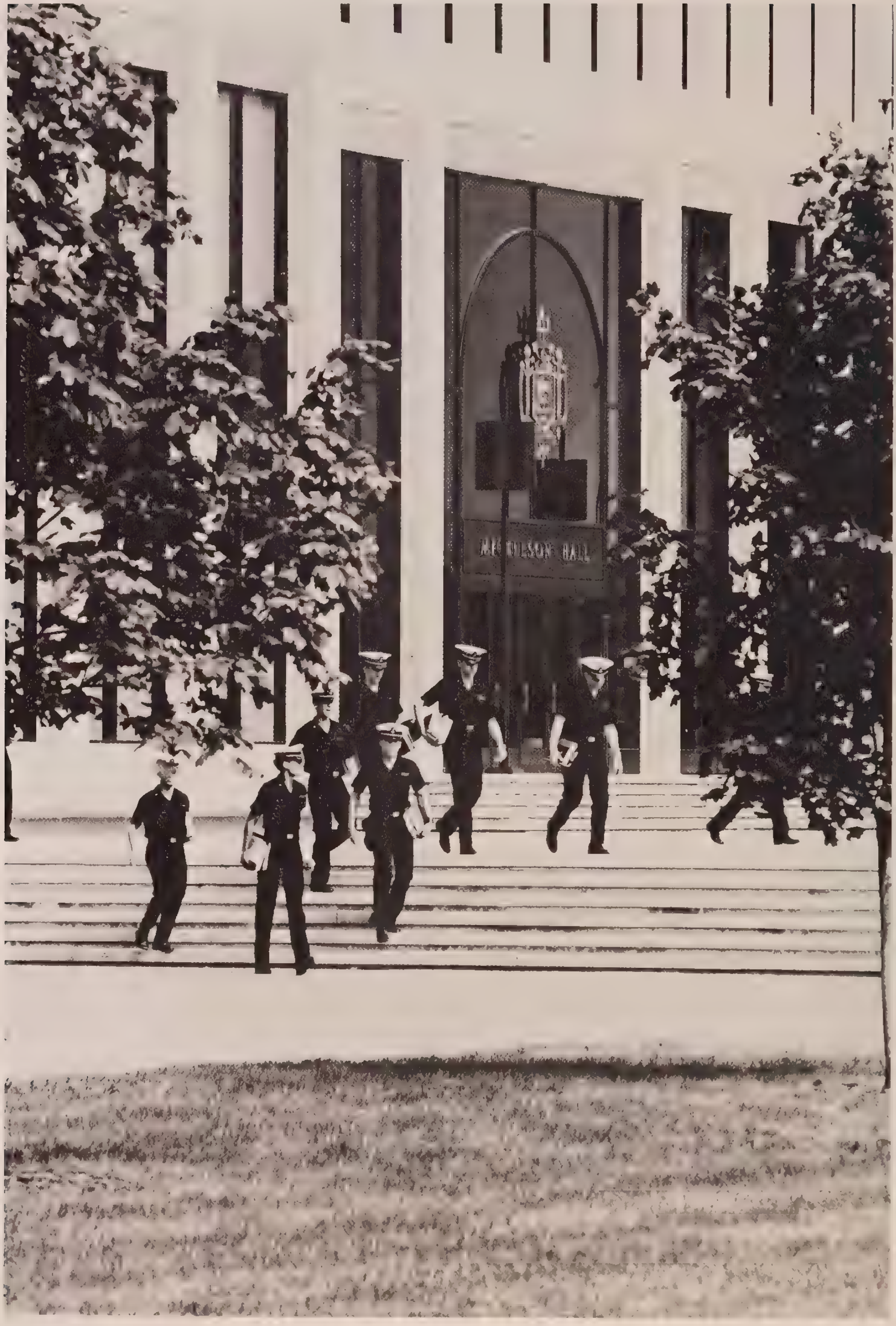
The "BO" along with his "BO-FEET" arrived from beautiful Athens, Greece. Although he led the company in demos plebe summer and had a disappointing plebe year, he made a tremendous comeback in his last three years becoming a stellar performer in all categories.

Bo was a great individual when it came to company sports, leading many a fieldball effort and bringing a winning tradition back to 26th co. B-Ball. This "Most-Worthless Individual" will be going Nuke-Line and will make a certain Rick eat his words.

LEO WILLIAM LATONICK
"LOID"

"Loid" came to Mother B as a result of a fine New Jersey recruiter and interests in basketball. One of Cinnaminson's finest, Leo worked as hard as anyone at his trade and eventually rose to Captain of the much improved varsity squad in his first class year. From the beginning of plebe summer, Leo swore he would leave the following day, but he stuck it out for management, late night dice rolling, Whiteacre's laws, and free period activities. His uncanny mechanical nature has kept him on the road constantly and kept his car thirsting for three small quarts of oil. The procurement of a checkbook brought him financial stability and the hallowed halls of Bancroft gave him love. Seriously, Leo's pleasant disposition and genuine goodness have provided for those who knew him here a good laugh and a nicer environment. We will all miss those early morning "Reports!" and his Phillies fanaticism. The future holds surface line near home, sure success, and of course, basketball.

TWENTY SEVENTH COMPANY


MICHELSON HALL

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) L. Miller, D. Hollaway, D. Sales, S. Stoner, A. Wise, A. Karkos, D. Bennett, V. Welch, G. Chasko. *STANDING:* D. Fitzsimmons, D. Hamblen, K. Halek, J. Bowdoin, L. Gard, B. Brauer, M. Sherman, S. Jones, T. Lawson, R. Boch, G. Beyer, J. Schmitz, J. Aclin, P. Wiedorn, M. Van Vlack.

TOP ROW: (L TO R) J.R. Bland, R.E. Ehrhardt, J.B. Conyers, M.E. Backstrom, R.P. Dolan, J.C. Cain, P.T. Callas, F. Leon-Guerrero, M.C. Paris, J.B. Dykes, W.S. Rose, C.A. Harris, M.D. Browning, M. Bradley. *BOTTOM ROW:* A. Grenci, J.J.R. Rendine, M. Shipley, D.W. Maxwell, T.P. Hewitt, R.G. Rahall, M.E. Kennedy.

FIRST ROW: J. Igel, A. McCawley, F. Beerine, M. Lopez-Alegria, B. Carmichael, J. Kern, E. Moore, R. Heatherington. *MIDDLE ROW:* G. Midlick, M. Loretangeli, J. Brastauskas, S. Rawson, L. Arkley, R. Stefanovic, S. Harris. *BACK ROW:* S. Spehn, M. Heutteman, B. Elder, M. Marcinkowski, T. Casey, A. Otano, D. Riedel, A. Artuso, L. Brown, S. Garrett, K. Holwell, R. Schlesinger, B. Rezzardy.

MICHAEL J. CAREY
"SPUD"

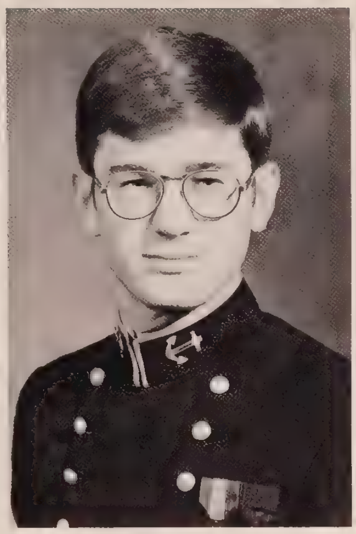
Mike, alias Space, Spud, or Caroid, depending on the phase of the moon, drifted to Navy from Caldwell, Idaho. Spud spent one year at the University of Idaho as a ROTC to insure he would have his skating pass while at the Academy. Mike is an Electrical Engineer. You can tell by the glasses, the beady eyes, and the large drift factor. Mike is also a Surface Liner. You can tell by the glasses, the . . . In the future when he has gone out of retirement as a flamer, he'll spend his time driving his Plastic Coffin when he comes off his twenty month deployments.

WILLIAM K. DENNIS
"BILL"

Bill's life dream was to go to an institution of higher learning and be the captain of a great soccer team. Instead he ended up as the captain of Navy's soccer team; oh well, one out of three ain't bad. Finding soccer a minor challenge the Squeak went on to letter in more important activities such as conduct with his black N, the duty section for never having shown up, and Naval Academy Geography for never having found the barber shops. Having a true love of the sea as all Navy greats Billy dove enthusiastically into Oceanography, however, seeing quickly (2 days) how greatness and the Navy didn't become him he switched into BagaMana hoping to make soccer chalk talks the toughest academic endeavor of the day. Seeing Navy Air as the lessor of three evils Squeak leaves behind a host of underworked barbers and a younger brother to stay in there kicking for the Dennis boys.

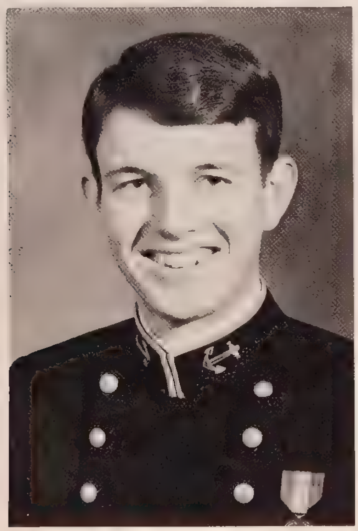
DALE ROBERT GOVAN
"TEDDY BEAR OR NAD"

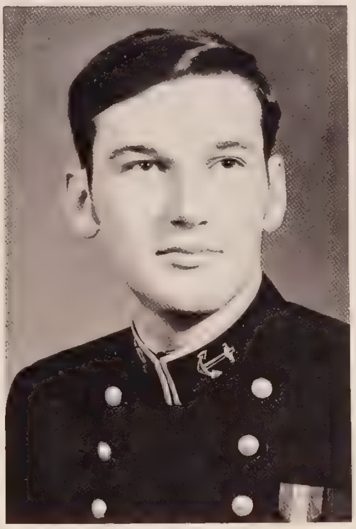
Dale arrived at Navy ready to carry on the tradition his father had begun. Promptly exhibiting his military prowness by running into doors at port arms and going AWOL plebe year, he decided to redirect his energies toward the soccer field where, trained in fetching balls at the wall, he would later reappear as company and battalion coach. Frustrated on the athletic field, Dr. T challenged the Marine Engr. Dept. A permanent member of the dawn patrol, he soon discovered his adeptness at engineering only to fall victim to Sampson Hall. Nad set up R & R camp in Cape St. Clair from where he later commuted on weekdays. Attempting to forget all that had been and was to be, his 1829 arrivals were characterized by high pollution warnings in a worthy attempt to spread the blissfulness he felt. Attempting to put his abundant knowledge of power plants to work, Dale moves onto Rickover's Navy where he has the Admiral's assurance that he is smarter than the Admiral.

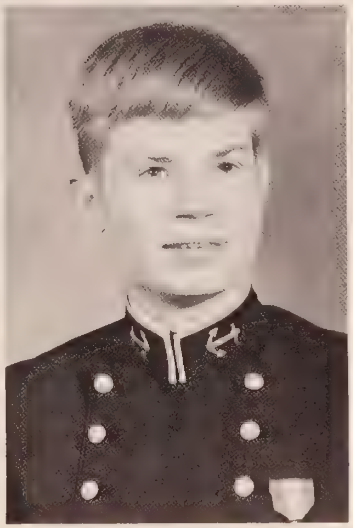


DOUGLAS HENRY WILSON
"ACE"

Ace arrived at the un-college fresh from Gastonia, North Carolina. He began the summer by living in one pair of skivvies for a week, after sending all his laundry out at the first opportunity. No wonder he caught more grief from his classmates than from the firsties. Youngster year Doug owned the duty auto, which won him one bodacious weekend at Hood and lost him one transmission. This loss grieved Ace so much that he became the prime motivator when he returned for the detail. He was awarded a gold medal by the plebes for the rations he handed out daily. Chief electrician for the Juice Gang, a master at electricity and headed for EDO via subs, Doug will certainly find success in any endeavor.







STEPHEN W. HARDEN
"STEVE"

5th Battalion Sub Commander

Steve rode in from Texas, leaving behind its beautiful women and country in order to conquer the "last frontier" on the Severn. The trail was tough but he left his mark and his ivory handled revolvers are well notched — a notch for the recon raids plebe year, a notch for being a bull major with unlimited T.V., notches for the weekends spent at home in BIG D., one for his car 2/c year (without getting caught), another one for taking the "Hawaiian Option" on 1/c cruise, a notch for 3-striper libs 1st set and "crows" 2nd set, one for finally deciding not to go Corps, one each for the women he left behind, and finally a whole host of notches for "flying Navy." Now, itchy to move on, he rides off into the sunset with his Texas-sized good nature, hoping to bring law and order to the beaches and skies of Pensacola.

DANIEL ROBERT SIGG
'"RETTE"

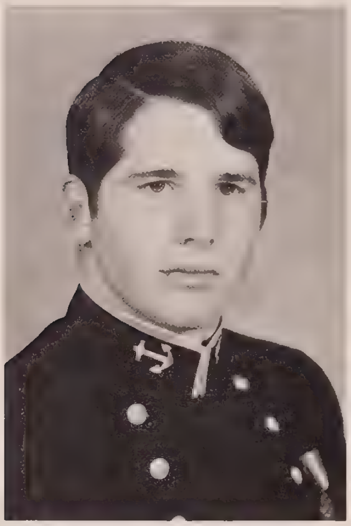
Stalking in from Abington, Pa., Dan gained early recognition at Navy during plebe summer when the wardroom was forced to set an additional table to accomodate his consumption habits. When academic year rolled around, his tastes changed but not his appetite as he challenged the Mech. Eng. Dept. and prepared to go into battle with the best of them. Armed to the hilt, his distinguishing mark was the 75 pounds of books which he carried constantly. Setting up his business at the library, the '"Rette" could only be found back at the hall on one of his many supply runs to the wardroom. Coffee stains, mechanical pencils, and a tie that never came off were marks of his profession as he gutted out six years of study in four. Holder of the company record for consecutive shake-off losses, his proficiency in the world of gambling was evidenced when, with the draw of a card, he won 35 days on plebe detail instead of summer leave. Accepting the challenge of Rickover, Dan's biggest problem in the Silent Service will be fitting into their bunks.

PETER WILLIAM STROMANN
"ROPEMAN"

The trip from Sheffield Lake, Ohio was a long one for Pete. Arriving at Gate 8 approximately two weeks behind his classmates, Ropeman is now only about a week and a half behind. Pete is not one to take things lying down, unless he is restrained and forced to take a closer look. Majoring in Political Science and planning to drive boats, Pete spent his spare time discussing his relatives — the "Stromann Brothers," and "Uncle Auto." Although Ropeman's dry wit was sometimes unappreciated, his puns did not merit encouragement. When everything is said and done, so is Pete. If the past performance gives any indication, the Surface Warfare community will be getting a fine officer in Pete.

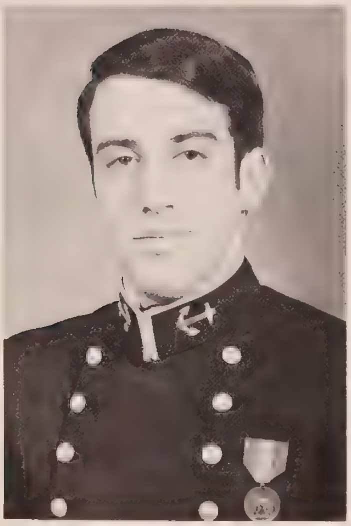
STEPHEN LYNN YOUNG
"SLY"

Shipped to us (COD) in a plain brown paper wrapper from Charleston, West Virginia, Sly has since become one of our most colorful characters. A Naval Architect by trade and a boat driver by aspiration, Sly has been in on all the big ones . . . His major accomplishments include repeated attempts to drink Buzzy's dry, and a starring role in "The Great Submarine Caper." Always an asset to the company B-ball, lightweight, and slowpitch teams, company sports will never be the same. Sly is certainly headed for a fine and successful career. After all, how could the brother of Excelsior Robinson go wrong?



THOMAS E. BAUER

Shooting in from the Buckeye State the COLUMBUS grappler came to us dreading the thought of a career at USNA as no more than a four year dry run on a life long beer blast. These regrets were short lived as Elton soon found an abundance of local pubs within walking/staggering distance. Tommy found that wrestling was not limited to the mats as he engaged in some of his most fearsome matches in the hollows of Rickover. Elton, about to be pinned in the early years of academic encounter scored a reversal late in the match to take the decision by a narrow .2. Never one to worry about extra pounds in the off season: hollow cheeks, baggy uniforms, and a set of weight scales marked the beginning of the wrestling schedule for the antelope ass. A week in Pensacola and a night of dancing in Evelyn's Grunge Bar second class summer was all Elton needed to convince him of his service selection, Navy Air. Elton speeds off in his van, Blue Kegger, cops in hot pursuit, leaving behind USNA, Weems Creek, Donatelli's, Rudys, Hill Side Inn . . .



ERIK CHAUM
"CHEECH"

Erik (cheech) Chaum came to USNA from Tarzana California and the now famous William Howard Taft High School. Cheech was a Mechanical Engineer academically and a gymnast by sport (horizontal bar and bad knees). Professionally all aspects of the Navy interested him. He spent a summers leave at the Naval Air Test Pilots School and a first class summer on a boomer, but service selection placed him on an FF out of Pearl. Cheech had more roommates than mids have miles to run, almost, (Carns, BZ, Mark, John, Moe, The Rock, Warms, and the Ropeman). Cheech spent most of his time designing things (one patent applied for), and the rest of his time trying to explain them to any one that would listen or who could stay awake . . . z
zz
zzz.

PHILLIP DeROSE

"THE KID"

Phil came from Syracuse to work three years on the varsity Gymnastics team. "The Kid" quit horsing around when his grades and wrists caught up with him.

Known as a gambler, Phil and five friends had to explain to the O.D. one night youngster year why they were not studying and why they had their card game going. This carried on to first class year when Phil set up his own little ring," to provide funds for the company wardroom."

After having his Nuke Power request returned to him first class year, glowing with radioactive dust, Phil snuck in the back door by grabbing the last SWS slot.

With his ability to help people part with their money and with him on a sub, Phil just might become one of the richest Ensigns under the water.

RICHARD WALLACE MEANOR

"DICK"

Dick came to us via Coraopolis (AKA Quinn's Corner), Pennsylvania. "Bull," since his fascination with gunge is only exceeded by his verbosity ("The Shaggy Dog"), has always been a front-runner. His first ASW exercise was a complete success, but Dick has been a fighter-jock since day-1. A big favorite with the band at Buzzy's, partying has never been a weak point for him. Although company soccer and fieldball profitted from his talents, slowpitch is his game. Even after a long day "Bull" could be counted on to terrorize the sixth wing with his "dangerous activities." Naval Aviation gains promising material when Dick reaches the fleet. Dick, who was courageous enough to room with the tandem terror and then had the audacity to come back for more is headed for a most successful career.

JOHN ALAN HALL

"LITTLE MAN"

A transfer student from Rutgers the Little Man drifted into USNA from Paramus, N.J. John was ready for Canoe U. and Navy would be ready for him as soon as the Mid Store could find a pair of size 6½ tennis shoes and a set of mini white works. Setting his sights on Nuc Power, Oceanography and the lack of female companionship the Munch could often be seen staring off into space late in 1/c year wondering if the military way of life was for him. Munch was the only man capable of turning a two hour term paper into a three day horror story, or at the same time use a night of decent tube to prepare for the Wires final the next day. Perhaps his most frustrating experience was at the Army-Navy soccer game '76 where his four hard years of play culminated in one final BLO (Bench Loitering Occasion). The Munch will always be known as the guy with the "cute" face, receeding hair line and abused body. The Little Man leaves Navy with two questions in mind: who, rather will there be that magic girl, and are bald men really sexier?

HENRY GEORGE WISCHMEYER III

"CHIP"

5th Battalion Operations

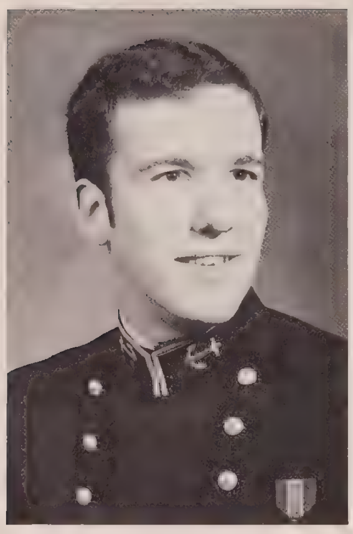
When Haannk rolled in from Texas, USNA realized they had taken a less than even deal when they traded Roger Staubach to Dallas for the "Wish," but ened up with the badmobile, a stetson, boots, and fine collection of Jerry Jeff Wallker albums. Surviving on the bare essentials of Midshipman life, Chip enjoyed fruit bars, brownies, and an assortment of fine women. Setting his priorities early the Wish never let academics interfere with his workouts or early bedtime. A firm believer in the cliche "anything over 2.0 is wasted rack time," Chip saw a 4 year stretch as USNA as a chance to prove it. Taking an early interest in finances, Hank set up a one way loan department to cover his $200 suits, long distance phone calls, and a controlling interest in Burger King. Looking forward to more rack time, bigger burgers, and F-14's, while looking back on useless wires books, Marines and their few good men, Chip will now hang his hat in Pensacola.

JOHN M. BIRD

"BIRDMAN"

27th Company Commander

It can never be said that the Birdman was at a loss for words. Skating in from P-cola John met Navy head on and the place will never be the same. The Birdman was a living example of the saying "cooperate to graduate." When Navy loses John it will be losing the best gouge man it ever had. Oh, what we could tell the M.E. Department. Leaving also will be the largest collection of hot mugs on any campus, gathered together over many Debate trips and oh yes, summer cruises. Gungy for Navy the Birdman bought his sword early and could be seen practicing with it daily to the tune of that major Spinners hit, "The Backstabbers." John used his Mechanical Engineer major to propel himself into Nuclear Power. He will go down as the only man in the history of the Rickover interviews to put the Admiral to sleep. John leaves behind him: his prized set of P.E. gear, worn to all classes except P.E., a thankful Texan, a two mile long academic accountability record, a one way street sign and relieved members of the crow's nest.

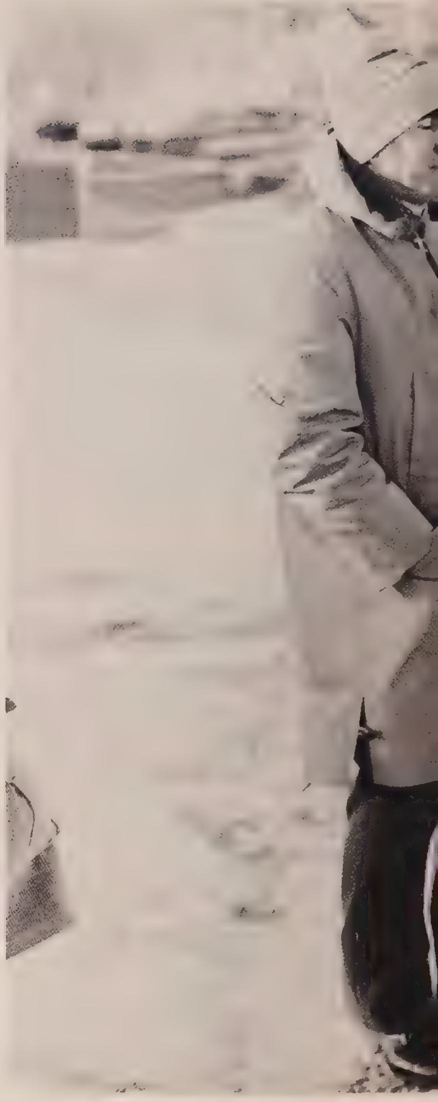


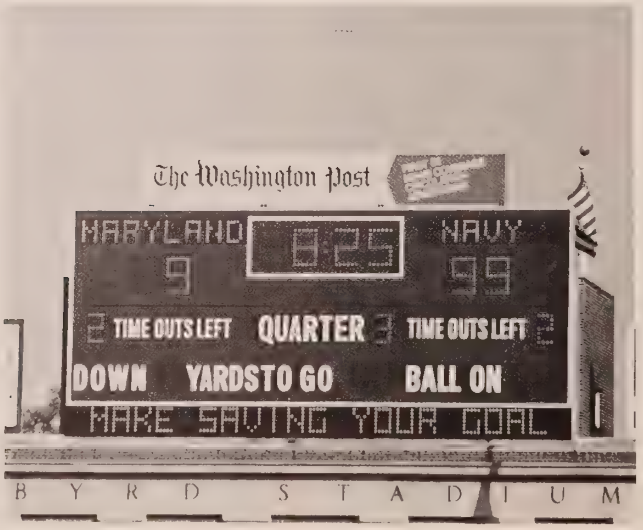
RONALD JAMES BANCHAK
"MOE"
27th Company Commander

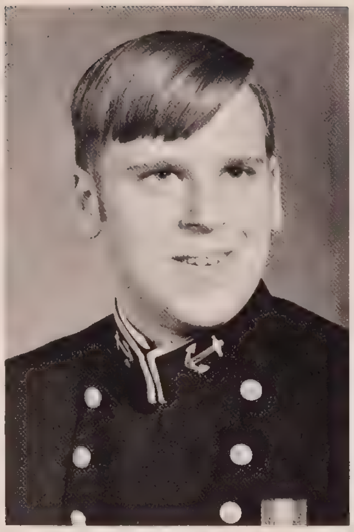
Hailing from Hometown, Illinois, Moe joined the Marine Engineering Dept. and could be seen fighting many a battle in the classroom. He frequently left mumbling something about "remember Pearl Harbor." The only man at the academy who found weeknights so exciting that he didn't want to sleep through them, he lived on caffeine and nicotine until he got to the classroom. Having invested the entirety of his loan into the most advanced stereo system known to mankind, he spent his extra time teaching it to make coffee runs and wake him up in the mornings; if he made it to bed at all. After three years of playing fieldball and three concussions, SGLI has tagged him as being injury prone and uninsurable. The man from Chi-Town will be joining the nuclear power ranks after graduation with dreams of owning his own reactor someday.

DALE STEVEN SIHRER

Originally from Pekin, Ill. Dale was renamed "SY-GUY" younster year and chose Oceanography for his major. He was active in company sports suffering only minor wounds. He was also involved in Hop Committee and Juice Gang. Dale took things easy and set up definite formal ties in the Baltimore area. He was finally "reprimanded" by Adm. Rickover for his major and QPR. Accepted into the Nuke Program he is looking forward to the real USN and submarines.







RICHARD PAUL HANSEN
"RICH"

Claiming to come from Franklin Square, Long Island, he sounds more like one of the Bowery Boys. Pepe had to get a medical waiver to come to us with his protruding jaw (they thought he would bite off more than he could chew). West Point took him off our hands for 6 months, however he kept putting them to sleep with his lengthy dissertations on Spruance. So, they sent him back to us, slippers, inflated QPR, and all. Upon returning, Badass became the perpetrator of the ultimate snake; not only did he inherite dear departed B.Z.'s room and roommate but girlfriend to boot. Capitalizing on his ability to bull, he fit nicely into his Poly Sci major however, a unimpressed Admiral R made him pay dearly with summer school. Pepe is going on to Nuc Power but prefers targets to sewer pipes. When he departs USNA, he leaves behind 1 book on practical nursing, 4 wool sweaters, his Z-Power textbook and a 4 year perscription of Kleenex Tissues. Farewell and good luck to the reincarnation of Admiral Spruance.

JEFFREY ALAN GORMAN
"THE OLD MAN"

Garden City, Michigan's, loss didn't do much for us either. The vicious looking "old man" turned out to be just an old softy at heart. As for his reported lack of hair, let it be said that grass never grows on a busy street. Starring in academics and always up for a quick five mile run, "Goreman" relaxes by updating his hate list. In between "borrowing" submarines and staging pyrotechnic displays, he has been known to spend hours drooling over P-3 pictures. An aviator at heart, the VP squadrons will get him because the Navy doesn't want him.

JEFFERY ALLEN WARMINGTON
"WARMS"

Hailing from McMinnville, Oregon "Warms" shed the burdens of farm life and joined the ranks at Navy. Aspiring to be a varsity wrestler, but losing his knees to high school football, Jeff found happiness wrestling the rack instead and earned numerous trenching quals. He diversified his activities, however, and was often heard saying through the deserted halls, "Iceland from Great Britain; one on one." Playing Marine for his 1/c cruise, he didn't fool anyone when he went skimmer with an air option. He will be at home in San Diego with his LST where you might hear him say "There are surface ships and then there are ships that never will." There is no doubt that Warms will make a fine officer, whatever he does.

RICHARD SANCHEZ DELA CRUZ
"TOO MANY TO LIST"

This stoic individual came eastward to USNA from Daly City, California. Competitive in nature, he strives to do be the best in any sport he plays. Among these sports are basketball (his first love), Lt. Wt. football, and Slo-pitch baseball. This easy going Flip has opted for Surface Line so that he can see the world. The Iron Maiden has a bowling style that would make Fred Flintstone green with envy. Although an avid Management Technology major, he spends much time studying textiles each afternoon. Do not let his innocence fool you! He was one of the infamous "Nautilus Four" and is still wanted in 39 out of 50 states. Many girls also want him. Not a day goes by without a message from many of his "platonic" friends asking him to call her. Free and easy in his Celica today — wed with 80 screaming kids in an old Ford station wagon tomorrow.

MICKEY VERNON ROSS

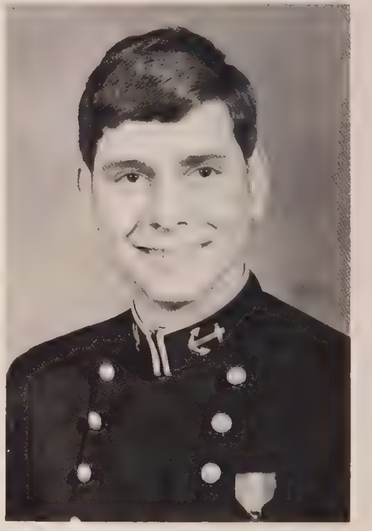
"MICK"

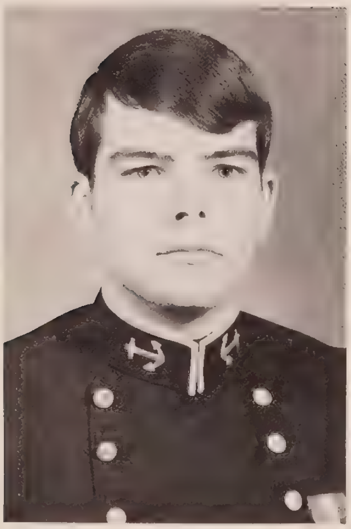
Slow walking, slow talking, long, tall Mick dribbled into USNA via the scenic route — Bainbridge and NAPS. He kept the first summer blues away with his mellow singing and soulful cadences. Mickey quickly became known as the company patience rep playing mother hen to Ropeman for three years. Although he always had a difficult time on the chinning bar, comments were quickly curtained when they were contended in the boxing ring — the Mick had a punch that would "sting like a bee." His academic career began in Math, however, he moved to Phy Sci after 2 years and a 2.0. You could be sure to find him studying at the library or at Bible study, or at a "Nav" deal. We know Mick will continue to Navigate through surface line like he did at Navy with perserverance and good naturedness.

MATTHEW J. STREETER

"MATTMAN"

The Mattman rolled into Navy from Little Rhody leaving the Dew Drop behind. Matt adjusted well to Academy life though it was rumored that he never did find the post office. Matt stood high with his peers as witnessed by the over and under chit received 2/c year. (The degree of difficulty was only 2.8 since the guy on top was half his size.) Matt set his sights on Political Science and set out to solve the world's problems in his little blue book. His academic endeavors taught him which pills to stay away from the night before steam finals and that five tests in one day can wreak havok on your SQPR. Deciding early what he wanted to do and realizing that his chiefly figure would not allow him into the cockpit of a jet, Matt sees surface line in his DDG as being mighty fine. A constant commuter to Philly in his Budmobile on the weekends, Mattman will be remembered as the man with a mission: bring back the brownies. Matt heads away from USNA leaving in his wake an abused roommate, brownie crumbs and forgotten promises of a trip to Puerto Rico.





JEROEN JOHANNES JOCUBUS WATERREUS

"J"

"J" arrived at the Academy as a hardened veteran. Boot camp and one year at N.A.P.S. prepared him for the rigors of Plebe year; Like hell! Associations with Little MAN, NAD, MATTMAN, Cheech, BZ, Space and Bad Ass formed this Ocean Engineering major into a fine potential officer. "J" is going surface line and says it must be mighty fine after five years in Canoe U. Like all things, the Academy has it's good and it's bad points and "J" will treasure the good ones for the rest of his life.

MARK DAVID WORRILOW

Mark was sent to us from that small place called Glenside Pa. "The War-Lord" found a second home here and in D&B. After a quiet youngster and second class year, Mark was given command of the D&B on second set detail. Some plebes will remember Mark, when after he dressed up in White Works and stood next to a plebe at a come-around, he was able to step in front of that lucky plebe and say, "I AM Mr. Worrilow!"

Mark will be living in Charleston with that MSO he chose for service selection night, until, he hopes to go to Law School through the Navy. He and his wife, "Love-kins" can look forward to many happy years together if they can learn each others first names.

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF NAVAL
ACADEMY GRADUATES KILLED OR MISSING
IN ACTION IN THE VIETNAM CONFLICT

TWENTY EIGHTH COMPANY

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) M. Peterson, C. Goddard, J. Harbison, D. Fanelli, R. Gillespie, R. Brewer, K. Cheezum, M. Combs. *SECOND ROW:* T. Curry, G. Kolodziejczak, P. Witt, B. Pochran, T. Hanley, R. Richards, D. Mori, C. Behrend, T. Wright. *THIRD ROW:* B. Villaiobos, T. Hamilton, W. Lachowicz, D. Rigdon, A. Kuntz, K. Donlon, G. Burke, M. McKinney, J. McCabe, D. Hampshire, M. Gasapo, M. Johnson, T. Bond, S. Fedyschmn, D. Bearss.

FRONT ROW: (L TO R) S. Payette, D. Nichols, F. Inscde, G. Shuga, K. Panos, R. Mirick. *MIDDLE ROW:* T. Hancock, G. Firmin, M. Shatynski, R. Martin. *BACK ROW:* M. Lambie, G. Darrocca, D. Nees, B. Jublou, J. Craig, Y. Chertavian, T. Facer, M. Willis, G. Adams. *MISSING:* R.C. Keller, E. Berry, L. Glover, M. Valentine, M. Pohlmeyer, D. Martinez, J. Levin.

FRONT ROW: (L TO R) C.R. Blackburn, D. Hendershot, D.P. King, R.L. Burinsky, M.J. Bizzard. *SECOND ROW:* M.T. Maliniak, T.P. Loviza, J.M. Toves, R.C. Mauldin, J.N. Rogers, M.S. Riddle, J.S. Huckenpoehler, R.T. Rivera, R.E. Artenburger, O.R. Edwards, R.P. Velgos. *BACK ROW:* J. Zarick, L.A. Firos, G.G. McCrary, J.M. Merrill, M.P. Foley, D.J. Roberts, P.J. Wacek, D.T. Biesel, G.J. Davis, R.S. Campbell, J.D. Winter, K.J. Karton, D.S. Stahl, D.E. Shelton.
MISSING: R.H. Alexander, S.D. Chafin, D.A. Character, E. Manns, C.S. Preston, W.D. Robertson, III.

JAMES PICKENS ADAMS

"PICK"

2nd Regiment Supply

Pick rolled into the bustling town of Annapolis from the backhills of North Carolina with a corncob pipe in mouth, strawhat on his head, and no shoes on. His first impression of Navy U. was those funny clothes that "them thar funny guys ware."

But Pick quickly grew accustomed to the two most important facets of Academy life: the rack and the gouge. Pick was always great at getting the gouge and when there was none to find, he simply made it up (when its up, it's down!). Jim always had a friendly relationship with his rack, which culminated in his last year when somebody told him the 3 stripes represented the letters BAG.

In addition to these two hobbies Jim managed to find the time enough to make the Superintendent's List and prepare himself for a future in nuclear submarines, even after a grueling interview with Admiral Rickover.

REYNALDO AUSTRIA ARELLANO

"REY"

Rey came from that great state of California filled with awe and wonderment and left glad to have skated through the worst of it. When he wasn't studying the mystic art of black magic physics, he was out on an ECA trip with the Glee Club or Catholic Choir chasing girls, or out on a yawl dodging UPs on the Severn and Chesapeake.

Rey was one of the lucky (or unlucky) mids who somehow got into Admiral Rickover's nuclear power program. After nuclear power school, he wants to bore holes through the ocean in submarines to help keep America safe for Mom and apple pie. Sorry Rey, there aren't any girls out there.

MARK EUGNE BECKER

"Becks" cruised into USNA from an obscure little town in California wondering what he was doing. Quickly he established himself as a dynamic personality with his "Becker says" and his "I gotta study." But he didn't stop there, Becks soon became known as a great arguer and never backed away from a discussion of politics especially when he pitted his relatively liberal views against those of his relatively conservative roomie. But those days are gone as Mark opted to leave behind the joys of foreign affairs and term papers to work on numbers in Orlando. So Becks leaves USNA the same way he came, wondering what to do.

JAMES BLASKO
"JIMBO"

Jimbo came here as one of the most gungy Midshipman ever. He was all set to crack the books and go to Nuclear Power School. But he beat his brains out playing Rugby, Football, and Fieldball. A change in plans sent him back to the California sun and SWOS. I wonder if they have dirty rugby songs out there? He should fit right in with his Sin-Bin and wild personality. He'll be an excellent officer if he pursues his career with the gunge he has shown here.

PETER C. FILKINS

Pete arrived at USNA in a manner much different than anyone else — he rowed in from far away Virginia. That Pete was quite devoted to crew was evident in that he was willing to stay perenially skinny, sacrifice Spring leave, and put in those long hours working out ("I love the ergo!").

However, crew was not Pete's only love in life, he also enjoyed getting deep into his major, Ocean Engineering. Yes, Pete always got a charge out of cables and he loved to drown himself in wave mechanics. Along with crew and studying and bulding his little ship, Pete also had aspirations of being the tightest platoon leader in the whole world, only to finish a close second because he was caught smiling in formation — once. With these great attributes, Pete will voyage down to the world of reactors, hoping to make big waves in the nuclear surface fleet.

LAURENCE P. BRUNDAGE
"LARRY"

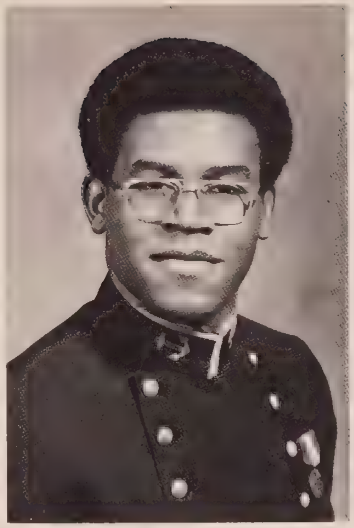
Larry came to us with a rather bland inconspicuous personality. Little did we know that in our midst, our own friend Larry would become a walking, talking (especially talking) brillo pad with hair like steel wool. Not only that but it was classy wool, preferring Chopin to Chicago. Yet, this was no ordinary brillo pad as he scoured constantly, cleaning up all of the good grades that the Math Dept. had to offer. Larry was the first mid in history to declare Diffícues a sleeper and Engine math "fruit." Also possessing a penchant for getting the gouge profs in steam and wires, Larry steadily increased his QPR to an acceptable level to be accepted into the hallowed (or is it harrowed?) halls of nuclear power where he plans to use his Greek words to their greatest inapplicability. All we can say is good luck, Larry, and you had better hope that your sub never runs out of steel wool because your head of hair is a good substitute!

ROBERT J. GILMAN
"PUCK"

Bob "Puck" Gilman came to the boat-school from a small town of the name N. Muskegon, Michigan. Life as a plebe was quite different than any imagination could dream up especially during the summer with G. "Gook" Hew and "Hubert" Humphry as roommates. Plebe year settled down to a slow southern Georgian in Steve Burrell. It was a year no one will ever forget. Wildman next door and Bobby the General across the hall made it especially interesting. Youngster year brought about bigger and better things and also a little lovely that took time and patience to catch. But not that she's got him, there is a blue TR6 going south every Friday toward a real dream. Puck acquired his professional name during second class year with countless hours of target practice in the hall. All in all, it has been four years none of us will forget, especially Bob. Exactly what the future holds is a dream and hope to fly one of those fast movers and to really let go.

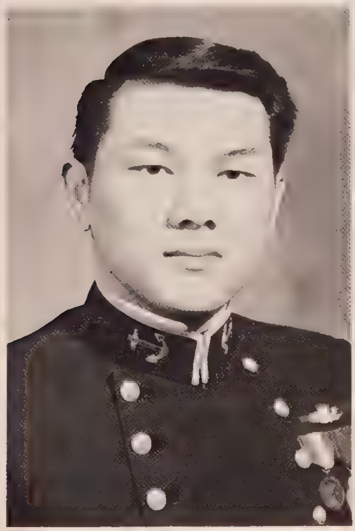
BRENDAN L. GRAY

Brendan came to the Academy from the Emerald Isle of Ireland with an extended stopover in Boston for his training in street fighting. This coupled with his ability to get along with others and his sheer determination allowed him to joust his way through the trials of Academy life with the computer proving to be his only worthwhile advisary. Brendan was never at a loss to find a position as team enforcer on any of the company sports and was called on frequently to permanently remove any overly qualified opponent from the playing field. The Public Relations Committee found Brendan a valuable asset being able to relate to the press corps and the men with gold cuffs as easy as his own classmates. The biggest test of Brendan's determination came when the medical department decided he did not have the nose for Navy Air. Plunging head first into a battle with the doctors, and later the operating room, Brendan emerged once again victorious with a broken nose and orders to Jet Jocky School. This record guarantees a very promising career.



ISAIAS A. HAZLEWOOD
"COOL HAZE"

They called him "Cool Haze." He was quiet, but forceful; independent, yet totally together; brave; kind; honest; thrifty; and reverent. Nothing more can be said.



GERALD MICHAEL HEW
"GERRY, WHO"

Dropping onto the plains of USNA via sunny California, Gerry, "WHO" has the most common name in the company, could always be understood to say SIRYOUNOWHAVETEN . . . Surviving the jumps and pit "falls" of plebe year, Gerry eventually flew down to Georgia to become one of the selected "few good men" who preferred to jump out of vice walking off a perfectly good airplane. Armed with his favorite quote, "I Love It Here!," Gerry could always be depended upon to guard the endless passageways of Mother B at any time of the year, especially during the Christmas Holidays.

Having aspirations of becoming a SEAL, Gerry slipped by service selection to a career as a wearer of green. However, still maintaining the view points just to the right of ATTILA the HUN, Gerry's next drop zone will be the CMC at HQUSMC.

BRIAN F. HOLL
"BRIAN"

Despite being an Air Force brat Brian came to Navy because he knew the only true pilot is one who can land on the deck of an aircraft carrier. Although Brian's mind always seems to be in the clouds he has had no problem mastering the black art of Systems Engineering. His inability to distinguish between night and day allows him to sleep through the loudest of chow calls; thus qualifing him to become a member of the infamous Dawn Patrol, guarding the sun as it rises each morning over the red beach. Brian's favorite pass time is to simulate flying F-4 missions while driving his MGB. This only gets hairy when he trys to do an aileron roll with the "top down." Brian's dedication to flying, Playboy type disposition, and bucket full of brains will alow him to adjust well in the air community and enable him to be an ace in anything he flys.

JOHN J. KEARNEY

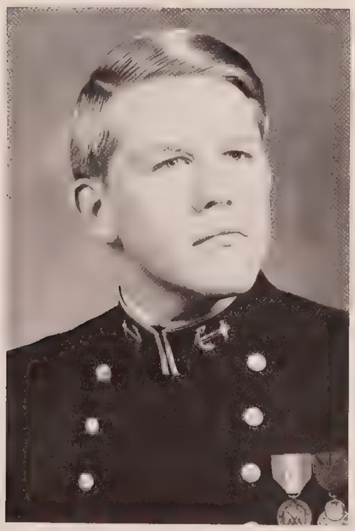
John sailed into the depths of USNA from a Little Rock in Arkansas. Although not considered a little rock himself, John was bestowed with the unique gift of convincing even the most reputed second class, "Mister, You're down big!," to see things his way. A devoted candidate for submarine duty, John was unable to convince the Nuke Pukes that a "D" in Calc. III is nothing compared to an "A" in Diffe-Screws. Not letting this setback deter him, John pursueded a career as a wearer of the green, with the undivided aid of classmates "Randy" and "Conan." But when the time came to sign his life away, John chose lifetime membership to SHIPMATE magazine and the AOE 1 out of Bremerton, Washington. Armed with his golf clubs, a lifetime subscription to SHIPMATE and his camping gear, John will hike himself to CNO yet.

JONATHAN ARTHUR KOLP

"JON"

28th Company Commander

"Mountain Man" Kolp crawled out of his cave as soon as he found out that there were openings for the rowdy type at NAVY. Although often thought to be NAVY's first P.E. major, he was devoted enough to Phy Sci to star when he put his mind to it. Jon got tired of his regular knees Youngster Year and managed to have a bionic pair installed. When not discovering a new way to keep fit, he was regularly seen giving classmates help on homework or playing his guitar, but rarely if ever doing his own homework. Jon was so addicted to fresh air that he didn't bother to buy a roof for his MG and he'd probably be comfortable sunbathing in the Arctic. Hopefully, he will find the combination of the Marine Corps and Terri enough to keep him in good shape, though he is certain not to be the first to admit it.



SCOTT ROBERT LANGER

"OPE"

5th Battalion Operations

Ope began preparing for Nuc Power School at the age of about 3, and because of sub food decided that there could be no other choice for him. He barely scraped by his first three years with a 3.4 in Mechanical Engineering; however, after discovering the world of CB AND TV during 2/C year, he joined the rest of us in mediocrity. Always a popular guy, he was once reported working out, though it was only a rumor. Also known as the company loan shark, he was known to make more than one buck on his business ventures. Ope will be forever remembered for the 6-4 press shop, the 6-4 wardroom #2, and his red pimpmobile. We will be looking for Ope as CO of a sub in a few years; however, we won't be sure if it's a ship or a sandwich until that time.

CRAIG E. LANGMAN
"BRUNO, RAGMAN"

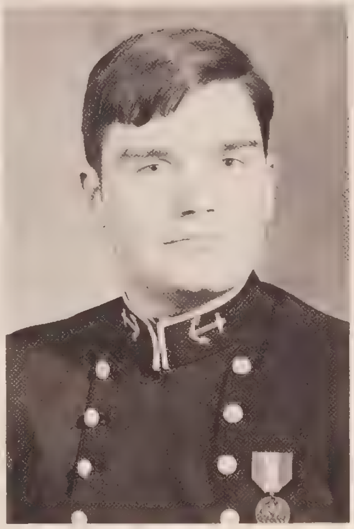
Bruno is one of the few guys who came in and left here with the same girl. He and Patti were two of the best fans of the Bills and Sabres. After some tragic first attempts at becoming the Company Barber, Craig stuck with it and soon could imitate any of the Third Wingers. Wednesday nights were reserved for building up his 'Vette Investment Fund, which resulted in a '76 at Easter, Second class year. He spent many nights pulling his "not so smart" friends through wires, weapons, and steam, if he wasn't out searching for gouge for himself. "If there's gouge to be found, I'll find it. If there's gouge to be given, I'll give it." Despite a major in Oceanography (and a minor in swimming), Craig was selected by the Admiral in Crystal City and is going Nuke Surface.

DAN MCVICKER
"DAPPER DAN"

After growning up athletically in Finleyville, Pa. and maturing some at NAPS, Dapper Dan came here with a sense of humor that kept even plebes laughing. Known for his Reserve Menus and phony Jerry West articles, Dan was on T-Tables Plebe year for Batt Basketball. The alpha codes on Disco Dans underwear range from classes of 74 to 80. Never realizing the existence of the third wing, he got all his haircuts in his room and started his own Press Shop. Dan found a "MAP" in Hawaii that showed him Pineapples from all over the world which he will probably harvest for quite some time. Marine Skies for Dapper Dan.

BRADFORD N. McDONALD
"BRAD"

Mac stepped down as reigning dictator at St. Johns high school in D.C. to join us as a lowly plebe at Navy. It took him almost two full days to establish himself here and he has been giving orders ever since, often to classmates, upperclass or anyone else around. Never one to sacrifice his own integrity to intimidation he has maintained his nonconformity by such eccentricities as supporting the Redskins, cheering at football games and enforcing the regs. Brad has struggled through Mechanical Engineering with a 3.5 and aspires to be either a street cleaner or CNO, both of which he is eminantly qualified for. Having successfully completed his battle with the Rickover gang Brad will be heading for Nuke school in Orlando and eventually end up playing with periscopes and be heard for miles around yelling, "Dive, dive, take her down!"



MICHAEL McNAMARA
"MACKO"

An A student an all conference wrestler in high school, Macko came to USNA for a four-year paid vacation. He worked out 6 times a year (two miles, two o'courses, and two A/S) and studied one hour per week. Mike caught a lot of grief plebe year for rooming with a buddy that almost drowned the firsties with a glass of water, but he got even with ol' Joe when he signed him up for his "TV-every-night-plan" (which resulted in a Hotel Oscar for Joe). Macko and his roomate Rip are well known at the "Creek," and they'll probably meet back there after twenty years of Navy Air.

DAVID JOHN MURPHY
"MURPH"

When he was the last in his NAPS class to get an appointment to USNA the "MURPH" figured the next four years would be an uphill battle. But he found the coastbutton in the middle of Plebe summer and has been using it ever since. Never one to waste rack time on anything over a 2.0, Dave could only be kept awake past midnight by a beautiful woman or a finely mixed drink. After two years on the gridiron Murph finally realized the BIG BLUE was hazardous to his health, so he turned in his pads for more rack time. Murph will be leaving a lot of sweat on the athletic field, very little in the classroom, many friends and his Navy blues as he switches to Marine green.

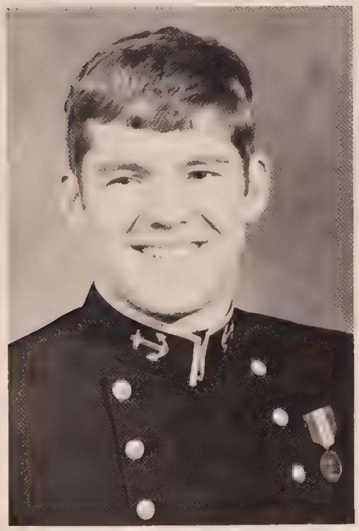
CHRISTOPHER ROBIN PERRY
"CHRIS"

Chris comes to us from the sandy shores of sunny California. Chris decided early in his career at Navy to major in racking with a complimentary minor in Aerospace Engineering. Never being one for the books this training will serve him well in the future, for if he leaves the Navy, he can always get a good job as a matress tester. Many of his classmates owe Chris alot for without his help on Computers and ability to perform a mind meld with the compiler we would still be lost somewhere in a computer file. Chris is a conscientious worker as proven by his attainment of the command of a Y.P. He was one of the key men who made sure those cute gray boats got their due shalacking on the sea wall. This devotion to duty will serve him well through out his naval career. We all wish him luck and smooth sailing on the high seas as he goes to his first ship in San Diego.

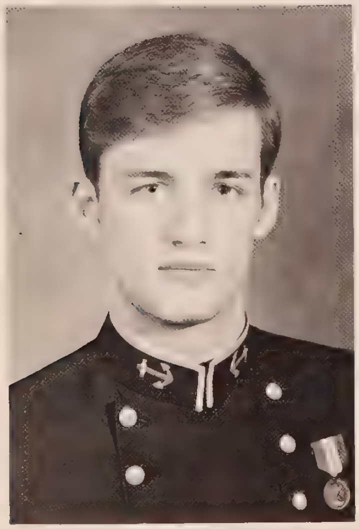
RAYMOND P. RAGUSKY
"RAGS"
Honor Coordinator

Ray arrived at USNA with spit shined shoes from NAPS ready to help out his buddies. It can also be pointed out that there are good guys some of the time, but Rags is a good guy all of the time. After three years of hard work in the honor system Rags became the Honor Prince senior year and took advantage of his new three-striper libs. After being "married" five years to Danny M., the old roommates are setting out for new and different horizons. Navy Air for Ray.

STEVEN D. SANDERS

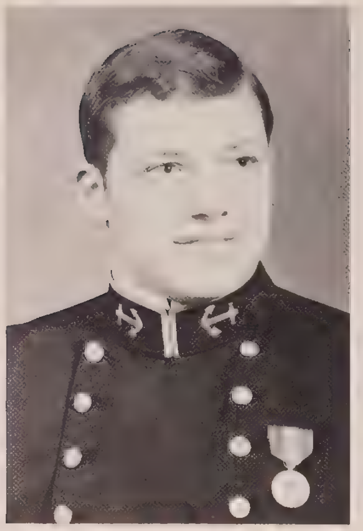


MICHAEL J. SMITH



J. SCOTT SPIKER
"SPIKE"
28th Company Commander

Spike's original ambition was to become a rich Illinois doctor and settle in a mansion on the banks of Lake Michigan, however he became sidetracked into the fighting halls of Navy and has been fighting ever since. Spike generally won the battle against academics, lost to the rack, and admitted that his biggest challenge was to keep a beer in one hand and a blond in the other. The blonds were more expensive and generally not as much fun so Scott usually opted for the beer. Making it his sole ambition to become 28th company commander Spike devised several ways to impress the powers above. His favorite was running plebes. During 2/c year Spike's plebes spent most of the day crying, and the rest of it filling out their chits to resign. Spike has an excellant career ahead in the Surface Navy, and we wish him the best of luck, and hope that none of his former plebes ever catch up with him.



JOSEPH M. STORTO
"WILDMAN"

A tough Catholic kid from the West Side of Chicago, Mean Joe surprised himself here with a 3.50 QPR in his first semester. He soon leveled off to about a 2.80, which is more his style. In his Plebe year, he broke a USNA weightlifting record, but he pushed aside the steel to return to the gridiron. Wildman lettered three years as a starter in varsity 150 lb. football on their defensive line. He achieved All-League honors as a junior. If a redhead in the Windy City had had her way, Joe wouldn't have stayed here, but first things (Navy Air) come first.

Two things Joe cannot stand are paperwork and cake, not necessarily in that order. "Who left that banana out on the ledge anyway? Not me, Pal!"

WAYNE A. VANDERSCHUERE
"CONAN"

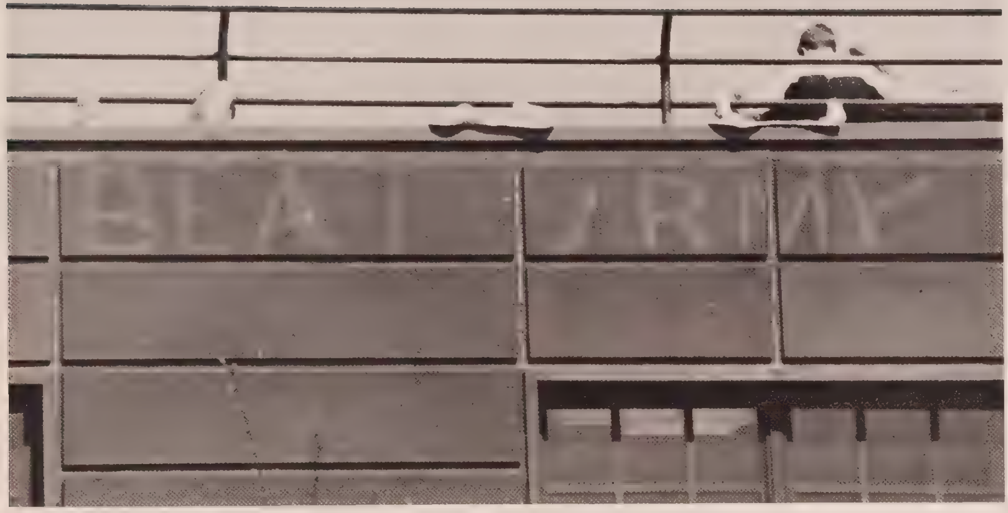
The grey of Bancroft can not compare to the green of Washington St. for this former Napster, but getting lost and staying there made plebe year bearable. His TAD at Bethesda for a neck operation finished off plebe year with a bid for NPQ. Let's hear it for football! In youngster year living with one of our nongraduating former classmates was a salty experience. But spring fever struck to save Wayne from Mother B's influence. Terry has stayed with Wayne through weapons and wires, and plans to make it permanent in June. Wayne has been active in sports such as handball, heavy football, and softball. He loves the outdoors and is an active hiker. Wayne looks forward to the challenges the Marine Corps and the future hold.

DAVID LEIGH WILKINSON
"RIP"

Dave came to the Academy by way of La Mirada, California; giving up the sun, surf, and UCLA cheerleaders for four long years of Naval Academy Pizza and the O-Course wall. During Plebe Summer, he quickly earned the title of "Rip Van Wilkinson" after sleeping thru just about every lecture he attended. With a Major in Graduation and a Minor in Oceanography, Rip was never one to let studies interfere with the finer things in life. He devoted a lot of his spare time to the Drum and Bugle Corps; learning and marching and eventually writing and teaching most of the half-time shows with the Flag Line. He was a member and co-founder of the Weems Creek Ring Dance and was a member of the 6-4 Bridge Club, COMRACKRON8, and the "TGP by the WT" Committee. Come June, Rip will be headed for a career in Navy Air and, he hopes, "will never be stationed on the East Coast again." In the words of Don Juan, "Maybe someday, like the dust of the road, we will get in each others eye." Go ahead, Rip.

TERRY L. WILTON
"WILT-ONE"

The "Wilt-one" came to the "big city" of Annapolis from an equally big city called Edwardsville (it's somewhere in Illinois. We think it's a suburb of some suburb outside of a St. Louis suburb.). Being from the big city he was perfectly capable of handling the reeming, screaming 2/class residents of Bancroft Hall. His plebe year was fun thanks to "Maz" and "Ski." He chose the easiest academic major at USNA (Oceanography), and participated in the toughest intramural sports (sailing, lt. wt. football and soccer). His guiding beacons throughout the past four years were ment like "Randy," "Rags," and "Haze." On Dec. 9, 1976 (service selection night) he chose to be an NFO (naval flight occupant). His only regret is that he will never handle the upund downen pushem pullin vorks of the air birds. (watchen waiten lisnen hopen).


BEAT ARMY

NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
NAV

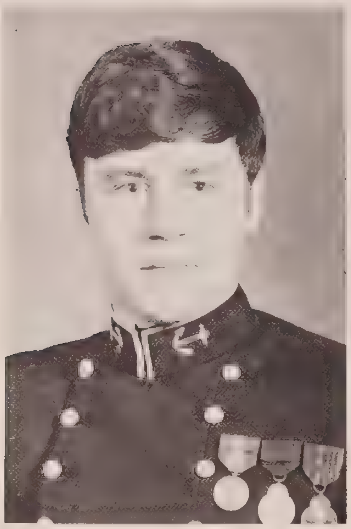
TWENTY NINETH COMPANY

UNITED STATES
NAVAL ACADEMY
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
ALUMNI HOUSE
Established·1945
Formerly OGLE HALL
1739 A·D·

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) A. Gonxales, J. Stalnaker, F. Farwell, C. Honey, J. Buckley, B. Tilden, C. Smith, J. Lynch. *SECOND ROW:* C. Dixon, D. Daily, D. Free, C. Wright, J. Sears, W. Lonroy, J. Ewin, J. Vasquez, B. McCormack. *THIRD ROW:* M. Elsaesser, D. Lengel, D. Whittlesey, R. Hiel, J. DeLoach, B. Ayotte, L. Deloney, T. Bennet, J. Julesz, M. Fralen, D. Stanley, J. Polin, J. Carpenter, R. Anderson, G. Shaw, W. Bonwit, C. Dedrickson.

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) F. Dombrowski, K. Tindall, J. Messenger, J. Johnson, C. Jordan, G. McMullan, S. Clark, R. Compton. *SECOND ROW:* D. Wyatt, D. Geving, B. Engel, M. Gallaher, D. Jensen, W. Stark, R. Lanning, D. Hammil. *THIRD ROW:* R. Yocum, L. Larragoitte, R. Kim, J. Rubin, M. Fernbaugh, J. Kennedy, V. Adams. *FOURTH ROW:* L. Silveater, L. McCoy, K. Luker, K. Weerts, J. Barnes, R. Peck.

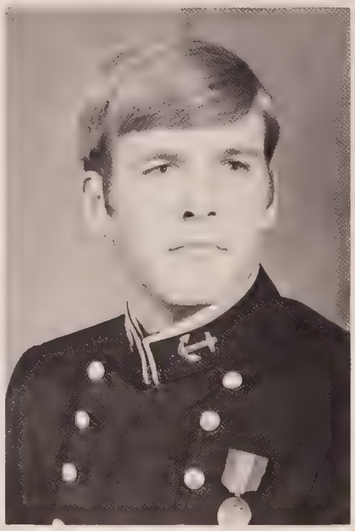
FIRST ROW: (L TO R) R. Buezkouski, M. Morley, S. Goebel, K. Schmidt, J. Wilson, L. Edgar, J. Schwalls. *SECOND ROW:* D. Crump, D. Olsen, D. Flores, M. Maxwell, W. Webber, F. Cassiano, T. Paulk, S. Hornatz, T. Goebel. *THIRD ROW:* R. Pottberg, J. SanAugustina, J. Clovinger, F. Allen, J. Tatum, D. Undeland, M. Fedor, J. Allison, J. Fentor, B. Echboch, L. Pettruzelli, R. Jones, R. Pizzi, M. Norman, J. Franklin.



WILLIAM H. READMAN
"BILL"

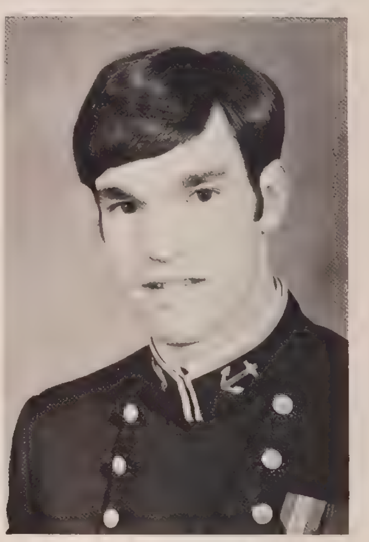
Hi! I am pretty much a Joe Average Mid who, at one time or another, sat on his share of Navy bananas. But on the whole it has been an interesting and enlightening four years, and I do not regret choosing this particular "scholarship" over the others that were available. My two most intelligent decisions at USNA were to 1) Become an English major, and 2) Choose Navy Air on Service Selection Night. As for all the rest of the Mickey Mouse, I am sure that like all bad memories, it will eventually be forgotten.

Good luck to all the people I have known and grown with, and condolences to all those we leave behind.



DAVID RONALD COOPER
"COOPS"

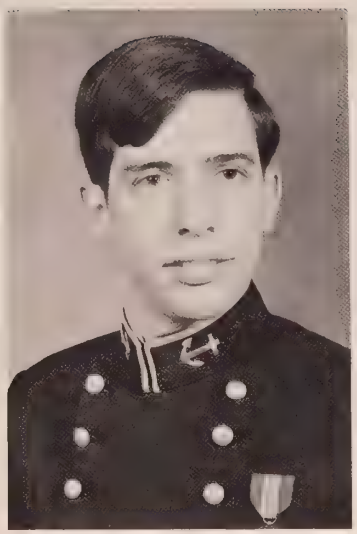
Ron alias Coops came to us from the booming metropolis of South Boston, Virginia. Coops, was rewarded for his fine efforts plebe year at Army. However, his life wasn't totally ruined and he didn't jump out of his window. Youngster year found Ron in hot pursuit of academics, but this didn't eliminate weekend trips to the Dove and Buzzy's. Second class year, Coops realized life wasn't simply a TR-6 and a bottle of George Dickel. Accordingly, he purchased a fine Z-car, but some unyielding judge from good ole Virginia made sure it was used sparingly for six months. Choosing Navy Air as his career, Ron should do well. Just remember Coops, "Six o'clock is gonna come mightly @#%*$! early."



DAVID W. JENSEN
"JENS"

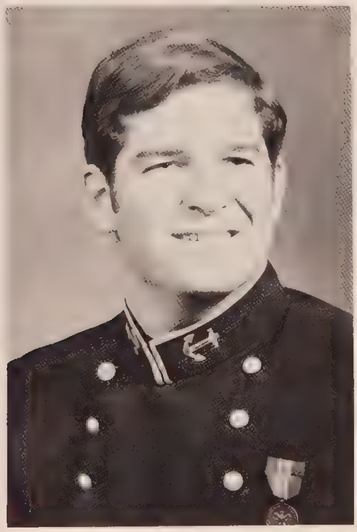
Dave came to USNA with an abundance of talent in both academics and athletics. Plebe year aside from cooking popcorn at 2 a.m. Dave studied like a fiend which accounted for his 3.6 QPR. Although he has proven himself academically his QPR doesn't tell the whole story about Dirty Daves' activities. On the weekends Dave was at home where ever he could find a lemon, some salt and a liter of Jose Cuervo. First Class year Jens became very interested in physical fitness. So interested in fact he could be seen jogging in the direction of Spa Cove at any hour of the day for a little R & R and maybe an individual workout.

Navy Air was Dave's service selection and his ambition is to fly P-3's, but no matter what he flies Dave will excel.



THOMAS A. VECCHIOLLA
"VEC"

On that hazy July morning, so long ago, Tom arrived in Annapolis from Port Chester, New York. He took one look around, and said, "I ought to be out of here by next week." He now has the distinction of resigning more times than any of us. When Vec, as he is more commonly known, realized his ambitions all pointed to Navy, his academic efforts focused on seeking the "GOUGE." At this age-old art, he was the king. Oceanography majors all knew who to see for the answer key to the next test. But through mostly just plain hard work, Vec has reached that highest pedestal of professional and academic achievements — the Superintendant's List, an accomplishment to be proud of. Vec's personality makes him the kind of guy who can always be counted on as a friend. Navy Air will be fortunate indeed to have Tom wear those coveted pilot's gold wings.



JEFFREY MICHAEL HOOBLER
"HOOBS"

Jeff Hoobler rolled on into USNA from the sun and surf of Southern California. From the start Hoobs was careful not to let Mother B put a damper on high high spirits. When his classmates were feeling poorly that first summer, he didn't hesitate too stroll out to the nearest ladder in his skivvies and insure that we all were squaring corners properly.

Academics were never known to keep the Hoobs from his appointed rounds. He constantly feared his size 18 neck would be whittled down to a #2 soft lead. Jeff's first real love was on the gridiron of Navy-Marine Corps Memorial Stadium each fall. Navy Air will be proud to latch onto Jeff. In him they will find the spirit and stamina it takes to be an outstanding Naval Officer.

RODNEY DAVID VAUGHT
"ROD"

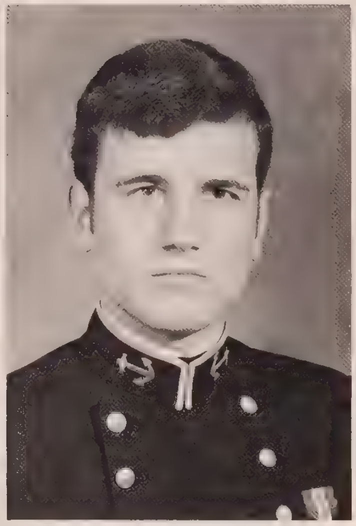
RDV came from the beautiful Pacific Northwest by Portland, where the scent of evergreens is in the air, to Annapolis where the smell of fresh crabs is right around the block. Rod arrived in Annapolis with high goals and he quickly proved himself plebe year by making the Sup's List. Since that time Rod began to rearrange his priorities. Instead of sudying in his room on the weekends, Rod could be found along Rt. 50 looking for a ride to West Virginia. His only academic dilemma has been trying to figure how many dependents to put on his IRS form. As graduation approaches, we can all say that Rod has logged in more TV time than anyone in the company. Navy Air will get ahold of Rod and there is no doubt that he will do an outstanding job in flight school and at any other future goal he sets for himself.

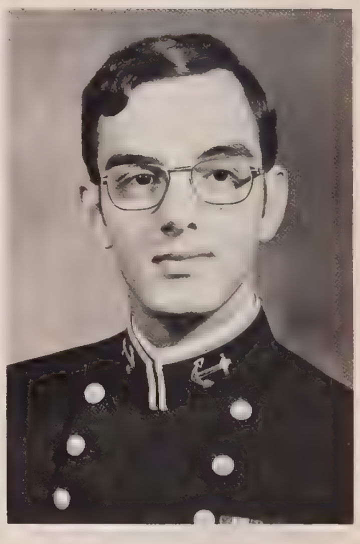
MARC ALAN WATSON
"SQUATSON"
Brigade Honor Chairman

Marc, commonly known to us as Squatson, hails from the sticks of Kentucky. As a matter of fact from a place called Paducah — what a podunk! Even though Marc's family moved to Pennsylvania, some driving force kept drawing him back to home turf. Gee, I wonder what that was? While at the Academy Marc majored in Ocean Engineering and did well both academically and professionally. Marc did so well in his first three years that they decided he should validate first class year, and so he became the Brigade Honor Chairman — a busy job as his roommate can attest to. Marc is the kind of guy that could never say "no," just look at his telephone log. Marc plans an exciting career in Naval Aviation, and with his good nature, hard work and determination he should prove a valuable asset to the P-cola crew.

LEONARD ALLEN ZINGARELLI
"ZING"

Lenny, Ziggy, Zing, Zingorilla, originally hailing from the state of Woody Hayes, proudly refers to the Scottsdale, Az. area as his temporary abode. Zing came to the Academy seeking fame in the areas of Lacrosse and Football, but quickly wised-up, spending endless weekends booking it with Vec, earning him a starting position on Rickover's Reactors homed based in D.C. Lenny's outstanding qualities include a dashing personality (not during finals), a receding hairline (monk-style) and a pair of oversized tennis shoes, perfect for the mile and midnight penny-hockey. First class year found Lenny with stars, a company sub-commander billet and a third man in the staff room. In a brief bout with Ricky Reactor, Lenny was confirmed as belonging to the ape species but he perservered, going bananas with his acceptance to Ricky's nightmare. We all wish Lenny the best of everything and know he will live up to the proud heritage of Nuke Powers.





SAMUEL D. McVEY
2nd Regiment Administration

Sammie came to USNA from salty Utah and immediately began to pursue his goal of becoming a Grunt. Possessing both intelligence and athletic prowess, he had no problem excelling for the Blue and Gold each day. Majoring in Mormon history, and humanities, he became endowed with much free time, which, along with his fluency in Russian, permitted him to participate in an expedition to Z-beria in search of a rare breed of sheep, the Karakuls. Due to his involvement as a member of the Russian-American Council on Karakuls (R.A.C.K.), he earned the coveted title Rackman. Truly, he had a knack for the challenging and dangerous, for the (Stand, gentlemen!) dared to room with Erler and traveled to the far reaches of Turkey to learn to gobble (Affendim!). He was also a real sportsman, enjoying the thrill of victory and enduring the agony of having his "wizzies" removed; his many athletic activities included the hair-raising sport of penny hockey, with Vlaho and Zing. Without a doubt, Sammie will be as much an asset to the Corps as he was to USNA.

JAMES VLAHOVICH
"JIM"

Jim-Boy-Boy, alias Vlaho, is a genuine descendent of certain serfs from the surly days in old Serbia. He came to us from Bisbee, Arizona (Where?). Contrary to popular belief, Jim was not a cowboy, he just found the hat. He was as happy with his JORR results as he was with his truck, which he traded in for a Vette. During study-hour, Jim made sure none of his classmates studied; unfortunately, this kept him from studying, too, though it really did not matter because he was a polysci major. Jim not only participated with Sammie in penny hockey tournaments, but both bravely fought the epidemic of earleritis during third class year. Jim's most outstanding attribute besides his ten gallon hat is his decisiveness. His future is as certain as was his choice on service selection night.

CARLOS ROSENDE
"ROLLOS"

Carlos, Rollos, Fidel comes from the beautiful city of Pompano Beach, Florida, only a hop, skip, and a jump from downtown Havana. Carlos began his naval career at age 3 with a commander's uniform and has excelled ever since. Plebe Year, Carlos managed to pull consecutive 3.4's, learn the 50 states and capitals and pull through the Higgins School for Indigent Swimmers. Resembling a guru in his patented study postion, Carlos mastered the art of the all-nighter, and was rewarded one June Week with a blind date modeling the latest fashion from Omar the Tentmaker. Second class year found Carlos busily carving rabbits, one finding himself propped on Carlos' bed wearing reg glasses and earphones. Not to be dismayed, Carlos survived the long hours of study and met success in his acceptance to medical school. We wish Carlos the best and know that he will wear the coveted "oak leaf and acorn" with resolute pride.

BRUCE W. BERGMAN

Bruce, alias "Waffles," hails from You-Name-It, U.S.A. . . . that is, you name it and he's lived there. Bruce successfully vectored himself to the Academy and immediately found himself overwhelmed . . . with demerits . . . How was he supposed to know that morning meal was mandatory?!? Waffles entered the fraternity of drifty intellectuals in pursuing a Physics major. Famous for his endeavors in the academic areas, Bruce rarely had the required books for the courses but still managed to pull through. Second class year found Bruce with Navy-Davey and Paducah as roommates but refused to allow the sweat to rub off on him. As time went on, Bruce involved himself more and more in music; doing everything from directing a Madrigal group to leadin the Barbershop Quartet. By the grace of The Colonel, Bruce was blessed with wheels first class year enabling him to effectively expand his drift factor into the Annapolis area. Choosing USMC as his service selection, Bruce should fare well in The Corps and make Big Daddy proud!!!

MARK PISCIONERI
"PISH"

Pish could always be seen excelling on the p-rade field . . . left-and-a-half, right-and-a-half, munching on good'n-plenties. Out of step since he hopped off the plane from Mass., July 9, 1973, Pish came to the USNA to drive a ship. Ah! the fresh salt air over the bridge of a destroyer with a cup of coffee in one hand and a cold frosty Touborg in the other; what could be better for govno? A grode from the word go, a Fong the second, and an excellent nerf baseball player, Pish "had a good time." He was Fubar's favorite of the Three Stooges of 6320, and Moe "Have a good time."

KEVIN R. SKJEI
"GAVNO"

Always the nature-lover, "Gavno" devoted most of his four years at USNA to preserving the wild-life of the Western shore. "Birds" seemed to be his main interest.

He also intently devoted to his Russian major, much to the consternation of Bubba, Joe McCarthy and the boys. Coming East from the wheat-lands of North Dakota "Gavno" took one look at the ocean and decided that the terrain was too mountainous and committed himself to "fly-away." Kevin was always on hand for a laugh (or beer) or two or six when he wasn't busy fixing his Porsche, pushing his Porsche, swearing at his . . .

All in all he was as they say in Norwegian, "an gud skjit." AMF to you hombre.

FEDERICO F. FAVILA
"DEREK"

The fabulous, flakey, fun-loving Filipino, F.F. Favila came our way from the land of San Miguel and Olongapo City. Derek quickly learned "American" and especially such useful slang phrases as !@!*?() and #?$@!!-*/"?@!$. He even came up with one of the best impersonations of Georges' southern drawl.

It's rumored that Derek's family encouraged him to attend Canoe University so that he wouldn't spend his time on drinking and women. Guess they never heard of weekend liberty. Actually Derek was one of the most reliable members of the class — only rarely did he let us down by being caught studying. His classmates, Anhauser-Busch, and the female population of America will miss him.

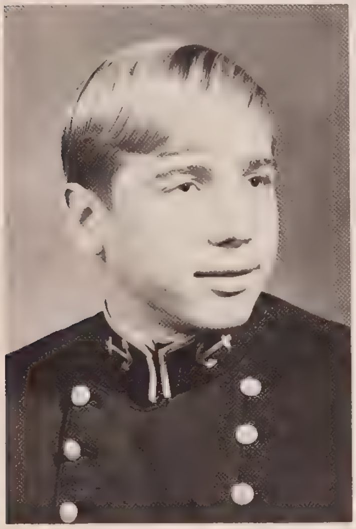
PETER WDOWIARZ
"WODO"

Wacky Wodo that Bancroft grode, he's too much to believe, always got a couple extra dirt balls rolled up in his whiteworks sleeve, he got a tatoo on his arm that says "go Corps," he got another one that just say "coach," Every saturday night he is the ladies delight, in a dirty double breasted coat. (*sung to the tune of *Rapid Roy*.)

Wodo devoted his years in 29 to entertainment and gooming. Minstrel, acrobat, and barber, Wodo even complained enough for all of us. His academic balancing act kept us guessing for four years, while he devoted his time keeping (how many was it) girlfriends guessing. The Windy City boy went down to service selection as bewildered as ever and . . . Surprise, he's a Marine. Activities: Co-head Honcho, Beat Epsilon Epsilon Rho.

GLENN DOUGLAS ELLIOTT
"SWEAT"
29th Company Commander

Drifting in from Cocoa, Florida, Glenn rarely found his way home again. Going into disguise as a German for two summers, Glenn spent the August of '75 at the Federal German Naval Academy and July and August of 76 aboard the *FGS Rommel*. Listening to music was a favorite pastime at USNA and usually enjoyed by his roommates except when he played his German music, which made them climb walls and do handstand pushups. Speaking of roommates, Glenn managed to survive the likes of LeBeuf, Bobalew, Derek, Johnny, George, Wodo, Demented, and Rickover's gorilla (verified by Rickover's animal expert). Sailing, boxing, and playing intramural squash and tennis, he managed to letter in sailing and preserve his face in boxing. Leaning first towards naval aviation, Glenn finally became one of Rickover's chosen despite his major in history and German.



JACK BERNARD
"BURNY"

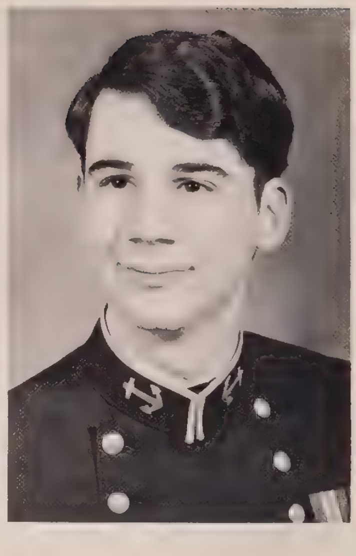
Although the most studious of our Aliquippan-speaking visitors, Jack left the other burgers in a quandary as to why he was the highest ranking one striper in the brigade. Better known as "Captain Jack" for his four year tour of duty as CO of the USS NIMITZ (LIB-1), Jack's devotion to his studies was only matched by his love of pumping iron and kicking punt. But, come saturday night, J. Livingstone the third turned the debonair aristocrat as he was never out of "place" at the "circle" of Annapolis society. Beach parties, scenic drives, and sipping Boones right out of the crystal were the high spots of his social career. We're glad the Cryptology boys got hold of him because we never could decode him. Good investment Jack. Activities: Co-head Honcho, Beta Epsilon Epsilon Rho

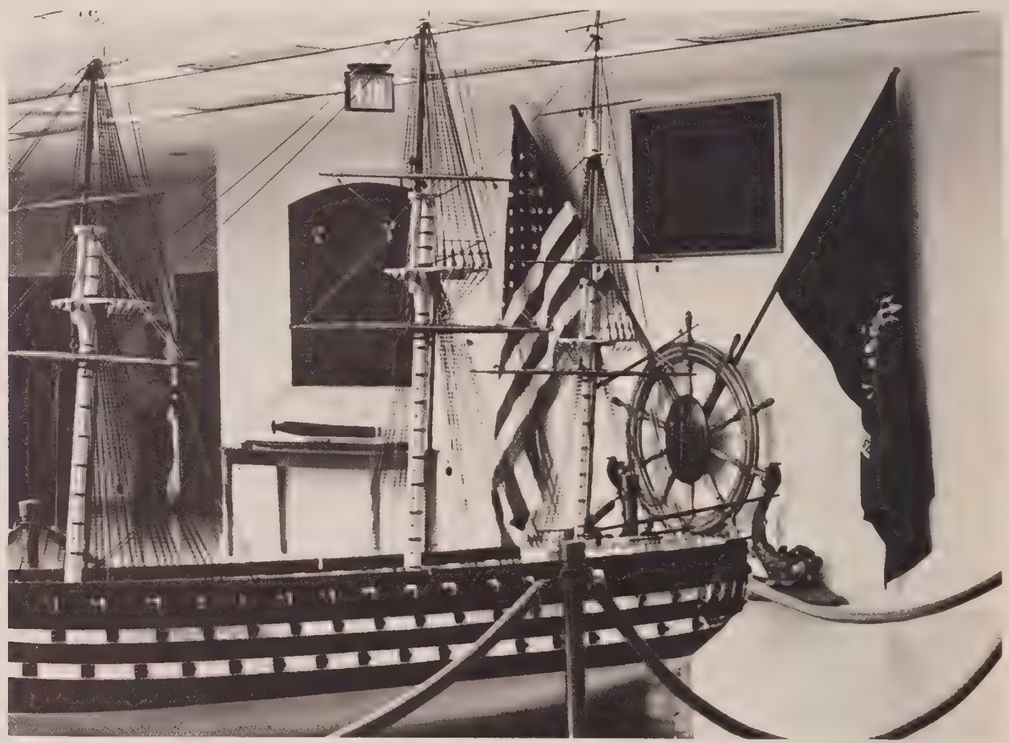
GARY COLTON
"COLTS"

The Colts proved to be a text book example of the Dr. Jekell, Mr. Hyde syndrone. Six nights a week (with the exception of occassional OTW's) Colts was making time with the myriad of computer systems offered at the Academy. On his "resting day," the Colts consumes his secret formula (he needed about six to get him there) and his transformation would be complete. Unfortunately, his antics were known to only a few close circle of friends. They would make for very good reading. Colts had other loves — especially long distance running, racing cars, and eating CB. Colts will be best remembered for his outlook on the system: "everything's cool with the Colts."

JAMES D. WATKINS
"JIM"

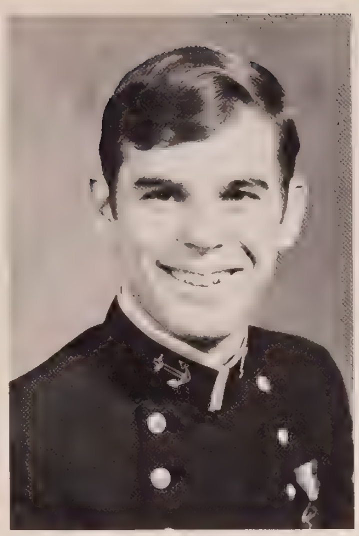
Jim came to Navy Tech from sunny Southern California in 73. He maxed out academically Plebe year with a pair of 2.5's. "I could coast to graduation on these" he joked. Youngster year saw Jim active in the development of the 6th wing Missile Test Range. NASA never acknowledged his rather dubious achievements, and luckily neither did the OD's. Social development was the theme of 2/c year, and as co-chairman of the Saturday Night Drinking Club, Jim had finally adopted a position of leadership in Buzzy's Brigade. To sing the blues, you pay your dues, and Jim paid for his carefree life with a brief tour at UNSATLAND that year. Jim selected NAVY AIR for service selection, but before arriving at Pensacola, Jim will pack some 200 cassettes and a few civvies in his Mustang and head for the Bay Area Ca., for some Tem Du and hopefully increased luck with the fairer sex. We all wish Jim the best of luck for a high flying future.





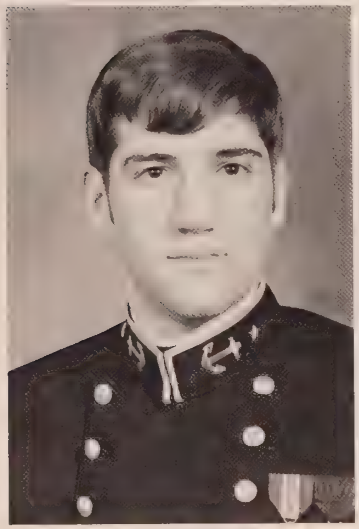
JEREMIAS F. DeMELO, JR.
“DeMENTED”

Having come to America on a banana boat, Skip was naturally attracted to both bananas and boats, and so came to U. Navy in ’73. But how did Jerry become Skip DeMented? “I always like Skip,” he explains. Plebe year saw an end to a promising soccer career with a knee operation. DeMented was quick to reap the benefits of an endless supply of excuse squad chits. Having validated 10 semesters of languages, he selected Mech. Engineering for a major. Pressures of 3/c year did not stop 10.92 FerMented from enjoying the 3 B’s: Beer and Broads at Buzzy’s. Tormented used 2/c year to develop one of his best skills, getting the gouge. 1/c year was one of applications and DeMented spent almost as much time getting gouge as sleeping, the two occupying 20 hrs. a day. One small bead of sweat finally appeared as he prepared to see Adm. Reactors. The old man can recognize talent when he sees it, but accepted ‘Mented anyway. We all wish Skipper the absolute best of luck in both Nuclear Power and future.



STEPHEN SINCLEAR MERCHANT
“MERCH”
4th Batt Commander

The kid from California came to the Academy with a full head of steam. Though the east coast never took to his fancy, he sacrificed life in his beloved “golden state” for 4 years. In between enlightening comearounds covering military and social etiquette, Steve was able to earn the first of his 4 varsity tennis letters plebe year. During 1/c year, batt. command presented particular problems as he was always defending his “#2 pencil neck” and was forced to march in his first parade. Developed in a hurry, his marching style was unique in that one particular officer compared his technique to a 30 year salty chief — he was proud of that. Merch pursued the studies of operations analysis and with no help of the computer did manage to make several appearances on the Supt’s list. Service selection found him headed for the skies of Pensacola. From there no one knows where this pilot will go, but it’s a sure bet he’ll go far.



JEFFREY A. MORSE
29th Company Commander

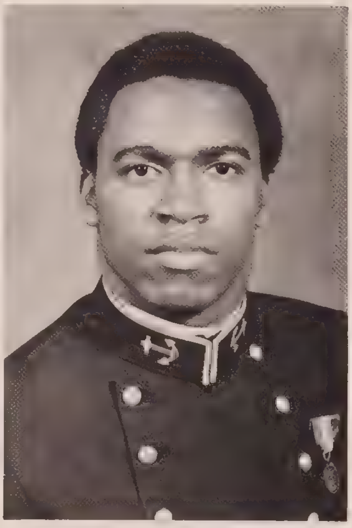
From Iowa this man came to the Academy with little apprehension and a lot of hope. Soon he had a lot of apprehension about the little hope. His greatest problem was to convince skeptics that there is more to Iowa than corn. A chronic repeater of the Supt’s “all star team,” academics never posed any real threat. Many a long and hard battle, however, was lost to the computer under devestating vollies of “WHAT?” Second semester weekends brought “Hood runs” for Jeff. Weekdays brought “burger runs” and the life of a company commander. Once possessed with desires to wear “Marine green,” Re-Morse finally saw the light and joined the ranks of Navy Air. The Marines’ loss is Navy Air’s gain.

BRADFORD FREDERICK LEWIS
“BUBBA-LOO”

After Woody Hayes ran Brad out of his beloved Buckeye State he walked off Lake Erie and came to rest at where else but the Boat School. Never one to miss a good deal, Brad found them coming out of the walls when he arrived at his first Ginn and Griese comearound. This crazy dynamic duo cleverly dubbed him “Bubba-Lou,” a nickname which has carried over from plebe year. Always one to please Admiral Rickover, Brad opted for the Operations Analysis major, a selection he and his rack have never regretted. The future? . . . . . The Bubba sees Navy Air and the F-18 as the only way to go.

GREGORY SAWYER
“MAGIC”

Probably the most noted thing about Greg . . . alias Mr. Magic . . . alias The Magic, is that he was always singing . . . always! He seemed to have a song for everything — and everybody! Though forever plagued with athlete's knees, this never seemed to bother him as he danced and sang with his band, those sensational “VARIATIONS.” Magic never seemed to let anything worry him, regardless of its nature. His attitude was always positive, whether playing basketball or operating his car from the sixth wing parking lot (which he did for a whole year without repercussions.) Endowed with superb athletic prowess, Magic has at one time or another participated in such varied sports as lacrosse, football, basketball and boxing. Yet it still remains unsolved as to which area he attributes his greatest moves — sports or females! Needless to say, he scores in both. You see, as Magic puts it, “Regardless, others may try as hard as they can, but I only try as hard as I want to! Let's face it, I can't lose with the stuff I use!”



DANNY DARRELL RAY
“DEE DEE”

Danny “Dee Dee” Ray arrived at USNA with the vision of becoming the next great asset to society. However, he had his feelings hurt early in his first semester by the “god of 2.0.” Not to be outdone by some stupid curse, he turned to the varsity track team as a means of releasing his mighty anger. So Tecumseh blessed him with sub-squads, weekends of study, and a companion to run races against; “Rickey Mortis.”

Alas, the end has come. Dee Dee has grasped the hands of the “Mean Green,” and his determination and stellar attitude should give him the victory over the “god of 2.0 in “77.”

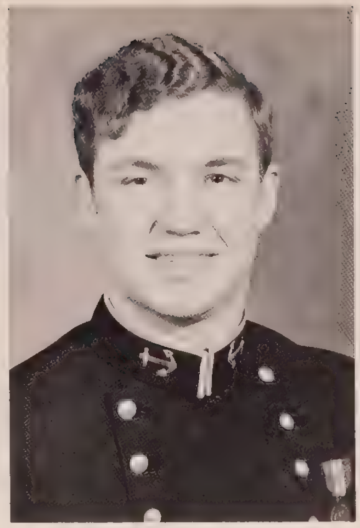
R. THOMPSON

HAROLD OTHO CHRISTENSEN JR
“CHRIS”

Chris, known to his shipmates as H.O. or Oth, hails from the sunny shores of Merritt Island, Florida. Reporting to U.S.N.A. directly from the finest warship the Navy had to offer, Chris put his prior experience to significant use in mastering the art of maintaining the lowest energy state. Afternoons one could find Oth hard at work studying the basics of anatomy, primarily the back of the human eyelid. Second class year Chris, as a true gentleman should, dutifully shared his roommate's 75 and 2. Oth indeed felt the competitive spirit of U.S.N.A. seeking company conduct case of the year, losing 2 months of civies as a result. First class year Chris indeed saw the light, joining Ricky Reactor's team of mental giants. Even the strings attached didn't discourage Oth; he really did study 35 hours a week. Best of luck Chris.

ROBERT DONEL BARBAREE, JR.
"DON"

Don, known to his friends as Merk, hails from the city of Jacksonville, Florida, continuing the proud heritage of a Naval career set forth by his father. Since day one, Don's fervent desire was to play baseball for Navy and avoid any unnecessary endeavors in the academic arena. June Week plebe year, Don met Fran, the woman of his life, who came to the Academy only to take snapshots of Tecumseh with her new camera. Don's baseball success was assured as he learned to keep his elbow up and spend endless afternoons with the "Duffer" in search of that @#!*%$ water bucket in which to stick his head. Second class year found Don with an orange 'Vette and an unfortunate 75 and 2. (Gorge got away, but Oth didn't!). Choosing Navy Air as his career, Don should fair well. Just watch out for those Burger King parking lots!!

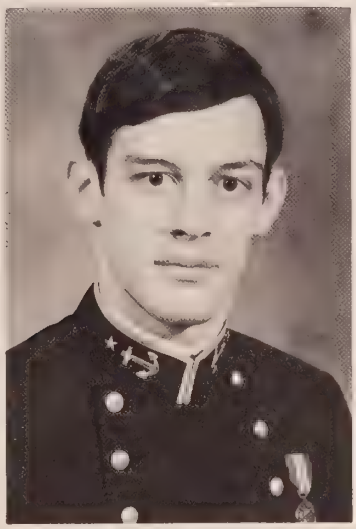


GEORGE THOMAS SULLIVAN

George, alias Gorge, hails from the backwoods of Alabama where phones are a luxury not a necessity. All they have to do is holler! George began his career at USNA on the right foot. Plebe summer, George figured he could sneeze on everyone's neck since the nifty flap on "White Works" provided easy clean up. Choosing "wires" as his academic pursuit, "Bama" soon mastered the art of bagging it as he roamed the halls at night telling everyone how much work he had. George was always a welcome sight in everyones room since they could get rid of their extra change (usually twenties). Narrowly escaping a restriction pap Second Class year, George purchased his coveted "Bamamobile" complete with itchy seats. First Class year found George as a live-in guest in the staff room and "Popcorn Officer of the Watch." We wish George the best and know that he will be a valuable asset to the Surface Navy and to "Tine."

ALAN LOHMAN
"AL"
5th Batt Commander

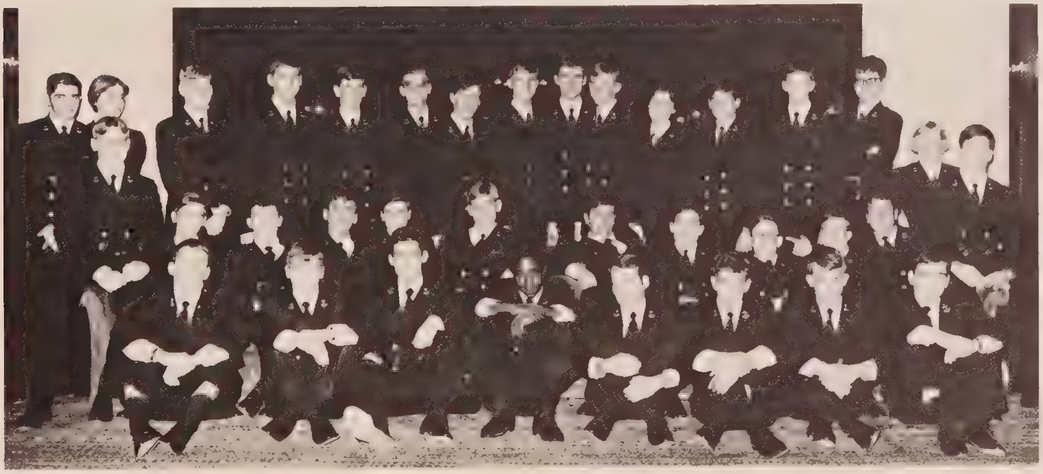
Alan comes from the midwestern city of Cincinnati, Ohio. Most of us will always remember that since Al always supported the Reds and the Bengals in the company wardroom. He enjoyed most sports and was a four year man in company intramural soccer and lightweight football. Of course, he also did well in academics; Al hardly ever missed earning stars. Even when he missed earning stars he was close. As was predicted early on, Al made big stripes — Fifth Battalion Commander. One of the most well rounded guys at the Academy, Alan should continue to do well as a Navy Pilot.



THIRTIETH COMPANY

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) G. Fogg, D. Wode, A. Boehme, B. Fylak, J. Ryan, B. Grogan, B. Gearey, B. Wuestner, T. Cato, J. Jones. *SECOND ROW:* J. Williams, R. Paulsen, C. Easton, M. Bunting, A. Cardoza, T. Monobianco, Rubensteih, E. Caldwell, B. Thomann, B. Baylor, S. Minnis, L. Wofrom, B. Tomon, R. Schleiden.

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) M. Gebel, D. Swenson, D. Vargo, D. Chang, K. Alben, L. Price, M. Adkins, S. Brooks, P. Studt, T. Warren, N. Nuessle, S. Bruce, J. Vonlangen, C. Drake. *SECOND ROW:* S. Manor, S. Heida, B. McKay, R. Lillo, S. Curtis, M. Pedersen, T. Wittenschlaeger, C. Bentley, S. Ambrose, M. Welch, K. Painter, J. Knecht, P. Pohlmeyer, S. Squires.



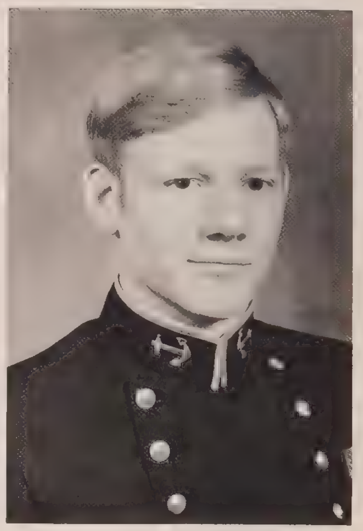
FIRST ROW: (L TO R) M. Czarzasty, B. Giza, R. Granier, S. Cooper, G. Chandler, B. Ganzo, G. Howard, P. Bartholomay. *SECOND ROW:* R. Kent, B. Bowen, B. Chapman, M. Wallace, S. Johnson, B. Allen, T. Nemecek,T. Yates, D. Arnold, K. Mulloy, D. Hubbs, D. Witt. *THIRD ROW:* F. Vela, L. Belzer, R. Styczinoki, A. Schwan, M. Rolfes, C. Smith, D. Walker, R. Schroeder, P. Wynn, J. Hogsett, J. Brownlee, T. Kelly, D. Eisenhart, D. Carter, K. Karlson.

RAY TRANCHANT
"COOL-RAY"

After leaving his hometown of Catlin, Illinois, "cool-Ray" arrived at USNA with strong desires and determinations. These characteristics have served him well. Ray decided to pursue the study of English and has "loved" every minute of it. However, Ray could always be found on the weekends with his true love, driving her around, giving her a weekly wax job. Ray's friendly attitude, combined with his constant desire to do well have earned him the respect of those who work for him and with him. Unless he decides to pursue an olympic swimming career, Ray will head for the sun of Florida and the exciting life of a Naval Flight Officer.

STEPHEN J. BURLEY
"BURLS"

Steve came to USNA from Magnolia, New Jersey, stopping off at the Marine Military Academy along the way. With his prep school experience at his disposal Burls had no trouble keeping a fine uniform. He demonstrated this early in plebe summer when he taught us all how to wear Working Uniform Tarzan. Youngster year Steve teamed up with Betty Lou to introduce to those among us not from South Jersey the pleasures of the meatball sandwhich, a delight that was to become a tradition. Second class summer in Quantico, first class cruise on the USS IWO JIMA, and a billet as plebe summer platoon commander left only one choice service selection night, so Steve picked it. After The Basic School Burls plans to go on to flight school where he will room with the Breez. The training in the trenches should prove valuable and necessary during nightly patrol through all the junk Rick drags home. So good luck Burls, see you at the Warwick.



MARK ATKISSON

After a year at Nebraska, Mark came to Navy in the hopes of returning the rum ration to the fleet. Undaunted by initial resistance, Mark kept the movement going underground at the Dove. Mathematics came easy to Mark, so he chose it as his major. This allowed him more freedom as an official in the Brigade of Derelicts. After capturing a troll under a bridge in Newport, Mark went to Philadelphia to attend the Navy's version of the Towering Inferno. But while out feeding matches to Wally, he started a fire he could not put out. So began the weekly migration to Philly, and a record 24,000 miles on a second class car. Mark has chosen Nuke Power, or Rickover has selected him, anyway he's going Subs. Marks only remaining decision in life is if he will take advantage of the number one wedding spot he won. Mark is a great winner. Good luck Mark, see ya in Philly.

PETER P. AYOTTE

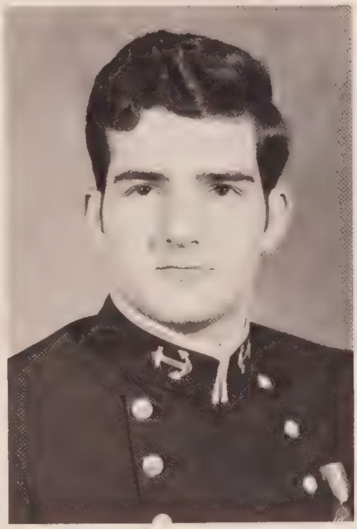
Pete came to the Academy as a prime example of the California football machine. At 6 ft. 6 in. he soon found that much of the magic of football vanished as a tackle dummy for the first string. Pete left football for a career in Varsity Academics, yet dusk to dawn studying was not enough for the little Admiral so Pete will be joining the Surface Line community in June 77. Pete soon found that studying was not the only thing in life, so he ventured out in search of some beautiful Annapolis women. Although Amazons are usually found only in South America, Pete never seemed to run out of 6 ft. plus beauties — he even had enough left over for his friends, much to their dismay. Even when unescorted Pete could always count on his buddies Ron Rico and Black Velvet. With friends like that Pete should have no trouble in the surface line.

KEITH JOHN QUIGLEY
"QUIGS"

Quigs, as he is called by most, came up from the Deep South of Biloxi, Mississippi to Annapolis early in July of 73. He did not quite know what to expect, but adjusted quickly to the rigors of USNA. After a couple of bouts with the big boys downstairs he finally settled on a major of general engineering. Never one to let USNA contain him Quigs was always out looking for a good time and managed to find it most of the time. Having selected Navy Air, he will be heading back South for Pensacola upon graduation.

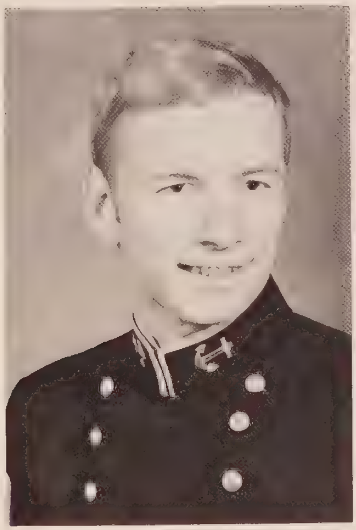
RICK SEABERG
"BREEZE"
Brigade Administration

Rick, the baby brother of a '73 grad, came to us from Centerville, Ohio. Apparently born with webbed feet, Rick soon became a varsity swimmer until he was forced into retirement by his colateral duties. Among his many were company car and cycle rep and president of the Bob Dylan fan club. Rick also had an extreme talent for managing money, his lasted forever, but rumor has it, his parents only eat corn flakes and hotdogs. Good finances and high grades afforded the Breeze many a fearless weekend. Looking for a challenge, but not the associated glory, he entered the 50 mile crawl under an assumed name, R T Unconcho. Twelve hours and two toenails later he had done it, what a midshipman. Rick has decided that Navy Air is the way to go, although there was a Marine Corps scare as the big night drew closer. Good luck, Rick, see ya at the Peacock.



ROBERT DAWSON
"Mr. D"

Bob, or Mr. D, as he was frequently referred to when not spoken of in unprintables, was perhaps, the most worldly of us when we arrived at good ol' Navy. He corrupted us. His hard drinking, gambling, cutting humor, blasting, boisterous manner all contributed to our love for him. As a plebe he spent all of his Saturday afternoons at the Bird of Peace, crying the world myopically through the bottom of an inverted stein. Being a noted economist, Bob, after first providing college educations for the children of the owner of the *Lucky Star Tavern*, purchased stock in a cab company traversing the Amsterdam-Rotterdam route. The man was a study in contrast. Away from his extracurricular cavorting, while in the academic environment, neither Mr. Clean nor the White Tornado had anything on the Daws, and at drinking others under the table even Andy Capp would be envious. In the end Bob was just a Pirate at heart. ". . . Arg maties, would you be to countin' your dabloons?"



WALLACE CONWAY
"WALLY"

Wally was another of the South Jersey meatball eaters, coming to Navy from Pennsauken, N.J. The first plebe fried during the summer, he was half way home by the end of week two. September saw no end to the demos, but a new problem was born, academics. Youngster cruise saw Wally go to Mexico, where the customs agents questioned his intentions. They were going to keep him, but found he had a learning problem. Youngster year he visited the Admiral and vowed never to return having seen the light. 16 weeks later he made the trip down to 4-1 again. First class cruise in the Caribbean spurred Wally on to greater achievement, his grade reports often boasted study hours in the double figures. Often seen sporting around in his German classic, Wally spent most of 1/c year following those he fancied and fleeing those who fancied him. Selecting air option aboard Independence, Wally hopes to try the Navy for 20 years before deciding on a career. Good luck Wal, see ya at the Skylark.

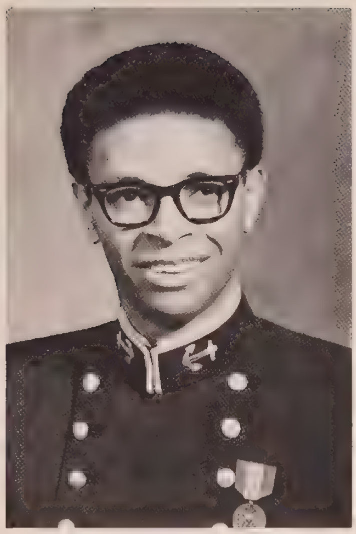
STEVEN L. BOGGS

Steve, commonly known as Boggsie, was known for his serious approach to Naval Academy life. For example, he would never refuse to eat an insect or mouse if offered. Rumor has it that he just wanted to prepare himself for a rigorous career in the field as a Marine officer. Actually, as Company Commander, Steve was a hard worker and inspiring leader. He tended to stress emphasis on leadership by example, which won the respect of all those who worked for and with him. A very rational and serious person when it comes to business, Steve should be quite an asset for the "men in green."

JOHN A. BUKAUSKAS
"BOOTS"
30th Company Commander

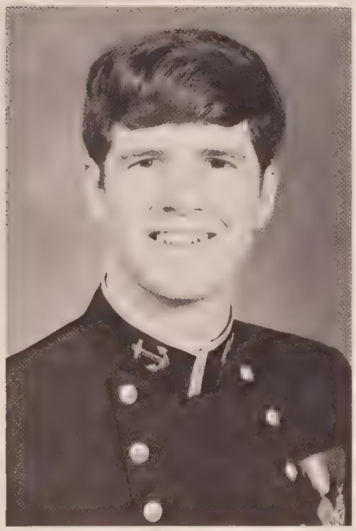
Just before he was over the hill, "the old man," Boots Bukauskas decided to come out of retirement from his Pitt. home and go back to school with the boys from USNA. The convenience for him is that by the time he puts in his 20 years, he will also be old enough to collect Social Security. Boots was an inspiring leader as Company Commander and seemed to have matters under control, more so than his Company officer. However, he seems to have one fatal flaw — he seems to be color blind! During Service Selection, he mistook the true navy blue for green and decided to continue his career in the Marine Corps. Actually, the Corps will never be the same!

VISITORS
VIEW FORMATION FROM
BEYOND THIS POINT



DONALD FRANKLIN

Frank studied. God, did he study. He studied stratomatic, Panzerblitz, Risk, Afrika Korps, the Dodgers, the Steelers, and any other war game that could be played during study hour. He conducted extensive research so as to determine the most comfortable place for one's head on a pillow. At baseball trivia, there was no one in his league. "Who played second base for the 1926 Atlanta Aardvarks?" "Moe Maranville. Hit. 306 with 7 HR and 52 RBI's." The kid majored in history and smoked King Edwards in honor of his man, Winston Churchill, was smooth with the ladies and had a wardrobe that ran way into four digits. Next to swimming and credit, football was his favorite sport. He quarterbacked company lightweights to many fine seasons, throwing "perfect" spirals. Anyway, whether in the offensive backfield coldly looking into the linebacker's eyes, at the table playing sports trivia or at the helm of a cruiser, guns blazing, closing on the Graf Spee, a certain Brit would no doubt say, "This was his finest hour."



LAWRENCE E. CLIFFORD, JR.

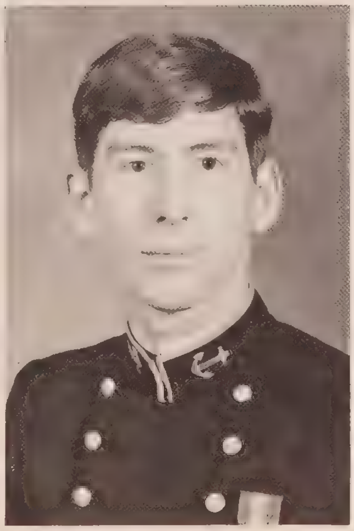
"CLIFF"

Larry must have caused his Air Force father and his Colorado buddies a great deal of chagrin when he chose to come to Navy rather than USAFA. However, his decision seems to have been sound since he has proven to possess the requisite "drift" to get past Rickover and straight to the Seventh Fleet as a surface type. Cliff will always be remembered for his humility and his ability to endure the rigors of USNA life and come out smiling. He chose to major in Physics because of the phun, and yet he has been seen playing chess or bridge and going to OCF. He has of late been active in Fellowship of Christian Athletes and company Bible studies. A regular out on the company sports scene, he coached the basketball team and played with the heavies, lights, and fast pitch teams. Smooth sailing will undoubtedly follow Larry as he takes his smile and God's Word tucked in his seabag across the Seven Seas.

DAVID W. BULLARD

"DAVE"

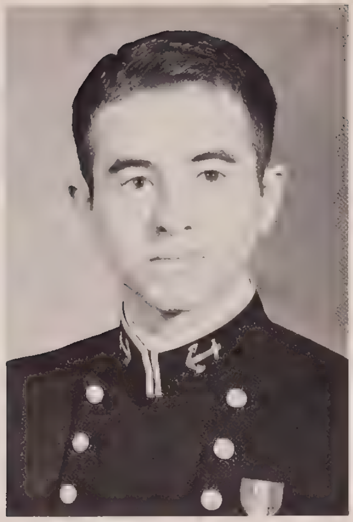
Dave arrived at USNA from Olympia, Washington intent on being a Navy jet pilot. Having led a fairly sheltered life here at the Academy, Dave's first trip over-the-wall wasn't until his 21st birthday second class year, and you can imagine what he was doing that night! Dave does know how to have a good time, though, with Mary Washington, Hood, D.C., and a certain residence in McLean, Virginia, among his stops during normal liberty hours. Not being your typical wardroom rat, Dave preferred to spend his time at the library, and his excellent grades reflect this fact. Dave's intramural participation has included Batt. handball, lightweights, and co. softball, while his varsity career was limited to Red Beach, where he lettered. Dave's numerous trips to Germany, including a first class foreign exchange cruise, have enabled him to become proficient both in the native language and in handling the Frauleins. Well, Davy Baby, see ya' in Pensacola!



BRUCE T. BURKETT

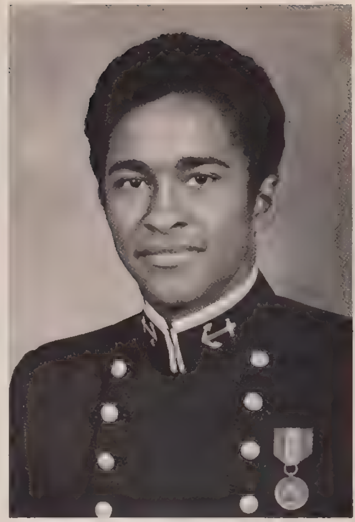
"MUSKRAT"

"It's all in the spin of the wheels." A quote from the world famous stunt car driver, Bruce T. Burkett. Bruce came to NAVY from the quiet city of downtown Baltimore. He was a noted hunter and hunted all kinds of animals except, of course the muskrat. After all, the little devils were kind of cute. Bruce was also renowned for his rather aardvarkian nose and the turtlenecks that he perpetually wore. Seriously though, the kid is a fairly dedicated dude and will no doubt perform well in his octupus garden.

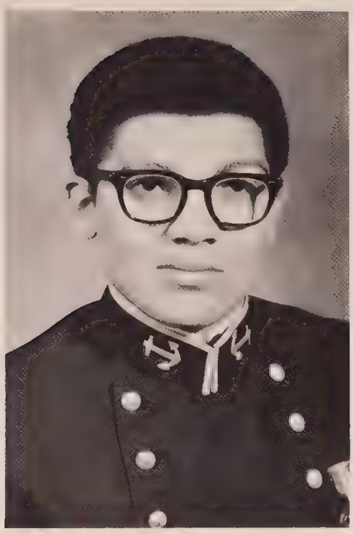


JAMES E. ECKRICH
"WO SKINNY"

In July of '73, Jim climbed off of a Greyhound bus with typewriter, tennis racket, suitcases, rice cooker, and shaving kit in hand. His mother would send the rest later. Jim has been famous for everything from dried squid to Purina dog chow, in addition to his ability to sleep anytime anywhere (at the mate's desk, on laundry bags, on the Co. Officer's couch, etc.). But between naps, work, and instant oatmeal, Jim found the time to prove his talents on the soccer field and tennis court. His favorite moments, though, have been those in prayer, 26 May '74, and in meditating on the goodness of the Lord Jesus Christ. Revelation 3:20 says, " 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any one hears My voice and opens the door, I will come in to him, and will dine with him, and he with Me.' " For Jim it meant the start of a new relationship with the living God. Praise Him for His grace and love forever!!!

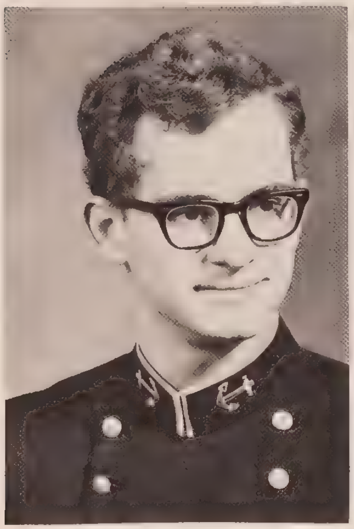


JUNE T. HARDY



MICHAEL HILL
"MIKE"

Mike a country boy at heart came to the U.S. Naval Academy from Martinsville, Virginia. He thanks God for getting him in, and through, and out of the Academy. When Mike came to the Academy he wanted to be a football player and an engineer. During Youngster year academics gave him difficulties and he had to choose between football and engineering. Mike chose to be a Mechanical engineer. Academics still posed problems for him; however, he made it through his major with a little Company Officer hanging on his back. On Youngster cruise Mike became known as "the Enforcer" because he would not let anyone play basketball with him without going by sickbay afterwards. Back home the girl of his life will soon be his wife. His sincere desire and self-confidence will help him on his way to a bright Naval career.



DONALD LINK
"DON"
Trident Scholar

Don came to USNA from the backwoods of Wisconsin. After studying hard plebe year he built up enough momentum to coast through the last three years. Though always carrying a heavy load, he seldom stuck with a course till the end of a semester. It was he who coined the phrase: If you can't get an A in it, validate it.

Don definitely believed in the whole man concept. He got involved in orienteering, handball, wargaming, bridge, chess and scuba. Though he seldom drank, he went all the way when he did.

As a firstie he hit his peak. Going to class 8 hours a week with occasional visits to his Trident lab he spent all his time wargaming and reading SF. He went into the sewer pipe navy with the eventual goal of becoming a mad scientist and conquering the world.

GEORGE MANASKIE
30th Company Commander

George came from Bellmore, N.Y. with his wrestling sneakers in hand and after plebe summer used them only in batt competition. As a math major George's research project was finding the least common multiple of the mile markers on the Jersey turnpike. As president of the Weight Lifting Club he has spent many hours pumping . . . . . iron. On the football field George joined the company light-over-weights to become the only tackle ever to catch 15 passes. (Hey Don!) George is looking forward to a career with the deep nukes and rumor has it that he is getting married after graduation, but in the four years he's been here, the little lady has only been to see the academy about twice. That's OK though, none of us want anybody to find out what this place is really like. Good luck, George.

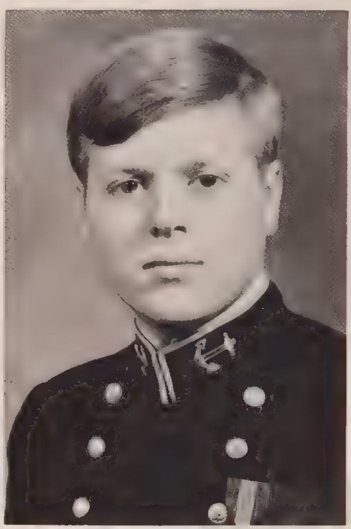
MORGAN JAMES McQUISTON
"MORG"

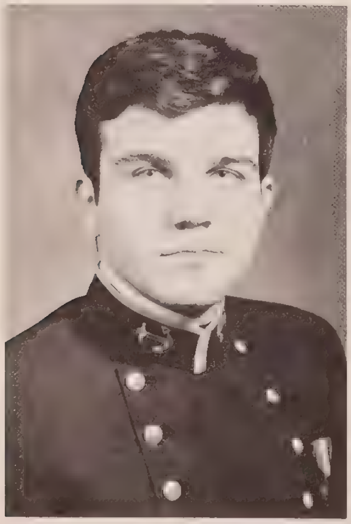
Retracing the Oregon Trail back to the East shows Morgan's path to Annapolis. Though quiet, and generally well mannered, he has found many outlets for his ample energies and talents. One of Morgan's greatest qualities is his patience — with others; such as calming the loudest, noisiest bunch of fourth graders; and with himself through four years of dedicated work on the heavyweight Navy crew team.

Morgan came to the East coast from Eugene, Oregon, for the better education offered at this institution, and has followed through with good marks in a math major. This has propelled him into the Navy Nuclear program, with the submarine force as his immediate goal. With a hobby like long distance running it can easily be imagined the determination Morgan has to succeed.

JAMES T. NICKERSON
"NICK"
2nd Regiment Adjutant

Nick came to Canoe U. via Summit High School and the town of the same name in New Jersey. However he claimed Texas as his real home and he was enough of a hick that nobody doubted him. Plebe and youngster grades allowed him enough gravy to graduate and avoid the AC boards. 150# football, fieldball, and fast pitch softball kept him busy on the athletic field. Nuclear Power's loss was Navy Air's gain and Tim is looking forward to cruising the skies for as long as possible.





MARK C. OSPECK
"SCHLEP"

". . . And if I ever live to be an old man,
I'm gonna sail down to Martinique,
I'm gonna buy me a sweatstained Bogart suit,
And an African parakeet,
Then I'll sit him on my shoulder,
And open up my trusty gold mine,
I'm gonna teach him how to fuss,
Teach him how to cuss,
And pull the cork out of a bottle a wine . . ."
— James Buffett

ROBERT KENNARD RICE

Kennard was a rather unique individual. He was the only person ever known who, just upon returning from leave, could earnestly lament, "I wanna go home." Raised in the Heart of Dixie (that's Alabama for all you poor unfortunate Yankees), he could always be counted on for a strong "War Eagle!"

During his tenure, Kennard experienced pain. Some was of the heart, but most was physical. Navy Medical even created a disease just for him. One mention of the name and you were sure it was terminal. Speaking of terminals, picture a man seated in front of a gray idiot box and you see a Systems Engineer. The computer, while a constant companion, never did become a friend; it couldn't get the right answers! Trying to do us a favor during Plebe summer, Kennard decided to settle for being called "Ken." Then another Ken showed up and he switched back to "Kennard." He's been answering to several names ever since. Just ask his roommates; they never did get it straight.

KENNETH FRANK WRIGHT
"KEN"

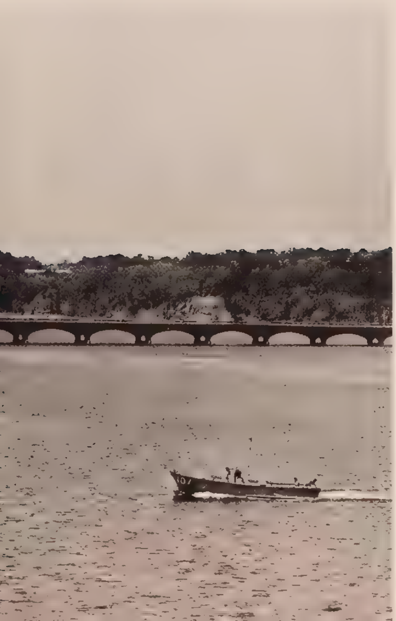
After leaving his hometown of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Ken, alias Rocket "flew" to USNA with hopes of becoming the world's first nuclear qualified interstellar astronaut. Actually, his zeal and explosive approach to situations deemed him the nickname "Rocket." Aside from his love for music and weekend liberty, Ken's only love is Adm Rickover's Nuclear Power Program. Ken will always be remembered for his energy, intelligence, and leadership by example that won him the respect of all those who worked for him. Ken will leave Mother B for the sunny skies of Orlando, Florida, where he will attend Nuclear Power School to prepare him for submarine duty.

BRUCE ROBERT WEISS

Originally a member of the Class of '76, Bruce saw the error of his ways and joined us after our Plebe summer. He already had a semester's experience over us and, for all we knew, he eased right through Plebe year. (Of course being "secured" in January didn't hurt.)

Before returning for his "second" Plebe year, Bruce found out that he was NPQ due to defective color vision. (Who would have guessed that he couldn't drive ships for the Navy, but the Air Force would have let him fly?!!) It was about that time that he decided to become a cryptologist and chose Operations Analysis as his major to plan his cryptological trips to the Egyptian pyramids. Boy, was he surprised when someone told him that cryptologists don't do that sort of thing.

As an upperclassman, Sonar could add insanity to any situation. Some of us thought that was because he was in the D&B, but that's another story. An example: As D&B Commander during Plebe Detail, Bruce taught the Plebes their first song from memory. Why? — He couldn't find the music.



JOHN CARL BURTON

Hailing from Oklahoma City, Okla., John came to the Academy with high aspirations and just a little bit of southern drawl. Plebe summer he took in stride, and with the onset of challenging Navy academics, John decided to pit his talents against the EE department.

Athletics were nothing new to John. He experimented a year with plebe track before choosing the "real sport" and becoming an avid rugger-hugger.

But studies and sports were not enough to keep John tied down and he became a regular in many activities. A couple of hours free time might find him with the Orienteering club, the FCA, teaching Sunday School, or just tooling around or working on his 'vette.

Nuclear power school awaits John after graduation. From there he will be heading for the submarine navy, where his talent and ability to work with people will make him a welcome addition to the fleet.

SCOTT HILL HARDING

An Air Force brat (in the truest sense), Scott could have claimed any number of places as home: Ohio, California, Virginia, Texas, even Japan. He'd claim Virginia when asked, but he sure did like Texas while wearing his cowboy boots.

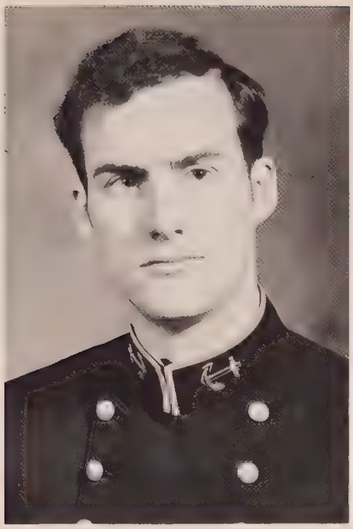
During his years at USNA, he was always emotionally involved with the fairer sex and in spite of several entanglements we figured he knew what he was trying to find. Having had more time to analyze the situation, we now realize that Clutch wasn't as sure of himself as he would have had us believe.

He knew what he wanted to do in the fleet, though. An oceanographer, he basically coasted all the way through until the P.E. and Medical Depts. conspired against him during first class year. He took exception to their attempt to take away his nuclear submarine and his protests made Sick Bay think they were riding a skiff through sea state seven. How'd the storm end? Ask him the next time his dolphins come up for air.

RONALD SCOTT WOOD
"RONNIE"

"As therefore you received Christ Jesus the Lord, so live in Him" sums up Ronnie's philosophy of life. The transformation from happy, peaceful years at MacArthur High School in Irving, Texas to the lowly life of a Plebe was not an easy one for Ronnie, but the inspiration of He who died on the cross for our sins has enabled him to show that a Christian can be an effective Naval Officer.

Activities of the local Church of Christ youth group occupied much of Ronnie's time on the weekends, which were usually spent at the homes of generous congregation families. A profound love for eating and sleeping was Ronnie's weekend trademark, making up for the time spent during the week working on his math major. The long nights studying have paid off, however, as Ronnie will soon be heading for Nuclear Power School and a chance to perform in submarines. May the Lord Bless You and Keep You, dear Christian Brother.



TOM P. KIELY
"KIELS"

Kiels came to Crabtown via 'DA' Bronx. After Naps he started his flying career early by taking the infamous birdman flight out a fifth wing window during plebe summer. That's all the firsties needed! The academic board stalked him for eight semesters but T.K. bobbed and weaved for eight semesters and they never tagged him. Kiels played plebe LAX and gave varsity a good out of season look. First Class year The Kiels was elected V.P. of his class. He still thinks it means Very Precious. When it's all over Tom will be wearing The Green and flying high. Best of luck to a great guy and a true friend.

To that special Woman, "We'll love in the sun someday."

All my Love and Thanks to Mom, Dad, my georgeous sisters Terry and Debbie, and to the greatest little brothers anyone ever had, Chris and Greg.

THOMAS MARTIN GORMAN
"TOM"

One of Dixie's finest, "GO-MAN," the Southern gentleman who tried to change the fashion world of the East, came to USNA with only one hope in mind — to graduate. After finding out how easy a task it would be, Tom settled down and managed to do quite well. He was an inspiring leader and a compassionate friend. Tom's example of weekly (or was it semi-annual?) haircuts and immaculate appearance always made him stand out as exceptional. Tom could be found on weekends in various "chic" circles of Georgetown nightlife, dressed fit to kill. He should do well in his future career with his "jet-set" background, for Rastus plans to go back home to Pensacola, Florida and lead the exciting life of a Naval Aviator. Get Serious!! Get Delirious and Outrageous, too!!!

DAVE BAIR
"HAIR BAIR"

Dave, a native from Wilmington Delaware, was not at all upset about cutting his hair to join the brigade, but shaving off his beard almost saw him transfer to U. of Del. Plebe year Dave kept busy taking 1/C physics courses so he would have room for the wires classes youngster year. Dave was active in company activities, serving as vice-president of the motorcycle club since plebe year. He made good use of the sponsor program, but every family he had moved away. Dave always had lots of chow in his room mostly because he ate things that no one else could even identify. Flossing after every meal prevented the delicacies from destroying his teeth. Having chosen nuke subs for service selection, Dave may have missed his calling as a surface line type as he was one of 2 people to qualify as JOOD under instruction on Wally's blue barge. His greatest feat at Navy was taking a classmate's date's mother to the ring dance. Good luck, Dave, see you at the Sail Inn.

THIRTY FIRST COMPANY

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) E. Waindle, M. Valenstein, W. Henderson, R. Brownley, S. Pihlija, J. Goree, J. Camargo. *SECOND ROW:* S. Jacoby, R. Lovelace, R. Polek, Berger, W. Timme, M. James, E. Forbis, T. Algeo, G. Wadzita, R. Aiken, G. Eisenmann. *THIRD ROW:* J. Cranford, J. Christensen, D. Nix, J. Hughes, P. Redvict, W. Burke.

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) D. Auyong, T. Brown, D. Buhler, D. Greer, M. Stewart. *SECOND ROW:* T. Lewis, S. Ische, K. Jackson, K. Womack, J. Ohman, J. Pedigo, R. Drehoff. *THIRD ROW:* P.O'Rourke, G. Grabowsky, G. Fontaine, M. Clemente, N. Speed, W. Hayes, M. Mahon, J. Miclot, C. Wilson, B. Bentley, W. Jones, K. Lewis.

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) E. Mikolajczml, M. Reed, D. Chen, T. Brodmerkle, W. Gildner, B. Chamberlain, D. Clement. *SECOND ROW:* J. Sharpe, M. Peters, S. Dell, T. Mills, R. Faloona, C. Sebrecht, J. Gay, S. Keller. *THIRD ROW:* J. Haley, J. Christy, M. Shettle, J. Fischer, L. Burnham, J. Link, D. McCrane, P. Thrasher, B. Lair, M. Evans, F. Gayden, D. Herrscher.

PHILLIP NACOSTE

Phillip came to the Banana school from Opelousas, Louisiana, via NAPS. He majored in Management and Technology but never let the rigors of academic endeavor interfere with his two loves, the rack and weekend liberty. A quiet individual, P.J. came into his own with the commencement of first class year. There was no place unreachable in the 280Z and he almost wore himself out trying to prove it. Among his favorite routes was the "D.C. Connection."

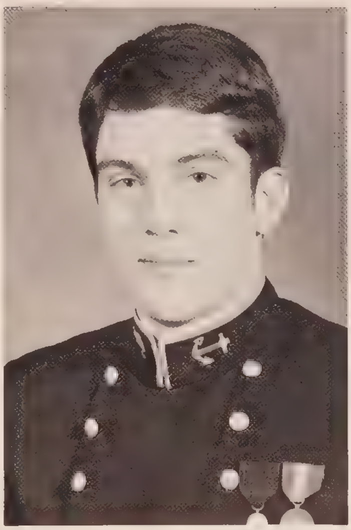
His incessant lust for the gouge was exceeded only by his endless expenditures on fine clothes. Those hot summer nights spent "riding the bull" with Cool Jimmy and The Boys will not soon be forgotten, although they should be. An old salt at heart, Phillip plans to excel for Navy, first, by going to sea and then it's off to the sandy beaches of Pensacola.

GARY JAMES LOVAN

Gary came to Crabtown directly from Paducah, Ky. His initial years at Navy were spent maintaining a "low profile." However once out of his shell, the Kentucky Hoople was known to "ride the bull" with Cool Phil and The Boys. He also managed to get caught committing enough assorted offenses to finish second class year with the maximum demerits allowed. A member of the "over the wall gang." Gary could be seen crossing the Bay Bridge any night of the week. He now spends his time lounging on the sunny beaches of Pensacola.

MICHAEL P. JONES
"HONES"

Mike bee-bopped on down to Annapolis one summer from a little place called Norristown, Pa. It was soon after that a southern squad leader nick-named him the "Hones." With much relief the "Hones" bought his books for second semester and drifted right on into Youngster Year. It was during this time that Mike served with honor and distinction as President of the Quarter-After Club. His introduction of one young man to "brewskies and zelles" led to many good times to be remembered, (and some that can't be remembered.) As a second-class Mike continued to indulge in the finer things in life. His two black N's will forever stand in tribute to them. As Mike cruises on down to Pensacola "floaters" in hand there is no doubt that he will do well, because as always, he'll have the gouge.

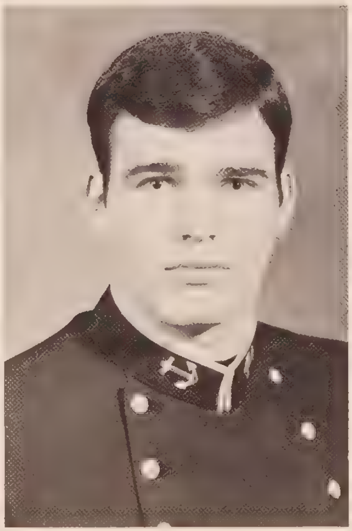


JOHN STANLEY HERR, JR.

John strolled into Annapolis from the bustling suburbs of Clinton, Maryland. His sole desire in coming to the Naval Academy (namely to be an alumnus), is exceeded only by his desire for fast cars, cold brews, and good times. John's stay (though more like a visit), has been filled with many ups and down. His biggest down, besides 75+2, was probably third class year when his bags were packed for Yale. His biggest up was first class year when it was finally legal for him to do everything that he had been doing for the past three years. Well, as the summer gives way to cooler September, John will join the ranks of aviators in Pensacola. What else can I say but, "Good Luck buddy and keep in touch." (Remember, don't sweat the little stuff.)

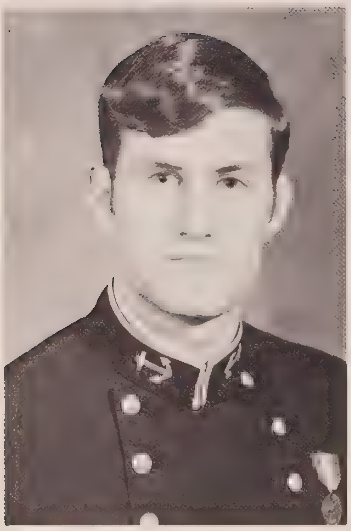
JAMES EDWARD RIBERA
"J.B."

Jim is the only guy from sunny Cal who couldn't swim a stroke when he got to the boat school. It seems he spent more time at the Instruction Pool than he did on Thompson Field where he earned his four N-Stars in Track. An adamant protester against the advent of women at Navy, cool Jimmy wasted no time in moving in when the young lovelies arrived. J.B. is a firm believer in British engineering as is exemplified by his willingness to earn a Black N for his beloved MGB. James says that his grandfather was a bullfighter however, instead of fighting, Jimmy prefers to "ride the bull" with cool Steve and The Boys. But Jim, you should have known that the bull could never make up for the differences between the Colonel and the bubblehead. Drill at Quantico will never be the same when Jimmy marches by doing the cosmic strut.



STEPHAN PHILIP BARNETT
"STEVE"

As only destiny could have arranged it, Steve was conceived on Parris Island and thus started his Marine Corps career. He came to the Academy via N.A.P.S. after serving a seventeen year hitch under his D.I. father. Yes Steve, there is quite a difference between a D.I. and a bubblehead. Steve really showed his class by following a proud tradition of "riding the bull" with cool Gary and The Boys. Besides developing beach muscles, Steve also used a 1948 Plymouth to aid in capturing a few lady friends. When Steve was not in THE PIT he could most surely be found on Thompson Field throwing the discus. The two-time N-Star winner will be glad to get back to the Corps.



ROBERT A. COBURN
"BOB"

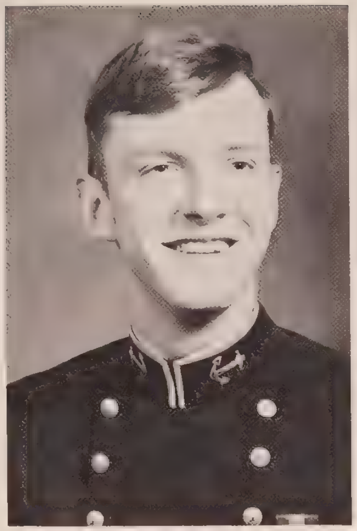
Bronco Bob came to Canoe U. from TEXAS, and he won't let you forget it. He hasn't had the easiest time at the Academy, but his graduation was no real surprise to anyone either. He worked hard for his 2.0+, but had a good time in the process. Bob made an effort at Navy swimming for two years, but found club water-polo more satisfying. Although the water seems to be his home, Bob is taking to the air with the Marines upon graduation. Whatever the Marines do up there, Bob should be doing for a long time, providing that its done close to Texas or Hawaii. Semper Fidelis, and Aloha.

DAVID LYNN VAIL
"V.D."

Before coming to Navy, Dave was corrupted for two years by one of those liberal and undisciplined "regular" colleges. He had always wanted to fly and figured going to ole USNA would be the easiest way to accomplish that. Being on the varsity swim team plebe and youngster year enabled him to stay unknown to his company, and even after hanging-up his Speedo, he was often found aimlessly wandering the Natatorium. Dave figures after his four year stay in Annapolis and another couple in Pensacola, he'll, hopefully, find himself back in the only place he thinks exists — Southern California.

GARR WHITESCARVER
"DOC"

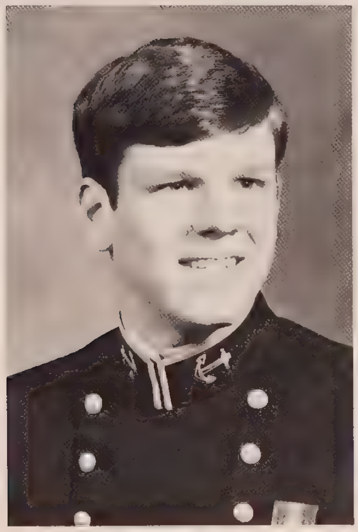
Coming from the fleet, Doc decided that his plebe classmates should experience some of the "old" Navy. So, weekday afternoons on the Chesapeake, the rum ration was reestablished. Doc was always an opinionated individual and was always very patient with people in authority . . . as long as they saw things his way. Hey Don Rickles, if you ever need a replacement, we got your man.



CHRIS C. CAIN

"BEAD"

Hailing from Canton, Ohio, Chris came to USNA not quite knowing why, and took four years to figure it out. It began with a plebe who was so nervous he shook the floor when giving a chow call. He progressed to the mighty rank of third class only to find that Buzzy's is not the social center of the East, but is a good place to have a few beers and meet a few townies. When he became a second class, he finally found his niche at the academy in academics, promptly accquiring the nickname bead for his diligence in that area. First class year he found his loves for life; nuke power and a girl named Nancy. Now its time for Chris to go out and "overkill" in the fleet and show them that an ounce of sweat is worth a quart of blood.



DAVID CHARLES WAGNER

"SKIP"

Skip and his lacrosse stick came to the academy from nearby Severna Park, Maryland. Because he lived so close, not even plebe year could keep Skip around on weekends. By performing disappearing acts, he was known to occasionally commute to school. Being the son of a career Naval officer and USNA graduate, Skip knew what to expect during his four years here; or what not to expect. Quickly setting his priorities, Skip played varsity lacrosse all four years. After lacrosse, liberty was a secure second. Upon graduation, Skip has his goals set high for a career in the Navy.

ROBERT M. SOUDERS

"SPIKE"

Spike, a product of the big city, Philadelphia, and the small town, Blue Bell, joined the Navy to see the ocean. Instead he found the murky waters of the Severn and the murky atmosphere of Bancroft Hall. Not one to let his Physics major or an occasional Class "A" get him down, Spike fought back by working out daily in his rack and nightly in the wardroom. Spike was a four year Masquerader who never appeared on stage, but never missed a party. Proud to be a coach of both lightweight football and softball, and prouder still of not playing, Spike managed to avoid physical activity during his stay at Navy. It took him three years to find what he wanted from the Naval Academy, but his prize will help him through Nuclear Power School and those long submarine patrols after.

PETER MARTIN CAULK

"PETE"

6th Battalion Sub-Commander

Born at an early age, with beautiful baby blues and a Roman nose, Pete's parents knew that they were going to have their hands full from the start. So giving up the Calif. sun, Pete arrived at USNA only to face what would be his first decision, that being to star in football or get good grades. Always one for making decisions, he decided to do both, and both he did! Always ready to party and dance the night away, he was made an honorary New Jerseyite and spent part of New Year's Eve Youngster year celebrating. Along with leaving behind the beaches of Coronado, so did he leave those Calif. girls, but Pete was quick to find out that BOWIE has a better idea. He was never without a smile, always ready to help out anyone with a problem. His joke telling was only surpassed by his ability on the dance floor. He was a great guy and an even better friend. He helped make this place a little more bearable. FLY NAVY!

TERRY S. HOPKINS
"HOP"

Hop came to the academy from the thriving metropolis of Randallstown, Md. Plebe year Hop made his reputation as a jock by lettering for the swim team. Devotion to his one and only caused him to forsake his sport for the female companionship he so loved. His first few semesters were spent dodging (sometimes not so successfully) the Ac Board, until he finally settled into the "Phy Sci" fraternity where it was smooth sailing from there on out. Hop's major accomplishments at Navy may well be 1) the most area liberty Youngster Year 2) the art of getting the maximum benefit out of a varsity sport and 3) how to get the maximum time on weekend liberty. His first love has always been the Marine Corps, but which foot first was always a mystery. He finally put his thoughts in the sky and decided on Marine NFO. Remember the Filter Room Hop?

KENNETH A. GRABER
"GRABEY"

Ken came to the Academy from a typical Pittsburgh suburbia complete with coal mines and steel mills. While at the Academy Ken further developed his wrestling skills for the Big Blue along with maintaining a 3.0 average. Second class year saw Ken pick up a quick 75 and two, which only enabled him to refine his already keen sense for the rack. Come June, Ken will trade in his Vette for "something with a bit more room" and set sail with his young lovely for Newport. With a great personality and a strong desire to succeed Ken is assured success in all his endeavors. So, fair winds, good luck, and God bless good buddy.

JAMES J. DRANCHAK
"JIM"
2nd Regiment Administration

Jim came to the Naval Academy from Endicott, N.Y. If you ask him what city its near, he will tell you Binghamton and if you still want to know, he will tell you to forget it. After keeping a low profile plebe year, he worked hard enough to earn a Regimental Staff billet where he once again kept a low profile. He spent most of his time at the Academy plotting how not to spend time at the Academy. Thus, he managed an exchange program to France and attendance at student political conferences. Unless he is presented the opportunity to go to post graduate school, you will find him whatever surface line takes him. If you ask him why he chose surface line, he will say its because he was too blind to fly, too smart to be a marine and too dense to go nuclear power.

JOHN LOUIS CLAY
"J.B."
6th Battalion Operations

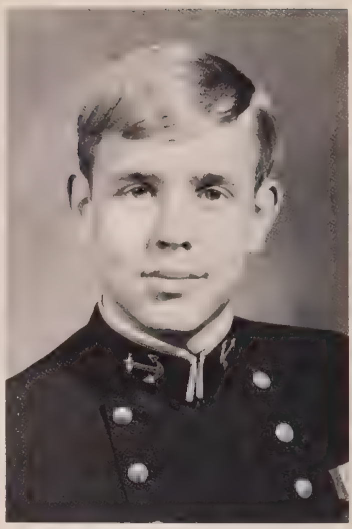
Johnny headed north from Atlanta, Ga. to enroll at the Naval Academy following an interrum stop at Bainbridge, Md. It was easy to see where Johnny's first love lied, as he spend most of his free time at the natatorium. J.B.'s study filled semesters were only made worthwhile by those frequent trips to Rome(?). There was no doubt, that with his love for the water, Johnny would pursue a career in the Surface Line community. Indeed, with his dedication and ability to get along with people, J.B. has a bright future ahead.

DONALD OTTO KEIBEL
"NEW YORK STORK"

The New York Stork alias Don Keibel hails from the Big Apple and has the accent to prove it. Don earned his fame when on a typical green alert the first class decided to race back in their "hot" cars. Don decided the roads weren't fast enough and elected to try and make better time by going through a ditch. Being able to hold one's liquor is definitely not a characteristic of the highly esteemed member of fun thirty-one.

ROBERT R. VOGEL
"BOB"

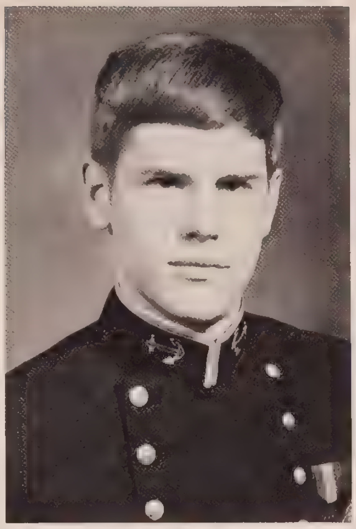
The Naval Academy prides itself on drawing men from throughout the country and from all walks of life to serve in its ranks, and Bob epitomizes this principle. A Navy junior, Bob has lived everywhere from Pearl Harbor to Virginia Beach. He also has one of the most unique walks in the Brigade as he bebops his way through the years to a commission. Always ready to help his fellow midshipmen become more aware of their shortcomings, Bob never let tact stand in the way of a little constructive criticism, while being equally critical of his own performance. Convinced that airedales must have a collective death wish, Bob has elected to try his hand at driving ships safely under the water. Thanks to his prodigious academic effort, ADM. Rickover even overlooked his management major to make this possible, and so to his classmates in surface line, he sends a few last words of wisdom, "look-out, Skimmers!"



NAVAL
ACADEMY
SCIENTIA
EX
TRIDENS

ROBERT SANDERSON
"SANDY"

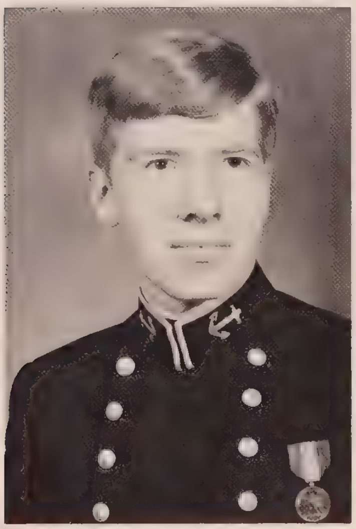
Locked on with his cruise control, Bob "Sandy" Sanderson makes the trip from his home, New Orleans, with a minimum of effort and max vibes. Of course I'm referring to his silver "Stud" mobile, the Cougar, whose other favorite trips include the MWC commute and the 151 stopover. As of late, Sandy's main interests are eating, sleeping, and studying as directed by Admiral Rickover. What a price to pay just to be a nuke! It's funny how those nightly sojourns to the wardroom suddenly stopped. While at Navy, Sandy has had a few special interests. 3 1/2 years of D&B were, for the most part, rewarding, until some people started playing "King of the Corps." His redirected efforts went to company ltwt football and the in-company position of conduct officer. His company officer wanted a man with first hand experience for the job. In the future it can only be hoped that Sandy will achieve his ultimate personal objective: 3 consecutive smoke rings blown through each other. Good luck, Buddy!



ALAN CARPENTER ANGLEMAN

Alan brought along a case of true individuality with him when he came to the Naval Academy from his home in Virginia Beach. After an uneventful plebe year, Al started collecting a new set of wheels each year, usually two at a time. Service dress motorcycle was just one of his imaginative innovations designed to make life at Navy a little more exciting.

Studying was never a problem for Alan since he had mastered the technique of learning by osmosis before becoming a midshipman. He displayed a remarkable penchant for getting 4.0's and making it look easy. A potential Trident scholar, Al became persona non grata with the EE department when he realized there were higher priorities in life than being a wires major. His highest priority became Julie and all those weekends away from the Hall. A humourous disposition, a beautiful wife, and a knack for success make Al's future look very bright, H.G. Rickover and associates notwithstanding.



STEVEN M. LESSARD
"STEVE"

It was four long years ago that Steve left the shores of Lake Michigan to sample the unique blend of education and fantasy that exists here on the Severn. In that span of time he has done much better than might be expected of a youth of seventeen armed only with a diploma from Evanston, Illinois, and an ambition to be a naval officer. Blessed with a penchant for overwork that has seen him excel in this university's most rigorous engineering courses, he has otherwise rarely received the recognition he truly deserves.

Ever inquisitive, Steve's summers have always been learning experiences, whether exploring the wilds of Washington State or acquainting himself with the culture of the Philippines and Australia. He has been successful enough to land himself a spot in Rickover's corps of nuclear undersea ship drivers where, God willing, he will find success, happiness, and the number of surfacings equal to the number of his dives.

DANIEL MARK BERECK
31st Company Commander

"Big Dan" came to the banks of the Severn from Ravenna, Ohio. Always well organized and playing it straight, he made it threw four Ac years without a demo. His outdoor activities, coins, business concerns, and company activities formed his unusual combination of interests. His devotion to politics overviewed all others as he looks to be #2 after "JEC." Company Commander, Batt Honor Rep, Dean's List, and Who's Who are some of his achievements. Dan is headed for his fast frigate in Charleston and a fine fleet assignment.

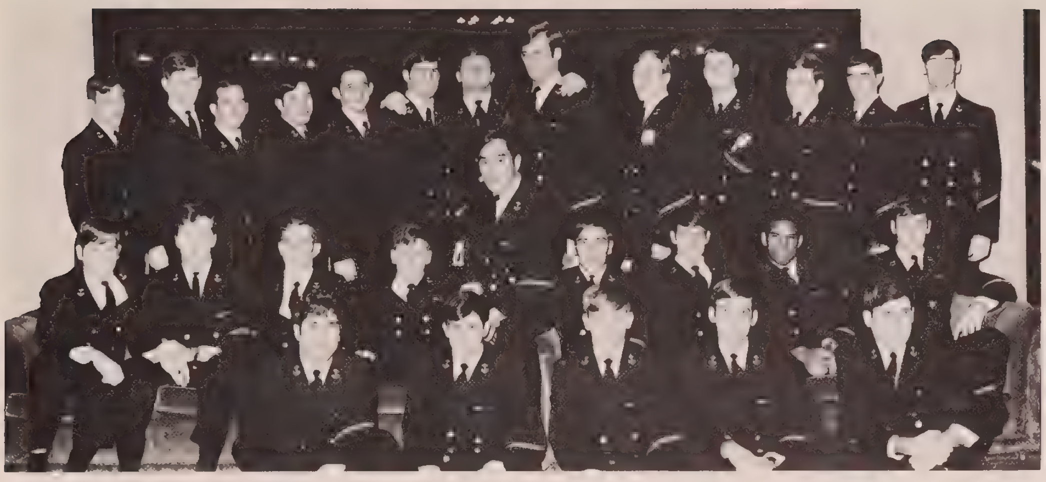
CARL DIXON PLYLER JR.
"C.D."

Coming here was an even bigger shock for me than finding out they cancelled "Green Acres." But, I guess I was able to adjust all right as I was still around to write this biography after three and one half years. Not that I achieved anything particularly noteworthy in the interim. My main contribution was in perfecting the art of "keeping a low profile," and here I must, in all modesty, admit to being the master. I wish much luck to my classmates of 31 in the "big world." They don't have C.D. to kick around anymore.

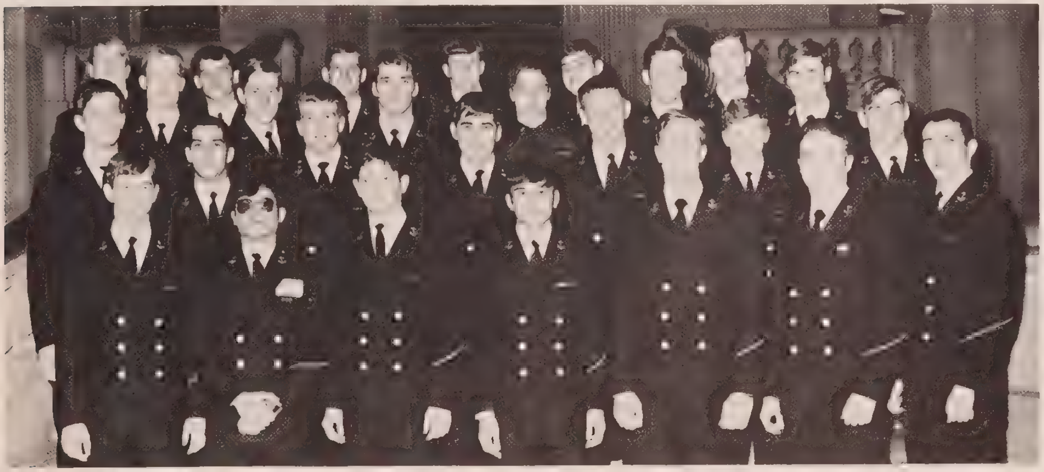
DALE W. WAINWRIGHT

Dale came from Wrightstown, N.J. hoping to play four years of Navy basketball, but after wearing three casts in two years he saw the light. The low profile technique has been his key to survival during his four year tenure. All that ended second class year however, when he was convicted of being a member of the Marshall 8, a local car parking club. Though the Admiral felt he was more qualified for the surface Navy, Dale's outlook on the Navy at this time is more comparable to his outlook on marriage, "Lets wait five and see."

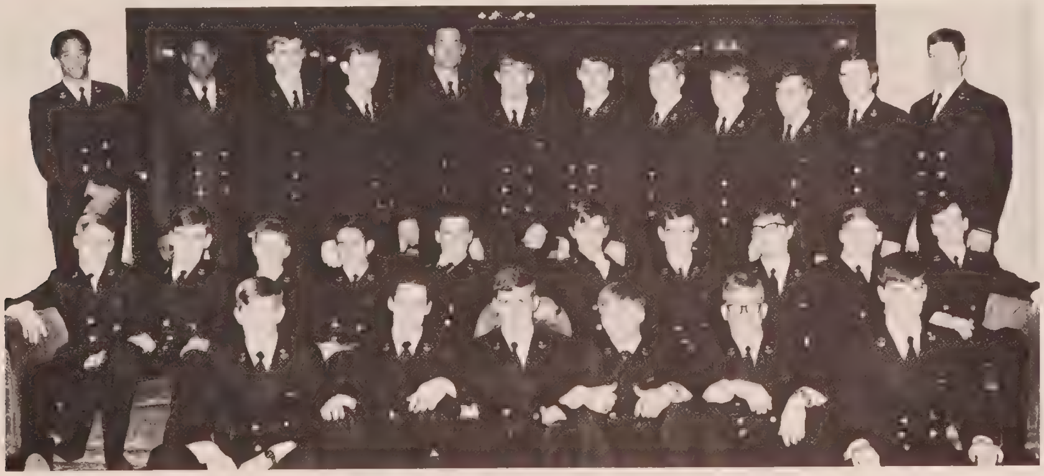
THIRTY SECOND COMPANY



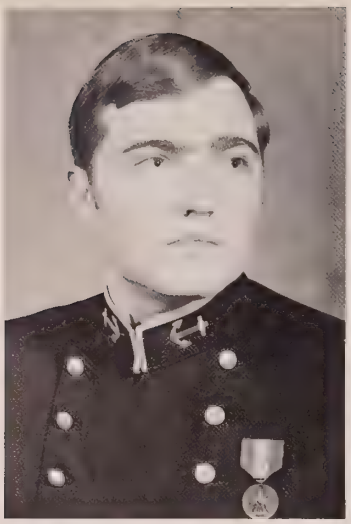
FIRST ROW: (L TO R) B. Ouchakof, W. Soer, C. Butcher, G. Thompson, J. Eggleston. *SECOND ROW:* P. Rahel, K. Egan, E. Oliver, M. Kalnoske, R. Kwong, R. Martinez, L. Chase, V. Guillory, J. Loeffler. *THIRD ROW:* P. Benoit, D. Miller, T. Murphy, W. Hession, R. LeBouvier, B. Oslovar, R. Bookmiller, D. Cox, H. VanOss, J. Oliver, P. Brennan, T. Hovatter, R. Tillman.



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) P. Rassmussen, A. Kuong, D. McDonald, E. Castello, T. Mairs, G. Baka, B. Cottingham. *SECOND ROW:* T. Jacobsen, D. Costello, T. Flynn, D. Fleenor, J. Gause, D. Dennis, R. Burns. *THIRD ROW:* F. Gross, S. Brasington, J. Bontrager, R. Bruno, R. Hayes, W. Noble. *FOURTH ROW:* H. Hollis, J. Hartzog, G. Gearing, B. Holt, S. Bazer, D. Spain.



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) K. Ketchmark, M. Shane, M. Burr, M. Petrotes, S. Nygaard, S. Dean. *SECOND ROW:* M. Tomb, D. Hughes, J. Budnick, R. Rives, D. Atchison, E. Love, B. Miller, R. Ishii, R. Edmonson, J. Buttram. *THIRD ROW:* K. Lash, R. Johnson, B. Hoeft, R. Jackson, B. Hodge, D. Poole, J. Sheairs, M. McDonald, B. Christensen, M. Bathrick, R. Colvin, T. Burke.



CALVIN LEE BAGBY

"CAL"

6th Battalion Commander

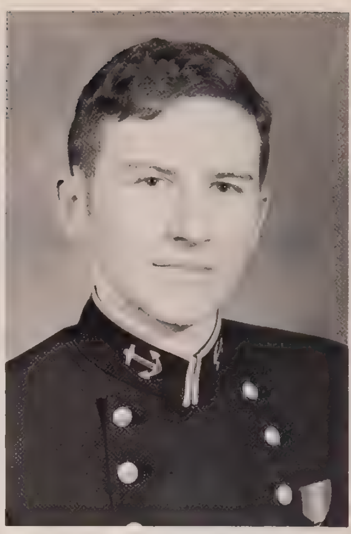
A Navy junior, Cal nevertheless professed loyalty to Carson City, Nevada and the adventurous Lake Tahoe.

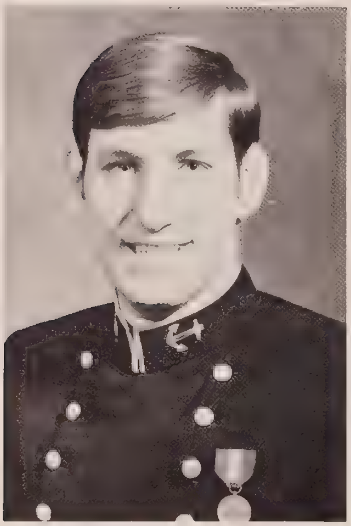
Following a brief stint at NAPS, he came to USNA confident and ready for action. This attitude was to earn him four stripes by first class year.

The years by the Severn were to find Cal busy with the books and his Oceanography major, but always able to find time for his beloved workouts. A top performer in the handball courts, Cal was an avid sports enthusiast as well as being a fierce competitor himself.

Leave periods found him catching military hops to sunny climes or snowy ski towns. A big man at Happy Hour, his ability to converse with members of the fairer sex was proven time and time again.

Cal chose to become a Naval Aviator and we all agree that his future will be bright wherever he may be.





GREGORY WALTER BARAN

"GREG"

A native of Staten Island, N.Y., Greg came to USNA via Msgr. Farrell High School. With only a few weeks vacation before entering the academy, he has been trying to make up for lost time ever since. Greg made good use of the freshman eligibility rule, earning a black N his rookie season. Many guys have a difficult plebe year; Greg's was next to impossible. But his perseverance helped him meet the obstacles on many occasions. Youngster year Greg settled into the routine with his Management and Technology major, all the while enjoying those 3/c rates. A knowledgable sports fan, he proved himself to be a talented competitor as well by excelling on the company basketball and company football teams during his tenure at Navy. Never one to back into a corner, Greg chose Surface Line with an NFO option. If sincere fortitude and determination pay off, Greg will go a long way in the Surface Navy.

MICHAEL C. BECK

32nd Company Commander

DANIEL J. BUTLER

ROBERT CHESNUT II
"SKIP"

Skip came to Bay Country from the sun-drenched shores of California. While always maintaining his loyalty to the west coast, he adapted readily to the ways of the east. On occasion, however, Skip has been heard to cry "SURFS UP" in his sleep. Skip, without a doubt, is one of the most dynamic individuals we've had the pleasure to know. An avid outdoorsman, he is an accomplished diver, hunter, and fisherman. Skip's mechanical skills are unmatched as he is the resident auto trouble-shooter and Jensen Healey expert. Rounding out his myriad of talents is his impressive long distance running ability. After four years of hard work and near misses, Skip finally earned his black N which he proudly displays. A 3.0 math major he decided the only way was up and opted for Pensacola. Navy Air will be gaining a fine and competent officer.

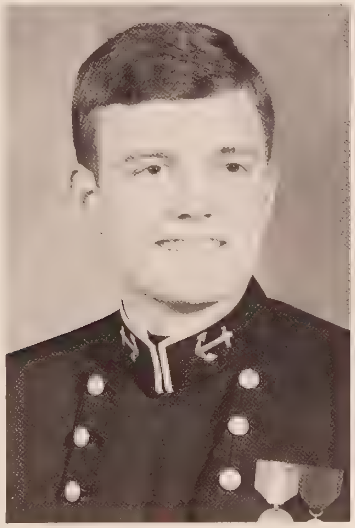
ANTOINE LAMONT CAMPBELL
"TONY"

It started a few years back when I received the challenge. The Naval Academy has been a monumental force of change in my life. Some of the changes were for the best and some for my detriment but this is true of all institutions and of life itself. As I walk in the passage ways for the last year, time has placed its golden haze over my memory and I think of only the good times. Tomorrow we pass on to unknown adventures, struggles, and fears. Perhaps now we've attained the fortitude to cope with these in the manner of men first, last and always. To my friends, I'll always remember you. To my enemies a friendly goodbye.

GREGG COOPER
"COOP"

Greg came to us from the Steel Valley of Ohio; Boardman. Bringing with him impressive athletic credentials, he quickly made a name for himself in the wrestling loft as the varsity 190 pounder. He has also distinguished himself as the resident English expert, mastering such literary giants as Shakespeare, Keats, and Chaucer. Coop spent most of first class year trying to decide on service selection and after much deliberation and soulsearching, opted for Naval Aviation over the Marine Corps.

Greg spent all his summers here in summer school, had a roommate that no one ever saw (Craig Netterling), was always after food or gouge, and thought Rocky was a great nickname for George. School wasn't always easy here but Greg wouldn't have missed it because of the many good friends he had a chance to meet.



WILLIAM DWIGHT DANIELS
"BILL"
6th Battalion Sub Commander

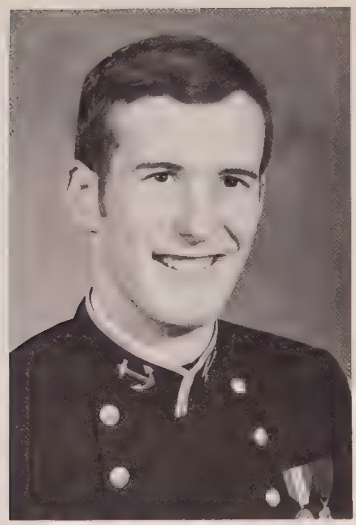
A Navy junior, Bill came from the great state of Alabama and followed his father's footsteps straight to the doors of Bancroft.

Bill chose to ignore the assertion that Engineering was the only way and chose instead to pursue History as his major.

Running being his true love, Bill could be found each Fall competing as a Sixth Batt harrier. In the Winter, he took to the handball courts and proved to be a valuable asset to the Batt squad.

A true Southerner, Bill never did adjust to the colder Northern climate and leave time usually found him seeking the warmer latitudes.

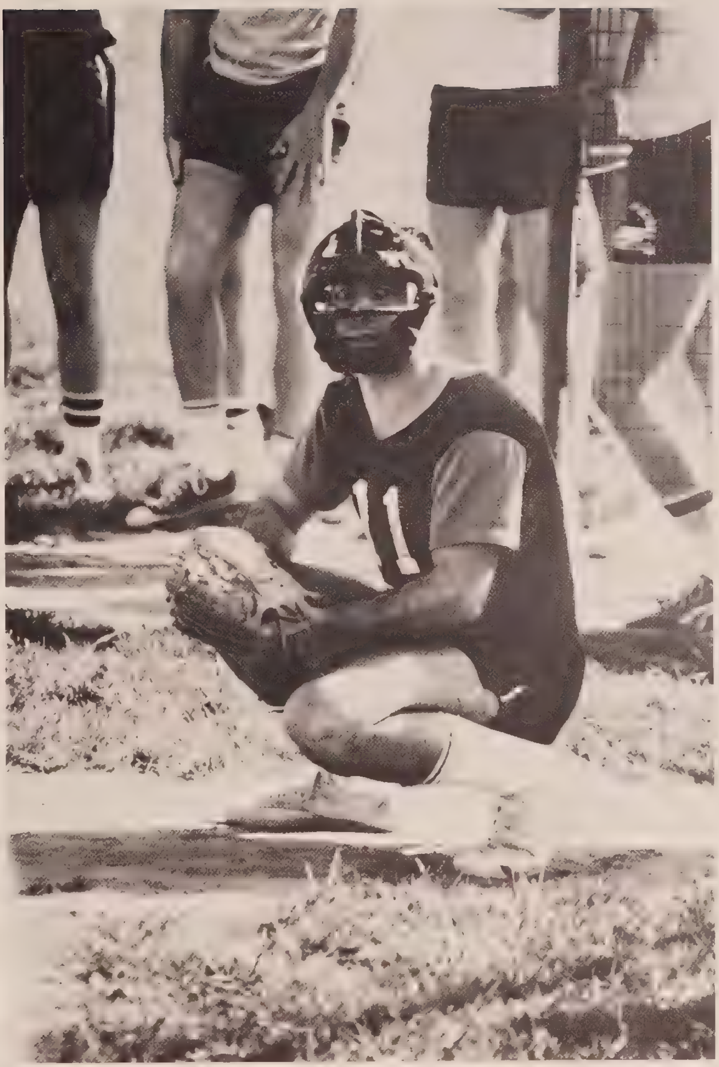
Service selection gave him a date with a DDG out of Mayport and promising aspects for a rewarding career as a Surface Warfare Officer.



SAMUEL M. FOX
"SAM"

A local boy, Sam came to our hallowed halls from Bethesda, Maryland where he made his mark playing roundball for Bethesda-Chevy Chase High School. Sacrificing his beloved sport for the rigors of academics, Sam proved himself to be a hard worker in his goal to graduate as a Mechanical Engineer.

During his tenure here, Sam developed into quite a sailor culminating in his participation in the Newport-Bermuda Race first class summer. Winter weekends, Sam could be seen on the roads leading to the mountains of Pennsylvania in his VW, where he pursued his favorite sport of skiing. Following graduation, Sam will be on his way to U-boat U. and with his dedication and determination the future looks promising.



HAL E. GARRIGUES

Hal started out trying to play the civilian role in life but after a year at Tulane University, Hal left New Orleans and the Green waves for the blue waves of the Navy. Coming to Crabtown from the wheat fields of Kansas, Hal adjusted quickly to the ways of life in ol' Mother B. As a matter of fact, Hal soon became one of the Saltiest characters around. Hal began his Academy career thinking pre-Med was the way, but soon changed his mind and entered politics. After being elected class secretary his youngster year, Hal was on his way to get rich quick. Always one to take advantage of a good deal, Hal decided the best way was up, so Navy Air — Here comes another fine officer!!!

EUGENE MICHAEL GOLDA

32nd Company Commander

Michael came to the Academy from the New Jersey shore. His two driving desires were to become a naval officer and a scuba diver, with the latter occasionally seeming to take precedence. Michael became an ocean engineer and two years of academic drudgery gave way to a real enthusiasm for his major when he began taking electives. Michael's most rewarding ECA was organizing the diving seminar "Sea View '76." On weekends one could usually find him hauling scuba tanks to a dive, or hauling himself back from a party at John's. Michael choose Surface Line and is looking forward to wave-riding in the Atlantic.

ROBERT EDWIN GROH JR.

"BOB"

After arriving at the Academy from Sunnyvale, California by way of the NAPS program four years were spent in the academic and athletic world at Navy. While studies and athletics filled the day, the "set" filled the evenings. So, it is with a deep sense of personal relief that, after four warm years, I must graduate, to join the fleet as a Naval Flight Officer.

GEORGE FRANCIS HERNING

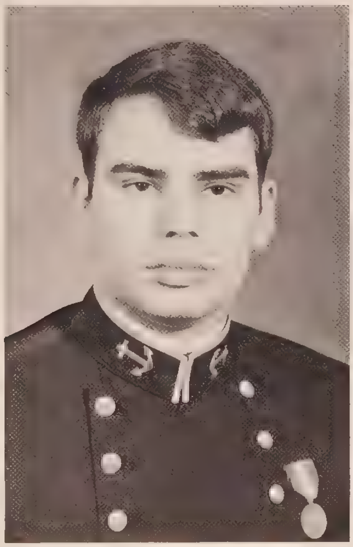
Drifting in from that foggy isle in the North Atlantic, George Francis Herning brought to USNA his ability to baffle and befuddle like no one before him, and the system hopes like no one who will follow him. An enduring bull major, Blob II spent everyone's share of spare time touring the halls to visit and play. The wise found it best to give up and hit the wardroom, except that that was another of his favorite haunts. Next to FPA, George majored in girls. With always a stewardess or a jerk in arm, he was never hard pressed for female accompaniment. On the intramural fields, if he wasn't hurt for a change, George's leadership abilities proved to be enviable, coaching the soccer team to a 7-1 record and the fieldball team to more victories than in the last three years combined. A real versatile, talented and color blind chap George should do well as a pork chop on the road to success and riches, ... if he can keep his Jensen Healey running long enough to get him out of the Academy. And John . . . . Thanks.

THOMAS WAYNE JOHNSON

Wayne claims Chula Vista, California as his hometown, only because that is where he lived the longest while his Dad was in the Navy. Wayne came to the Academy with a vague idea of what was to be expected, but he was determined to make it through, despite the special attention given to him by certain second class. Youngster cruise convinced Wayne that surface line was mighty fine, for someone else. Safely through third class boxing he had great expectations for Pensacola, but Wayne came away with a new appreciation for Terra Firma. Being an M.E. major, He looked into the merits of nuclear power. He decided on subs after First class cruise aboard a surface nuke. After surviving the forty minute swim and the urge to wear the Green, the passage through N.P. interviews was relatively calm and Wayne will be heading for Orlando sometime after graduation. What he will value most are the many friendships made over the four years and being a part of the Class of 77.

ROBERT J. KAUTTER
"KAUTS"

Bob comes to this great institution via Reading, Pa. straight from the hallowed halls of Gov. Mifflin High School. An aspiring Bio-science major, Bob settled for a major in Chemistry after an eye-opening first semester. Although "Smalley ball" was not quite ready for him, Bob remains an avid basketball fan and at gametime could always be found in the wardroom. After overcoming the initial shock of plebe year, he settled down to enjoy youngster year and the ensuing tailgate parties as a member of the feared Three Muskateers, an organization that later fell prey to the notorious Honor Code. Second class year began with a bang with 'Kauts' earning his varsity black N*. Bob made the best of his last year here, finding the addition of women to the Academy a pleasant surprise. He is looking forward to October when he will pack up his Jensen-Healey and head for warmer climates and Nuc Power School where hopefully he will find time for more that just studying.



RONALD R. LONG

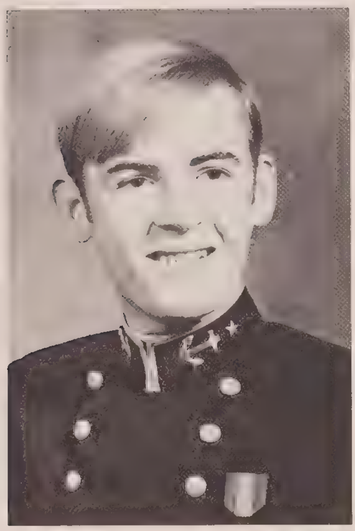
After growing up as a roaming Army "brat," Ron settled down at Navy. Although never accused of being bright, his tenacious personality allowed him to plow through the academics, especially Portuguese, so he could study his interest in military history. Although sidelined his youngster year with knee surgery, Ron was a first-line soccer player and helped the team into the playoffs two years in a row. Ron carried his new found alliance back to his father's duty station at the Army War College, where one Army weekend he burned an N* into the back yard of the commanding general. Ron is moving on to the Marine Corps after graduation and plans to fly helos and get married to the woman of his dreams.

FORREST ANTON MILLER

Hailing from the sunny sands of Huntington Beach, Calif., Forrest, after a year's stint at NAPS, brought the sunshine of his faith to Crabtown. Always one to be found with his nose in The Book, he usually managed to find some extra time to spare for his studies in Oceanography. Although an able manager for the intramural softball team, Forrest left his true mark as the "Most Improved Player" of the company soccer team. Surface Line is mighty fine, and Forrest is sure to make it even finer.

JOHN ALEXANDER READ

John, a Navy junior, came to us from Alexandria, Virginia, with a real determination to excel. Along the way to graduation, he has employed his many talents to put Navy in its proper place whenever possible. Initially a Mechanical Engineer, Youngster year was a soul-searching experience for John in which he found his true calling, Political Science. A born Surface-Liner, he loves water sports, recording two years as coxswain of a Varsity Crew shell before switching to Battalion Crew, leaving his springs free for sailing. When not engaged in either of his favorite sports, the infamous "Bead" stayed in shape through pick-up football games or, more often, by emulating the company's workout king. Together, these two have also been the source of many of the lighter moments during our free time. John is a real professional, and has served the company well for four years by providing abundant information about the Surface Warfare community. We know that he will make an outstanding addition to the Fleet.

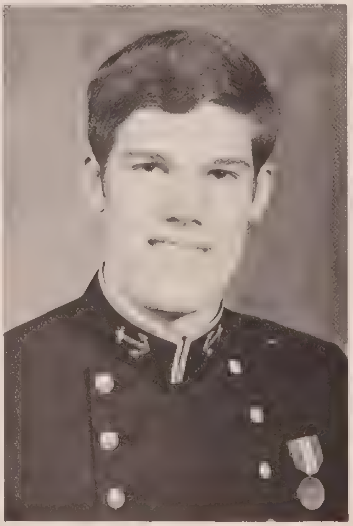


ALFRED EDWARD STUART, JR.
"STUI"

From the famous town of Tottenville, N.Y. came the man destined to lose all nine roommates but the last. Big Al, or more commonly known as Stui, always excelled in his first love, academics. The freedom of first class year, however, found him frequently missing at the higher call of another love back home, his future bride. Exhibiting a great diversity of talent, Big Al had his first command early in his career as coxswain for the crew team for two years. He later moved into the field (softball) of intramurals, eventually leading the battalion tennis team through a championship season. Characterized as a hard worker and usually very organized, he was always willing to lend a helping hand and a kind word. Stui should be a great asset to Hyman's submarine fleet.

JOHN W. GEARY

John, a Navy junior, came to USNA from the Old Dominion State with some "smarts" and a reputation as a pretty fair basketball player. After experiencing no particular difficulty with plebe year, he soon established himself as one of the mainstays on the company basketball and softball teams. Academics also proved a strong suit, as John easily maintained a 3.0 in the field of math. His upperclass years found him spending many a precious weekend with a lovely Virginia maiden. This respite enabled the workout king to maintain his sanity from week to week. John was also renowned for his close association with the infamous "Bead" as together they managed to amuse one and all. Despite the solicitations from the nuclear community, John has always felt that Surface Line was the way to go and has opted for a DDG. We agree that the fleet and Kathye are both very fortunate.



JOHN ROMUALD WILSON

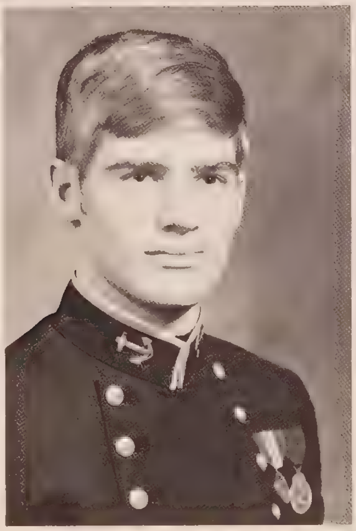
Hailing from Charleston, S.C., John set out in the summer of 1973 to be the second of now three brothers to find a home at Navy. "Yogi," as he is known, is a jack-of-all-trades and has always been ready to help his fellow mid. He was particularly indispensable in the areas of computers and math, so it is no wonder that Naval Architecture was to be his field of study. He is a seasoned veteran of a variety of company sports and a real competitor. While his contributions to fieldball went in vain, he came through with some big plays in two outstanding soccer seasons.

John tried to make us believe that he hated Youngster Cruise, yet we all know that secretly he was having the time of his life. To him there is and will always be but one service selection — Surface Warfare. Somewhere out there on the West Coast is a very luck DDG.

WILLIAM L. WHITE

ANDREW BRIAN TAMAYO
"ANDY"

"Tomato Man", as he is affectionately known by the Kahoona Brothers, decided to finally give up the skateboard scene in the hall and the Morse-code drills to Hawaii to move on to greater things. Being a true procrastinator in the academic endeavor, Andy has managed to maintain a reasonable average in his Chinese major. Not one to let the "haoles" get the better of him, Andy kept an easy going attitude that has gained him many friends. This attitude plus his Christian outlook will be an asset as Andy heads toward the domestic life and surface line. Shaka Brah!!



MICHAEL RAY WERTZ
"BUCKY"

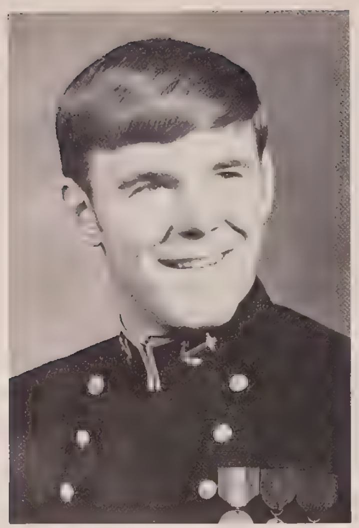
Appearing out of the mists of the Great American Northwest and Olympia beer, Michael Ray Wertz came to us with a penchant for bending most of the rules, and breaking the rest. Bucky by name (although he was given a new set of tin teeth to correct that feature) and a Naval Arch by trade, he never asked for much more than a place to ski or dive and a party to be the life of, even if he wouldn't remember it the next morning. And being blessed with blond hair, blue eyes and a friendly manner, Mike came out a winner at more mixers than most of us bothered to go to. Most of all we'll remember his limitless energy and ability to get good grades with what seemed like a minimum of effort. A natural athlete, Buck gave up a varsity sports career to concentrate on rugby and cheerleading, where the parties were, and try every intramural sport that he could grasp. A Navy pilot from the beginning, despite the tank he chose to drive, we expect Mike to show up at any time with a friendly "Yoooooo." We wish him good luck for as long as he needs it.

THIRTY THIRD COMPANY

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) D. Otoshi, J. Degree, T. Sudbeck.M. Conklin, W. Dietzler, M. Dasovich, M. Dinn, K. Haar. *SECOND ROW:* G. Kersten, E. Wynn, T. Eldridge, D. McLean, D. Holoubek, G. Baur, R. Dubberly, B. Obenour, J. Weidner, C. Hartman, K. Ryan, F. Townshend, W. McKeag, M. Dyer, P. Russo, R. Aasland.

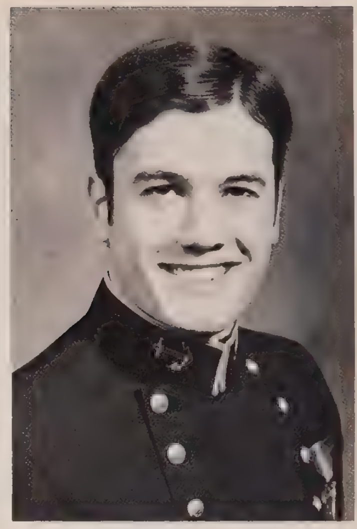
FIRST ROW: (L TO R) A. Womble, A. Heimer, M. Duncovich, M. Reedy, G. Cerezo, G. Argerake. *SECOND ROW:* M. Marcella, J. Davis, D. Vortherms, S. Hogge, P. Cullom, C. Armitage, K. Darin, J. Goodwin. *THIRD ROW:* P. Rasmussen, E. Elizondo, C. Lane, K. Murphy, A. Ohanion, F. Leclerc, M. Hawkins, T. Forsythe, J. Weckerly, J. Eggelston.

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) R. Averill, T. Pappas, S. Hanley, D. Summer, A. Kosinski, K. Slevin, M. Loman, C. Burbage. *SECOND ROW:* P. Lefler, R. Springman, D. Lumme, P. Kilger, T. Breit, M. Breckenridge, J. Hayden, T. Bennetee. *THIRD ROW:* E. Fitzgerald, J. Galpin, W. Killea, J. Mokodean, S. Patton, A. Lewis, P. Stanford, M. Jones. *FOURTH ROW:* J. Ross, K. MacDonald, J. Mertens, G. Farmer, W. Preston, S. Diehl, W. Nush, C. Meyers.



RICHARD A. VOYTEK

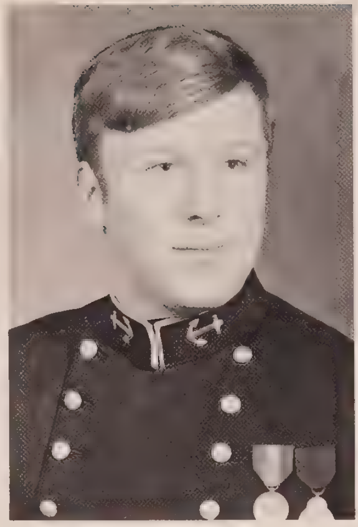
Induction . . . . Plebe Summer . . . . Soccer . . . . Academic Year . . . . Christmas . . . . Finals . . . . Academics . . . . Soccer . . . . Summer . . . . Soccer . . . . Academic Year . . . . Youngster Year . . . . Christmas . . . . Academics . . . . Easter . . . . June Week . . . . Daria . . . . Summer . . . . Daria . . . . Knee Operation . . . . Daria . . . . Christmas . . . . Academics . . . . Daria . . . . Engaged . . . . Daria . . . . June Week . . . . Summer . . . . Pensacola . . . . Daria . . . . Detail . . . . Cruise . . . . Daria . . . . Academics . . . . Daria . . . . Navy Air . . . . Daria . . . . Christmas . . . . Daria . . . . Finals . . . . Coast . . . . Easter . . . . Graduation . . . . Daria . . . . Married . . . . Happy . . . . Family?



STEPHEN GOODWIN OLMSTEAD
"CHIP

33rd Company Commander

It's hard to remember a time when this Fairfax, Virginia native didn't seem earmarked for Company Commander. Chip was a natural; commanded the respect and followership of even the worst of us. Finally he did become the man and proved all the praise to be truth. While he was no real genius, Chipper really put himself into some courses, especially EE for three straight semesters! Athletically, he was an intramural warrior, directing 6TH Batt tennis to a championship and always struggling with the perinially hapless company lightweights. Always a good man to grab a chilly brew with, the "Skinny Guinea" is one of the few men to have a bronzed name plate placed on his reserved stool at Weem's Creek Tavern. Finally graduation, and Chip gave up being one of the boys to be one of the "few good men."

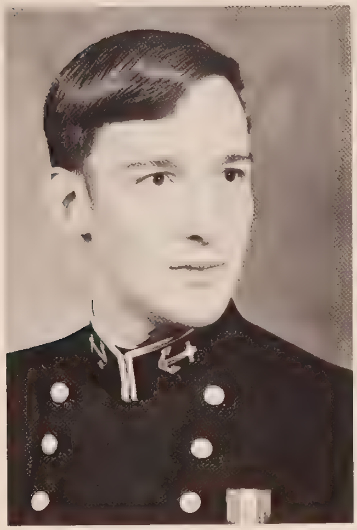


JAMES ROBERT ROWAN
"CHEESE"

While most of us left home to come to USNA Cheese stayed home. Although his parents never saw much of him Watergate Apt's sure did. He earned his nickname for his love of those tasty morsels. Cheese had the distinction of having 30 brothers of whom non related. If Cheese wasn't arranging good deals, he was fixing someones car. Cheese's only fault is that he is too good to everyone. A fault more of us need. We'll all miss mom & pop Rowan and Dawn and the great party's. But not the mornings after. Come graduation Cheese's Dawn will always be near his Marine Green helo.

FRANCIS SEAN FOGARTY
"NOID"

Sean, known since youngster year as the "Noid" or Banana (resulting from the great 8-4 banana wars), wandered into Crabtown from Spudland, otherwise known as Idaho Falls, Idaho. Seans after dinner schedule was a bit different from the norm because he would rack until 2300 and then get up and study! Why did he do this . . .?, maybe because Sean spent his afternoons pretending to be a galley slave on the Severn. Majoring in Marine Engineering, the Noid studied so much that he gave up on "all-nighters" and started the "all-weekers." Sean's calm and friendly personality in addition to his drive to get things done will carry him far. We wish him calm winds and following seas as he heads out with the surface Navy.



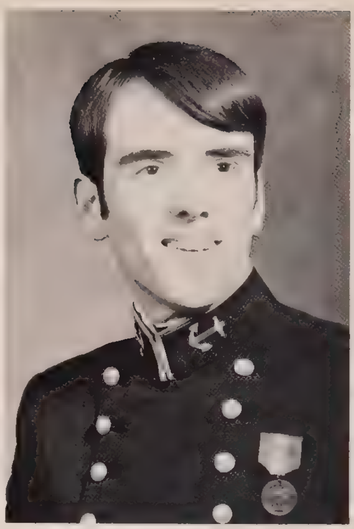
RAYMOND E. BOZMAN
"BOOZER"

6th Battalion Operations Officer

Boozer came to U.S.N.A. from the city that gave us such great stars as Brooks Robinson, John Unitas, and Lenny Moore. Following in the proud tradition of Baltimore's finest, Boozer used his own lack of athletic abilities to dodge the academic department for four years to make sure he got the minimum of 15 hours each semester. Never one to waste his time, he could always be found in the wardroom or his bed. Boozer still thinks an all-nighter means Mannix, Star Trek and the late show. Navy never did use Boozer efficiently because he should have been a prof. He always had a class of 15 to 20 in his room trying to learn wires or steam or whatever else we couldn't understand. Being a man of extreme honesty and integrity, Boozer made the mistake of telling the truth at striper boards and got three stripes. With Patti always there for encouragement, he should become one of the finest doctors we will ever know.

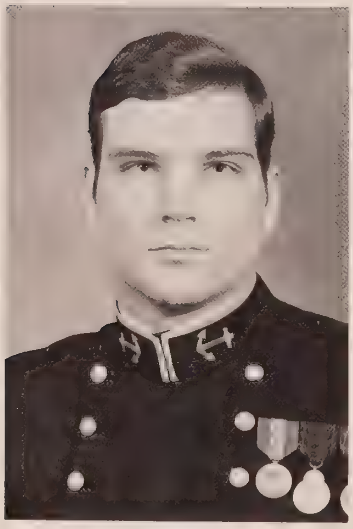
JAMES M. BETHMANN
"BETH"

Jimbeau came to us via Aiken S.C. and Naps where he devoted most of his time to playing with footballs and women, not necessarily in that order. Not one to over extent himself he soon settled down to study the female aspect of life. With this amazing ability to get along with everyone, Jim soon got close to people in places of power and authority. This made sure he was never lacking in what he really needed. As a star of the rugby team wing it was hard to tell what he enjoyed more, getting the ball during the game or the ball he had afterward. Beth was the only mid to ever get five letters from five different chicks in one day and not remember who they were. Whoever ends up latching on to Jimbeau has latched on to someone who can rock and roll more than those Surface Ships he is headed for.



KEITH A. TIBBITS JR
"TIBS"

Keith plotted his course to Annapolis from Saginaw, Michigan. Based on his final grade in youngster navigation, its a wonder that he didn't get lost. During his youthful years at Navy, he found new love on the Rugby field and on 211 Hanover. As a "prop," he took his bruises, but soothed them at the parties afterwards. Always one to control his mild temper, he was always able to calmly cope with tight situations, when they confronted him. Still a great guy, even after living four years with South Carolina corruption, Tibs will be a welcome addition to Marine aviation.



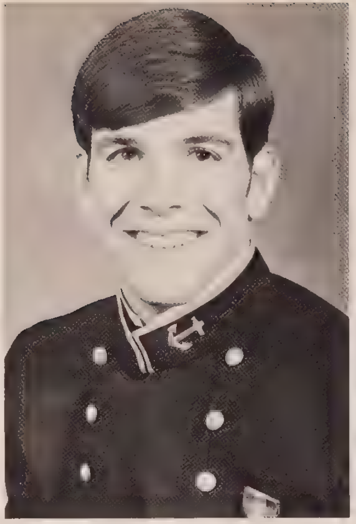
ROGER C. SHEPPARD
"SHEP"

Rome, Georgia hasn't given us much but it did give us Shep. Although a few certain football coaches didn't recognize his football abilities there were a lot of chicks who recognized his other abilities during liberty hours. However, Shep has been rung by one little Southern Belle. Shep has no equals in the world of fashion and because of this Peerless has no equal in picking up Shep's paychecks. Using his major well Shep could always manage the gouge, Profs, and the chicks, but not always his BankAmericard.

While most of us arrange Youngster afternoons to sleep, Shep arranged them so he could lift weights in the fieldhouse and achieve his life's ambition of being used in a Charles Atlas add. With a years of practice of flying in his Vette, Shep is bound to become one of the Navy's finest pilots.

MARK ALLAN FISHER
"FISH"

Fish came to the banks of the Severn from the snow and lakes of Michigan. He came with few ideas of what Navy was about and leaves the same way. Fish dreamed of 4 stripes and finally got them, one on each sleeve each semester. When not out running the roads or having run-ins with his Company Officer he was in the wardroom running his mouth leading cheers for his favorite team the Wolverines. Fish spent 4 years chasing glory on the track and chicks off it. He found stars at one end and dead end streets at the other. Always the life of the party, Fish will become a big asset to the Marines upon graduation.

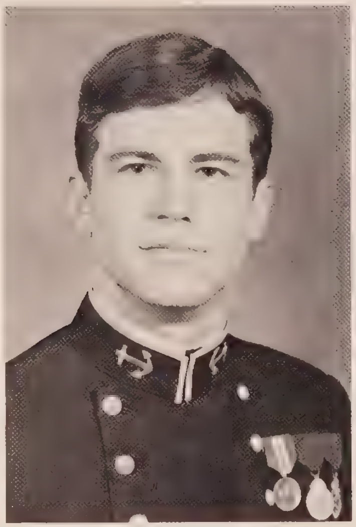


PATRICK MICHAEL BRISTOL
"BRUISER"

Bruiser came to the shores of the severn from the suburbs of WEST POINT.
He came here with dreams of winning with the Big Blue.
Injuries cut his football career short.
He could be found any afternoon skimming the Severn in a crew shell.
Liberty for him was a circus act.
Trying to fit his six foot five frame into a Toyota is near impossible.
Birthdays around 33 won't be the same without Pat.
After graduation he'll have his own to celebrate and the Marine Corps.

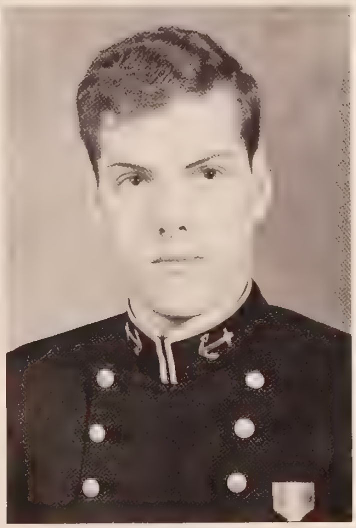
VICENTE L. WASHINGTON
"VINCE"

From South Philly came one of the coolest brothers to ever enter the academy. Always available for a good game of hoops or a little wine sipping, Vince has kind of fought for every grade . . . but it looks like his work finally paid off. The only guy who I truly feel won't settle down because he is enjoying his bachelorhood too much, Vince is content just to be driving his Vette and taking in a concert or two in D.C., or maybe making a late night excursion to a nearby college. Without a doubt the best roommate a guy could have, Vince chose to go Surface. Looks like the Marines lost another good man!



WILLIAM K. STULB
"RICKETTS, BALITNA, KNUCK, STUBBER"
Brigade Operations Officer

Hailing from North Augusta, S.C., "Ricketts" came to USNA with the strangest strutt ya'll ever saw. An achiever from the word go you never heard "Stubber" say die, except to those poor guys who played against him when he captained the LAX team. A natural athlete and star, only two things could destroy his concentration: a pretty smile and a chilly brew ha ha, usually consumed during 4 striper libs at Weems. He's only one of two to have his stool bronzed there! An inspiration to those who knew him well, "Balitna," who feared only guardrails and a certain head lax coach, chose to spend his time in the service working for Hymie! So I leave "Knuck" with these parting words, "Get the hell out of my office."



DAVID S. WADE
"WIZ"

Dave, who has been known as "WIZ" since the earliest days of the summer of '73, came to Crabtown from Washington; state that is. Always a cut above the rest, he settled down early to a life of slashing. This was forgiven since he was a Bioscience major. Not one to burn the midnight oil, WIZ did his work during free periods, study hour, and weekends; a cardinal sin in these hallowed halls. Despite these faults, WIZ could party with the best of them, a fact many still doubt. A platoon commander first set, he could often be heard shouting "down you pack of DOGS!" During this same period, WIZ became known for his singular ability to say the wrong thing at the wrong time. ("Hold down the noise, Jose's around here somewhere") Hoping to become a doctor after graduation, WIZ will be well suited for the job. His sense of humor and ability to work hard will stand him in good stead.

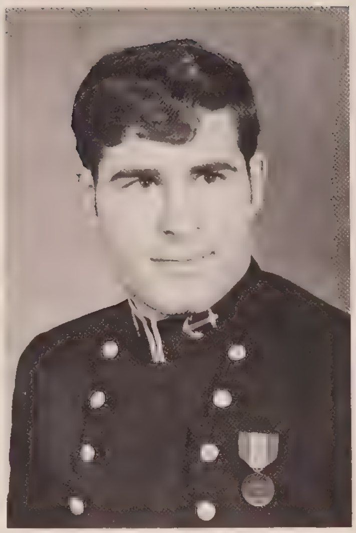
MARK J. BRADLEY

JAMES FAIRBANK
"BUNKLE"

Jim hails from deep in the land of fruits and nuts: Riverside, Ca. Always a diligent worker, he could be found in his room studying until all hours of the night, faithfully putting in Uncle Hymie's 35 hours a week. His field of endeavor was oceanography, and endeavor he did. A rabid sports nut, "The Bunk of Funk" distinguished himself in intramurals. His well known proboscis could often be seen glowing as he received many remarks concerning its prominence ("Hey, did you know Bunkle backs into the wind?"). He was diligently avoided by the plebes, and understandably so. His blue Camaro will be seen in the Orlando area in the months to come as he tackles nuclear power school. Nuke surface is getting a good man, even if it did take eight interviews for them to decide it. Most assuredly he will go far. Fair winds and following seas, my friend . . .

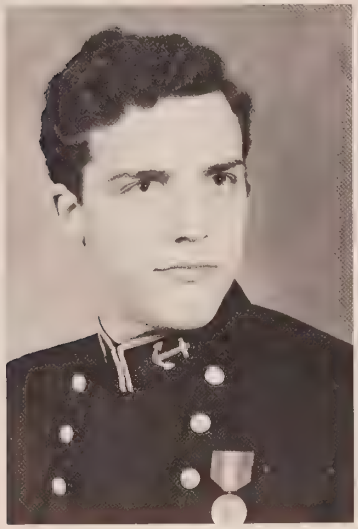
JAMES LOCKLEY
"LEEKS"

The Duke of Darkness reported to Boat School from the shores of Long Island. Jim quickly became indoctrinated in the intricacies of "packing" an Afro in order to "cheat" on Thursday noon inspections. Jim fancied himself as quite a "dude"; he was never lacking for the finest civilian clothes and automobiles. Unfortunately, he selected an inopportune time to sport his wheels during segundo year and he paid the fiddler to the tune of 75 demos. His musical preferences ranged from mellow to acid rock and sound could be heard coming from his room 24 hours a day. Jim chose Physics but the powers that be convinced him that Phy Sci would enable him to devote more time to the rack and the 'droom. He sampled a variety of sports during his Academy tenure and became a pretty fair boxer and rugby player. Jim elected to go Surface Line; his Richard Pryor monologues should serve him well during long bridge watches. Jim is a loyal friend and will be remembered for his smile.



JOHN JOSEPH POLCARI
"POLCAT"

Polcat drifted in from the foothills of West Virginia and hasn't dropped anchor yet. The world's only flesh and blood model of the IBM 360 computer, he quickly established a legend for himself in the field of Electrical Engineering. Well will we remember John's chew-and-show games at the table, particularly with ice cream which he masticated well before swallowing. During second class year John bought a new Firebird; not caring much for the factory exhaust he decided to modify it on U.S. 60. During June Week of that same year in an unsuccessful recon raid on the P-Rade markers he was awarded the coveted Black N and spent much of first class year as a segundo. You could always count on John for E.I. at any hour or night; he managed to catch up on sleep the next day in class. After a tour as a Strategic Weapons Officer John will go into Navy R&D. We suspect he will develop a new line of ventilated underwear. Thanks for pulling us all through, buddy!



HUGH THOMAS CORNETT
"HUBERT"

Hugh, otherwise known as "Hubert" or "Marbles" came to us from the far-off land of Georgetown, Kentucky. His tales of drinking and wenching to the far corners of the earth were a source of never ending amusement to us. His genial banter, especially with Bunkle, will long be remembered, as will his preference for Oriental women. Undoubtedly, he will retire to the Philippines and live out his life there in opulence, surrounded by the dusky maidens of that land. I say opulence, because as tight as he is with a dollar, he should have plenty of money by that time. His table was known and feared by the plebes and many are they who wandered into his domain from another company and regretted it. His chosen field of study, Economics, brought him never ending grief at our hands. Despite all this, he was a hard worker and the surface fleet will gain an excellent officer in a few months.

STEVEN CRAIG JACKSON
"PISTOL"

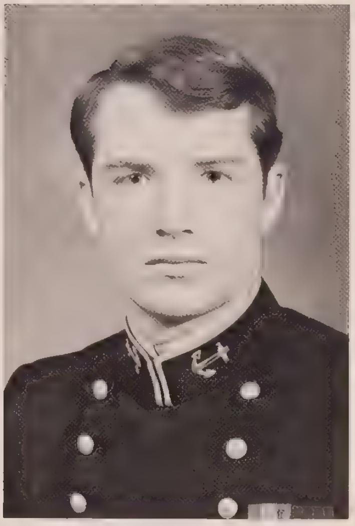
Steve joined us here on the shores of the Chesapeake from his landlocked home in Iowa City, Iowa. He came with high hopes of travel and excitement to come, along with a strong desire to excell in his studies so that he could join Rickover's underwater navy. Steve quickly settled down and decided that what was needed to attain his goals was a large amount of reading, reading science fiction that was, and he soon become the main supplier for these. In between books, Steve managed to spend enough time on studies so that he attained his goals and he is now quietly awaiting school at Orlando, and future funtimes in the sun on beaches in such far away places as San Diego, and Hawaii.

JOHN MICHAEL CONNARD
"JC"

John slid into USNA from the sunny beaches of Florida. The adjustment to the climate was about the easiest change to make for him, or anyone else. John did not have the easiest of times in the Academic buildings but did come through with above average professional scores. We saw little of him in the winter months when he used to hide in the wrestling loft under the guise of head manager. "JC" leaves Annapolis with a smile on his face and a seabag full of hopes and dreams as he heads for a career in Surface Line. Just remember that his heart was always in the sea.

PATRICK J. FALLON
"P.J."

Patrick J. Fallon, alias P.J., was a career "nuke" that suffered many of the common failings of most midshipmen i.e. studying hard, grasping for some semblance of a social life, and in general trying to survive the rigors of four years of a military-academic environment. He also participated in such extracurricular activities as varsity sailing for four years and writing letters and spending leave periods with his home town girl who proved totally faithful and infinitely patient. A believer in hard work, occasionally, and a sufferer of occasional craziness, P.J. will be perpetrating his tricks in the submarine community for at least the next five years, who knows he may even decide to stay longer.



TERRENCE PATRICK COOK
"COOZER"

Coozer left Karen to come to Navy which tells you just how motivated he really was to come here. While the rest of us were sweating Yard Gouge during Plebe Summer, the Cooze was alread worrying about Ac-Year two months before he saw his first prof. Where there's a will there's a way and Cooze always managed to get the gouge and all the profs with those early registration times. On the baseball field he was the Sultan of Swat with no lack of smack, which paid off well in TAD. Not too fast a foot in the outfield Cooze could always be found D.H.'ing (doing homework). When the Dark Ages came, his humor was always a bright sport in everyone's day. One day the Cooze will clear the cob webs from his glove and show Little Cooze how it's really done. With that typical jock talk, he'll also tell little Cooze how he never struck out, the ball just missed the bat. A fine man to wear the Marine Green, you'll probably find Coozer taking swings in the back of his C-130.

GREGORY F. SMITH
"SMITTY"
Honor Secretary

Arriving at USNA from sunny Florida, "Smitty" shed his long hair and radical ways for a little discipline and the "clean-cut" look of the Navy. Studies were no problem once he accepted the routine (a year later) and things started falling into place. While not exceptional on the athletic field he managed to hold his own through four years of hectic intramurals and live. Smitty's real interest lay in music. He sported one of the most extensive (and obscure) album collections in the Brigade and was an expert guitarist and critic. He was always one to speak his mind (as his conduct record will testify) and never one to close an ear. Smitty was one of those whose door was always open and his table never full.

JERRY BRYAN McKINNEY
"ORB"

Bryan, affectionately known as "ORB", hails from Little Rock, Arkansas. Undaunted by Arkie jokes, he is an avid Razorbacks supporter. Admittedly academics aren't Bryan's strong suit; he could usually be found doing P.M.S. work on his rack, where he excelled sufficiently to earn the title COMRACKRON 33. The Orb found Engineering Physics a rough trail and did a quick "down-and-out" into Phy Sci during secondclass year. His trips home during leave are legendary . . . . his MG-BGT has compiled a 6-0 record against a tough squad of state troopers on I-40. Bryan has chosen to be a wearer-of-the-green and no amount of counseling could deter him from this foolishness. He will always be remembered as a good friend and USNA's loss will be the Marine Corps' gain.

MICHAEL JAY COULBOURNE
"MIKE"

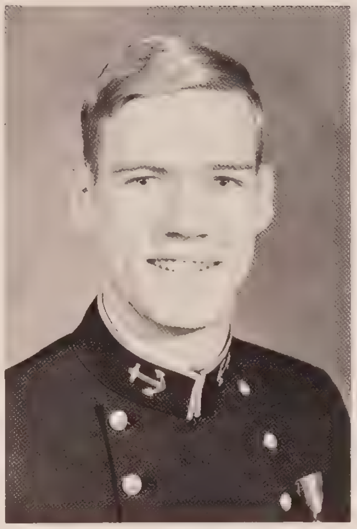
One bright day while walking on balloons, drifting through the clouds at 40,000 feet, I happened upon a small replica of Zero Mostel. I was intrigued to say the least, and subsequently learned that this mid was a graduate from NAPS on his way to USNA. Mike came to the Navy from the shores of Virginia Beach was ambitions of becoming a Doctor. After serious thought Mike decided to major in Chemistry, the thoughts of Med School still fresh in his mind. One who could never resist the urge for a good time, Michael never had to search for a party — the parties naturally came to him. He had the most uncanny ability for attracting the strangest sorts of people. After a not-so-fantastic second class year, Mike spent first class year improving his academic average. Active in many fields from acting to intramural wrestling, Mike chose to join the friendly skys as a Navy NFO. Loved by everyone, Mike has been a sincere friend. Annapolis will miss Mike, Look out Pensacola, you're in for a surprise.

ROBERT CONDRY
"BULLET"

Bob came to USNA from Sooner country and city of Tulsa. A varsity baseball pitcher in high school, he decided his grades were more important and chose to show his athletic prowess on the company basketball, fieldball, and softball teams. The "Bullet's" academic semesters usually lasted about four weeks. This left plenty of time for the finer things in life such as TV and bull sessions. "Bullet" was very quiet during his first two and a half years here but got noisier when he joined the back shaft group. He was one of the friendliest guys in the company. This often caused him much grief because he wanted to forget from which class his friends were supposed to come. In June he left the frigid climes of 8-4 for the warmth of Charleston.

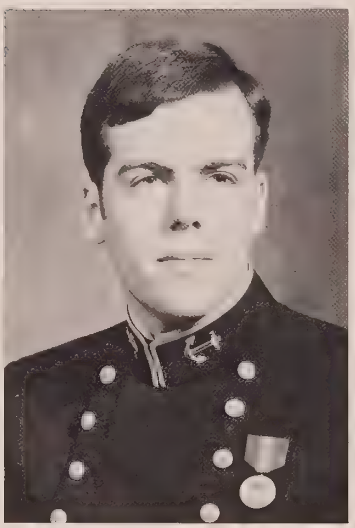
PIETER MAURITS VELZEBOER
"VEZEL"

The Vezel came to the Boat School from Houston, Texas, which we soon learned is the cradle of western civilization. His mouth, long a source of embarrassment, supports his claim that everything from Texas is big. Piete had a hell of a Plebe year and vowed to be a flamer as an upperclassman. He was, he was good, god he was good. Friend and enemy alike tried hard not to incur the wrath of the Vezel. Underneath his nasty exterior however, there lies a heart of . . . well, a heart. A Phy Sci major by chance rather than by choice, Piete had plenty of opportunities to grace us with his presence during study hour to shoot the breeze. Not withstanding, Piete's really not a bad guy at all, his honest and candid personality was welcome in a world where these qualities are seldom seen. Piete has opted to go Marine Air where his persistence and dynamicism should serve him well in the future.



THOMAS LYLE CAMPBELL
"SOUP"

Soup came from the fleet where he was an EM. He came close to going back but kept smelling those ensign bars. He was on more sports squads than anyone else in the company. Too bad that you don't get letters for them. Always destined to return to the west coast, he choose Norfolk. Funny how he and twenty dollars are staying here. Always accident prone I'm sure he'll have a nurse to look after him after graduation.



MICHAEL PAUL MAGNOTTI
"MAGNO"
33rd Company Commander

Magno, the patron saint of 8-4, comes to us from Vienna, Va. After a rowdy plebe year, Mike pulled an end-around on us and discovered Christ. Never one to choose an easy route, Mike chose EE as his major. He was a terror on the company lightweight football team where he "lettered" four years straight. Mike and his roommate were a stabilizing element during segundo year. Mike was awarded the dubious honor of being a leader of women; "Magno's Angels" were such a hit that he was selected to lead men (finally) as second set company commander. Rather than submitting to the evil of sports cars, Mike bought a practical white Pinto. Bitten by the nuke bug, he is headed for the sewer pipe business, where he will be a welcome addition. Good luck, buddy . . . we'll all miss your pizza runs.

GEORGE ALAN FULLERTON
GENTLE GEORGE

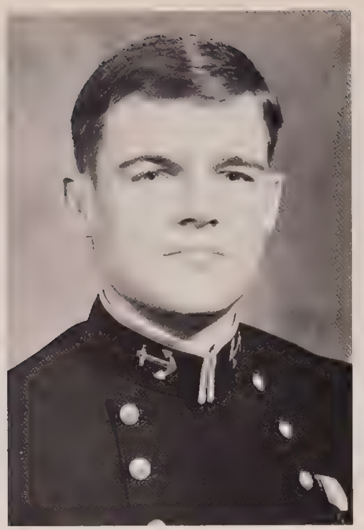
To most of his classmates, George was known as a very sociable guy who seldom let anything get his spirits down. His only intentions first class year were to graduate from U.S.N.A. and also to enjoy the much needed and loved "R and R" he so often found on the weekends. But things were not so nice for people who dared to step onto the same sports field with George. Being hit by this "GRIM REAPER" was like catching a P-3 in the chest during take-off. Off the field, however, he was better known and loved as "GENTLE GEORGE." If he was not found predicting the weather, he was often seen bent over a filing cabinet with papers piled up to his head. Upon graduation, George will most certainly be located somewhere up in the clouds for NAVY AIR; still looking for those grey gloves he lost during a weapons lab.

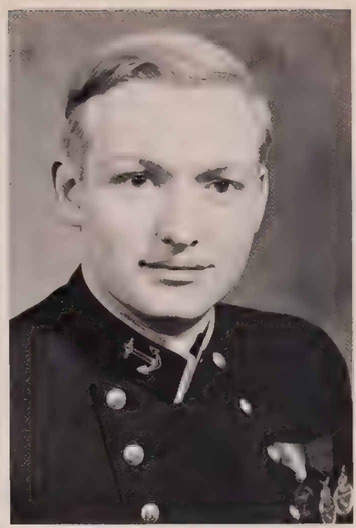
THIRTY FOURTH COMPANY

FIRST ROW (L TO R) B. Livingston, B. Novak, K. Law, M. King, S. Burns, E. Kee, P. Wiecek, A. Metrakos, D. Heintzman, B. Fell, K. Rawson. *SECOND ROW: (STANDING)* J. Stallings, A. Funke, G. Forbes, R. Reece, M. Clendenning, P. Susalla, P. Dowler, W. Young, H. Nyberg, T. Martin, D. Buss, L. Cirelli, J. Sturges.

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) A. Sharp, D. Shockley, P. Whitney, G. Crossland, R. Ginsberg, T. Rychlik, J. Isom, J. Headrick, R. Buttrick, M. Hannan, R. Luke, R. Snell, M. Gibson, S. Pickles, K. Bitter. *STANDING:* P. Reeves.

FIRST ROW: (L TO R) P. Finegan, M. Ingram, P. James, E. Zimmer, C. Tracy, B. Jackson, W. Porr, J. Johnston. *SECOND ROW:* G. Pieper, T. Kean, D. Ray, P. Keavney, J. Winter, J. Wissler, K. Hall. *THIRD ROW:* D. Gildea, S. Smith, P. Murphey, J. Davis, L. Klawinski, J. Moser. *FOURTH ROW:* T. White, C. Marck, M. Glynn, T. Sloan, T. McLaughlin, K. Unger, G. Redenius.





DENNIS FRANICH

STEPHEN HORBIAK
"ACK"

Steve came roaring like a bat out of hell from the Steel city of Pittsburgh and nearly went screaming right back when he found out what Plebe Year was all about. However he managed to find a refuge in the back shaft where he hid for four years, with mixed success, from the rigors of military life. In fact, Horbs developed the unique ability to shave at 7:00 and have a five o'clock shadow by 8:00. Horbs played Company Soccer, was known as "Hands" in Softball, and was the only 180 lb. guard on the 150 lb. football team, thanks to pizza and beer and Army weekend and a 10-ounce burger. Never one to neglect his academics, Horbs managed a 3.5 QPR in Physics. He was a very likeable person who got along well with everyone and was a welcome addition to any party. Come graduation Steve will break loose from his mooring on the Severn and drift to the warmer waters of Pensacola where he will undoubtedly continue to excel as a near-sighted but Nonetheless Flying Object.

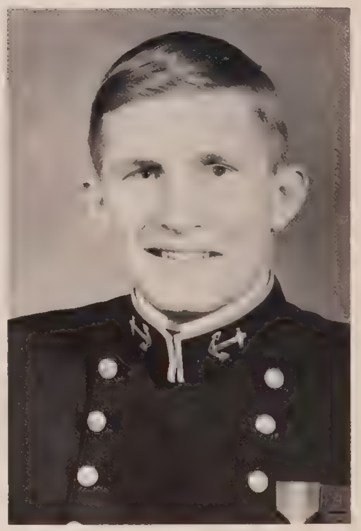
STEPHEN R. HANSON
"STEVE"

In July, 1973, Steve hung up his apron and spatula, said goodbye to a promising career as a short order cook, and ventured forth to see the world (at least that's what the sign said.) Anticipating a major in economics, he saw the light shortly before majors selection and entered the field of ocean engineering. It was youngster year that he found his great love, sleep, and his great dislike, work. However, many late nights in the company wardroom with Vinnie, Wally, and Berle, kept his grades above 2.0. Service selection night found Steve signing his life away to the mean green machine.

Steve goes through life with a smile on his face, and it will probably take more than the Marine Basic School to take that smile away.

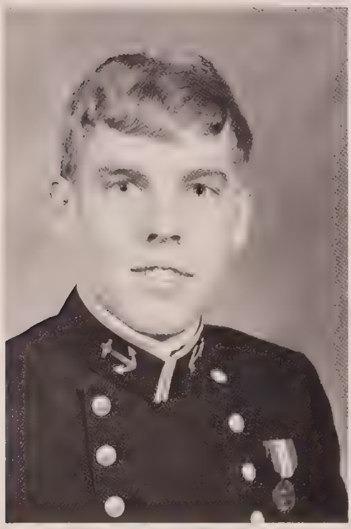
MARK DAVID CLAUSSEN

Mark was already an "old salt" before blowing in gate one from the desert community of Tucson and a two year tempory duty at the University of Arizona. His greatest shock plebe year came from the weather. He just couldn't understand how so much rain could fall in one day. Mark tackled an engineering major to evade a foreign language, but still managed to spend many of his weekends at his sponsor's home eating Tacos and reading New Mexico Magazine. Boxing was Mark's primary sport with visits to Batt rugby in the Spring. After a battle with Thermo and the "rocket" second class year Mark found his first two loves; a fast Z-car and a pretty cactus flower just outside gate eight. Whatever his reasons for tackling engineering, Mark is headed for the Nuclear Navy where his easy going attitude and calm approach to life's surprises will serve him well in the years to come. GO NAVY — BEAT ARMY



KEITH MAXIMILIAN KANIUT

A Michigander from day one, I grew up with boats and started out in Naval Architecture here at Boat School. Midway through Youngster Year though, I found Aerospace Engineering. We saw good times together. There was the famous Aero Triad of 34 (Tom & Everett & I). No course could resist our combined strength. After a great First Class cruise aboard an SSN on a South American deployment, Service Selection was easy. NAVY AIR — no question.



JOHN KELLOGG

John beamed aboard USNA from Moraga, California with more knowledge of pro-topics than contained in Jane's. Academic year came and John disappeared, emerging from the books on auto-pilot. A veteran slash on studies, John was always willing to listen when no one else would shut up. In sports, John was a terror on the soccer field and during his off season, he was a team handballer and a rugger.

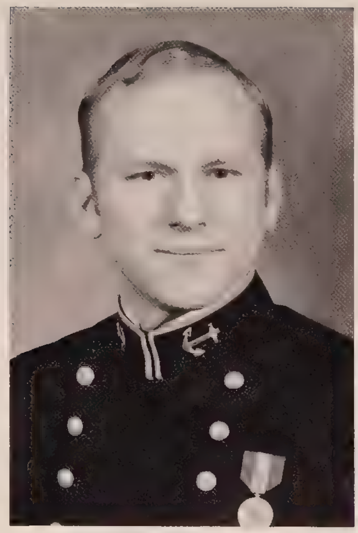
When not studying academics, John plunged into The Good Book. It is here where his best description can be found: John's life verse, Proverbs 3:5 and 6. After USNA, John will be back in California, this time as a P-3 short order man before his wings in Pensacola.

RICHARD ALAN McNEIL
"RICH"

Rich breezed in from Tacoma, Washington and slipped easily into the rhythm of Academy life. He rarely left these hallowed halls, and when he did it was either a trip to Chris's Sub Base for a cheeseburger sub, or all the way back to Tacoma. Rich worked hard on his Espanol and even harder at fieldball on windy Hospital Point. Probably the only N winner to never own an N sweater, he was a stellar 150's player until sidelined by a broken knee. Whether he was jive talkin' or listening to the mellow sounds of Donald Byrd, our man Rich always kept a smile handy and was ever willing to lend a hand to a classmate in need. June wedding bells and a trip to Pensacola were the start of his "Real Navy" experience.

PAUL MOMANY
"MO"

Paul Marshall Momany entered the Academy in July of 1973 a very bright, talented, eager lad of 17. "Mo" was and still is the tennis ace, the ping pong wizard of Amsterdam, and the bowling king of Bancroft. Who else is depressed after bowling 180? Who else can say that he spent every night in the wardroom and pulled a 3.0 . . . no sweat! When you're flying high in your S-3 out of Jacksonville, remember us . . . Golden Boy, Hanzzzzon, and the rest of the guys because we'll never forget you . . . HAIL BOSSMAN!!!



RAYMOND EDWARD TRYGSTAD
"TRYG"

Tryg came to Chesapeake University from sunny California to quickly become Navy's first bagpipe blowing All-American. Never one to be a male chauvinist, he could be seen wearing his skirts (kilt) on any given evening. His quick wit, brilliant smile, and trivia ability made him a celebrity in female Philadelphian circles. "They just hit it off so well!" He shockingly developed acute symptoms of congeniality first class year and might not recover until fifteen minutes of assembly line action at our favorite chapel June Week. Never one to fail to pull-up his grades in the nick of time, Applied Strength proved to be a pull-up of a different color. He will always be remembered as a loyal friend to all and will be flyin' an Orion after the caps hit the air.

THOMAS ALLEN STENSTROM

Tom, an Army brat hailing from Lawton Oklahoma, soon learned that the Navy Way differed somewhat from the Army Way. A year at Cameron University prior to entering the Naval Academy left Tom well prepared for academics. He handled Aerospace Engineering as easily as the Varsity Basketball Team, which he managed for four years.

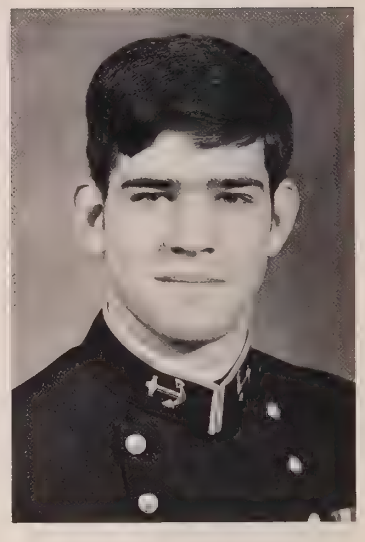
Though slightly predisposed towards Navy Air, Tom decided to fly submarines for a living. He leaves the Academy with many memories, good and bad, and many friends. — Good Luck, Tom.

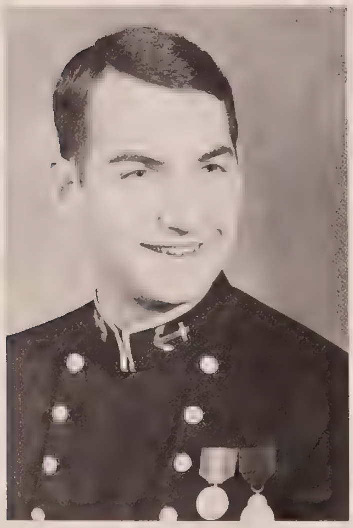
DAVID M. ARMITAGE
"TAGE"

Daved breezed in from Va. Beach and after trying Plebe Baseball and Golf decided that he needed his afternoons off to rest up for late-night bull sessions and last-minute term papers. A scantily-clad member of the overtime nine his devotions have been: winning Brigade's again in lights; maximizing grades while minimizing study; older women; younger women; keeping the cooler in his van well stocked; skiing at every opportunity; and someday, Surface Line. He has loved and left a number of local females, but Mother Bancroft he will just leave. In July, it's off to San Diego with an open mind to set up housekeeping and see what the "Real Navy" has to offer.

BRADLEY J. BARTH
"BARF"

NAPS
Management
Cannoneer
Cracked up Vette
unsat
Black "N's ", 3-Burl Gang
Overtime Nine
Flag Collector
Linthicum, Md. — Close to home
Founding Father of the United Church of Bohology
Youngster Park
FRANK ZAPPA
Recon King
Married High School Sweety, Donna
Surface Line



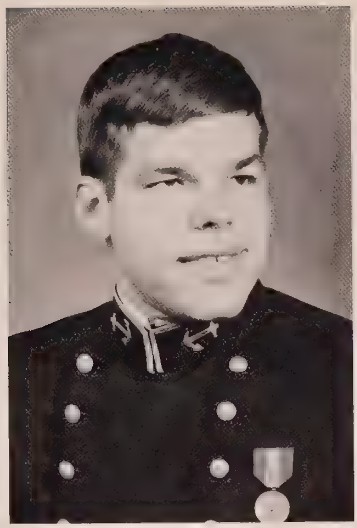


MICHAEL F. BROWN
"BIG "D" BROWNIE"

Napster
Droop
Validated swimming
Took up sailing instead
Sail-Sail-Sail
Overtime Nine
Youngster Park
Hot-Rod Lincoln
Sailing Club President
Transatlantic Skipper
Good 'ol Boy
Navy Air

THOMAS D. EDWARDS
"TED"

Oceanography
Marine Corps
64 Vette
Overtime Nine
Black "N" Club with 2
Youngster Park
Burl Gang
Founding Father of the United Church of Bohology
Utica, Minn. — FARM BOY
Cannoneer
Flag "Collection"
Undefeated Wrestler
Motorcycle Maniac #1



HARRY ROUSE
2nd Regiment Sub Commander

Drifting in from Tulsa, Oklahoma, the garden spot of the southwest — prettiest town west of Camden, New Jersey, Harry adjusted to the serious, fast-paced life of a midshipman, U.S.N.

After a brief career onstage as "Burger King," he pursued academic endeavors, studying Boh-ology for two years under Prof. Bob Ward at Y.P.I. (Youngster Park Institute.)

His long-awaited van arrived during first class year and soon became an oasis for the weary, serving hot-buttered rum and a selection of fine beers (none over $5 a case.) It also served as a getaway vehicle for the "overtime nine."

A firm believer in "goat to boat," Harry will enter the surface navy seeking a rewarding life-style, and perhaps, civilian employment.

WILLIAM C. HARTMAN
"HARTS"
2nd Regimental Adjutant

Harts came to the Academy with the only one thought in mind: "I want to go home." A major in bull, he practiced his trade daily, striving for perfection. Eventually his effort paid off in regimental adjutant and a bad case of senioritis.

A devout Bohologist, Harts also practiced drinking religiously on weekends. Hopefully all of his new bad habits will not carry over into surface line and marriage.

He also hopes he never sees another computer.

KEN SHEARER
34th Company Commander

Pointed towards Law School, Ken somehow got sidetracked to USNA, but it wasn't all bad. A '69 Vette, Company Cdr., Brigade Lightweight Football Champs and a vacation cruise in Hawaii, were all accomplished goals during the four years. He was a perennial letter winner in OPS INFO and Glee Club tours around the country. The future looks bright as he heads for San Diego, Surface Line, and some Hawaiian Sunshine. He need not worry about reaching his goals, for he knows that, "All things work together for the good of those who love God, and are called according to his purpose." Romans 8:28

GEORGE THOMPSON
"GEEK"

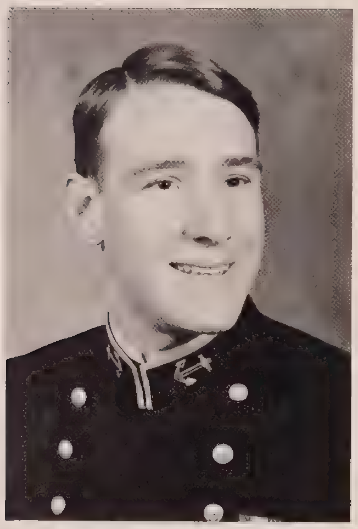
Hailing from the ice and cold of St. Paul, Minnesota, Geek is noted for a variety of things. Not one to let business interfere with pleasure, he could always be found sipping on a cold one or twenty with the company of the "Tomcats" on the weekends. Some said things came too easy for him but you'll never hear him say so. Things he will be remembered for are:

. . . TR7 . . . Over-time nine . . . Nat'l Boh . . . Physical Science major . . . stereo . . . Wendy . . . telephone bills . . . Wendy . . . the "Tomcats" . . . Youngster park . . . tennis and ski bum . . . Navy Air S.T.F.B . . . Vikings . . . interior decorating minor . . . Assoc. member United Church of Bohology . . . His parting words of wisdom to his friends were: "One way is the only way!!"

DONALD JONES
"DD"

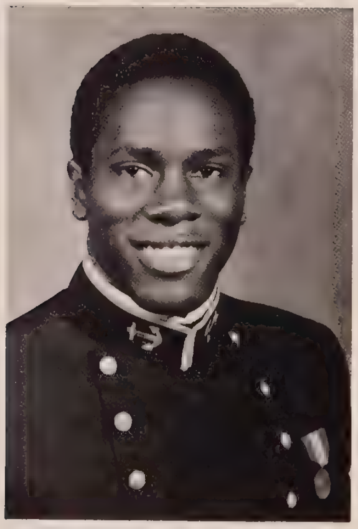
Calling Hawaii, California, England (anywhere but Annapolis) his home, "DD" Jones came charging like a whirlwind to the Boat School. Although the vicious rigors of Physics occasionally knocked the wind out of him, Don never hesitated to go out of his way to help his friends. A Tasmanian Devil on the soccer field and in the handball courts, he always put his best effort into whatever he did. Recently he began directing his affections across the Atlantic to a cute young brunette.

Don's sharp eyes were almost committed to certain astigmatism in Hyman G.'s school of sub-learning, until he answered the call of the airdales. Whatever the future holds, we wish you fair winds and VFR conditions.



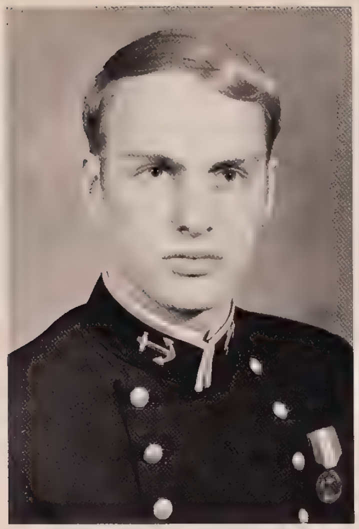
KERRY KNOIZEN
2nd Regimental Commander

Looking back it was a quick four years full of many unique experiences, some good and others — well that's life at USNA. As Regimental Cdr. for the first set I had a chance to see how the system really works. There's room for changes and they will be made — all in good time. Classes, studying, working physics problems, and looking for the gouge took up most of my time at Navy. What was left I spent on the Severn, at the boathouse, or at the stadium running stairs. Navy Crew demanded a lot but the rewards and companionship were worth all the work. Being Captain of the Navy Crew was the most rewarding experience I had at the academy. That was life at USNA. Am I ready to become a real Naval Officer? Just tell P-cola to STAND BY.



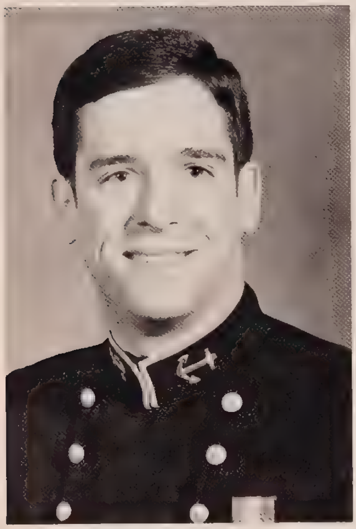
EVERETT ROY McNAIR
"EV"
34th Company Commander

It seemed only natural that Everett was the first in the company to win a Black "N" because he came from "The First State," Delaware. He will surely remember his plebe year best when he reflects back on his "college years." That was the year for academics, two never to be equalled semesters above 3.0, and the year for athletics, a successful season with the Plebe crew team. That first year was certainly fruit for Ev and if it is any indication he will have nothing but fun and games during his first year with the Marine Corps.



RAYMOND HENRY COOK
"COOKER"

Leaving the girls in tears, Cooker left upstate New York to become one of the nation's finest. Displaying an uncanny ability to become ill at just the right times, Cooker established the reputation of being just as slick as his balding head suggested. Choosing to become a PolySci major, Cooker wanted to leave plenty of time for his hobbies: skiing and skating. Continuing this lifestyle, Cooker decided to choose Navy as a service selection and feeling that he would rather relax after a long flight with his favorite brew in the O Club rather than to enjoy a cup of coffee in a ready room on a carrier at sea, Cooker hopes to fly with the P-3 Community. There is no doubt that Cooker will be a welcome addition to the aviation community.



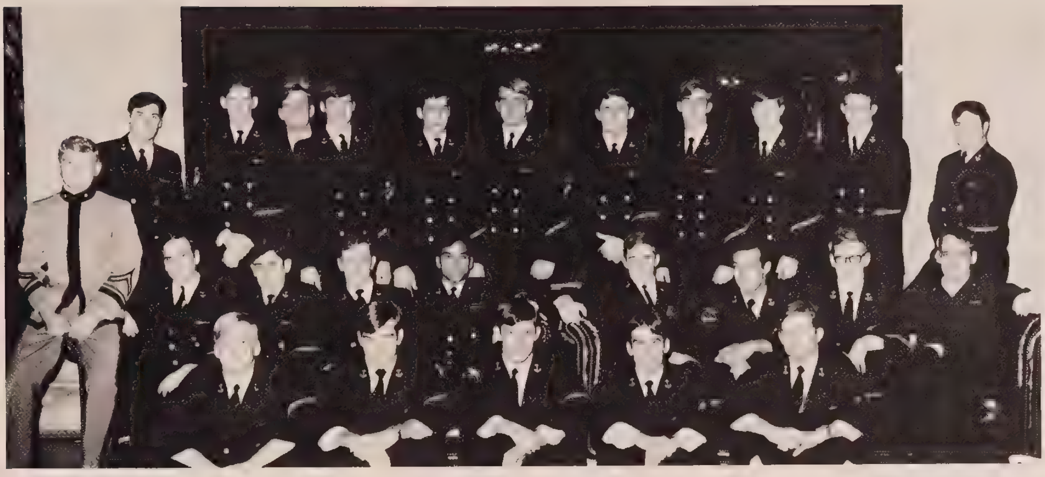
TERRY HAMILTON

Coming to bustling Annapolis from the Heart of Dixie, Terry had to forget his Florala, Alabama ways and try to adopt those of the cold north. After settling down to academy life, Terry became a member of the D&B for the fun and travel. A nine week vacation in Hawaii with the Marines and Navy plus a desire to fly led Terry to select Marine Air as a service Selection, a choice that really didn't surprise anyone. Terry was a good man to have around since his demeanor was a friendly one and he never lacked a smile. The Navy lost a fine prospective NFO and a fine officer. The Navy's loss is certainly the Marine Corps' gain.

AARON LONG IV
"A4; D.C. KID"

Aaron came from Pensacola, FL fully tanned and fresh from high school with thoughts of Princeton, Purdue, and Iowa State. Upon arrival at USNA, he quickly became acquainted with such things as Plebe Summer, First Classmen, swimming, and something called "classmates." After becoming acquainted with his new environment, he settled down to work, but little did he realize that he would spend the first 5 weeks of his Fourth class Academic year in Bethesda Naval Hospital. As life progressed at USNA, Aaron soon found his new love — Washington, D.C. Every chance he could find, he flew to the call of the wild. Also during this time, he had a stint as Junior Class Vice-President to highlight his political career. Now that life at USNA is over, Aaron looks forward to a full life along with experiences on the high seas with the Surface Line Navy and from there, who knows . . . the White House? There is one final thought: "Learn from yesterday, live for today, and hope for tomorrow."

THIRTY FIFTH COMPANY



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) (SITTING) R. Blandford, T. Golden, R. Vogt, M. Lindstrom, R. Jesmonth. *SECOND ROW:* D. Jorgenson, R. Mooney, D. Pricolo, G. Gorden, P. Raquipiso, J. Benson, R. Pierce, R. Watkins, C. Eskew. *BACK ROW: (STANDING)* R. Richards, T. O'Bryant, P. Brady, D. Owen, S. Stamos, W. Thamm, T. Dougherty, M. Bushika, A. Frisch, J. Gattuso, B. Garcia.

BACK ROW: (L TO R) M. Doyle, K. Sinnett, W. Rinke, J. Madden, T. Dunbauld. *MIDDLE ROW:* A. Brewer, W. Utterback, L. Keller, M. Wanglen, A. Weizel, G. Wirth. *FRONT ROW: (SITTING)* M. Brady, R. Melcher, W. Welch, H. Gregorie, R. Walters.

FRONT ROW: (L TO R) C. Henderson, D. Nagao, R. Thompson, B. Zmirich, E. Settle, J. Murphy, A. Guzman, D. Schach. *SECOND ROW:* T. Fish, D. Delgado, J. Miller, R. Druce, J. Dunn, S. Streightiff, R. Johnson, J. Kazonis. *THIRD ROW:* J. Fonville, T. Mack, K. Sholtis, M. Buzzel, J. Samuels, T. Lake, M. Loo. *FOURTH ROW:* D. Lee, J. Briggs, J. Merrill, B. Wight, M. Ciepiela.

LASELLE B. BOOKER
"BOOK"

Brigade Drill Officer

As a elite graduate of NAPS, Laselle, alias Book, came to Navy from Cleveland, Ohio, with living proof that cool exists. Being the big spender throughout his stay at USNA, he has always tried to be one step ahead with his possessions and his incomparable style. Laselle came out slugging in academics from the start, but ended up joining the close to 2.0 club. Plebe year, he was the only fencer to make varsity as a plebe. Luckily, he was a fencer because no other sport would take him, not even swimming sub-squad. First class year Laselle, became Navy's fencing captain and a part of the Brigade staff.

As a last minute rendition of service selection shuffle, Laselle drew an ace and took the role as a Strategic Warfare Officer. If Laselle can stay away from reecy cups and his Corvette, may he have fair winds and a following sea — or whatever the submerged equivalent may be.

RICHARD D. COAN
"HARD CONE"

When Rich was just a young boy sitting on S.W.'s knee his daddy looked at him and said, "Go West My Boy!" Years later when he reached college age Cone followed S.W.'s advice and headed East to USNA with dreams of becoming Roger Stabauch II. An early knee operation forced Rich to change his plans and devote all his efforts to the pursuit of the good life. Our own "Wardroom Cowboy" dual majored in Monday Night Football and the Rack. Being multi-talented Rich also managed to minor in Oceanography and Intramurals. Hard Cone will long be remembered by all as just one of 4200 guys "all trying to have a good time." Bigger and better (How could they be smaller and worse?) things await our hero after graduation. Rich is going to Pensacola with the direct input group and hopes to join the "Jet Set." Rich's biggest accomplishment while a Midn was being awarded the P.F. Flyer loyalty award.

GUY B. COFIELD, JR.
"CROWFOOT"

Guy Cofield, known to all as "Crowfoot" or a dozen other uncommon nicknames, came to Navy straight out of an Alabama high school. Crow's two lifelong dreams are to be a nuclear sub C.O. and to be trapped in an elevator with a beautiful girl. Being an excellent student as an M.E. major, he has a good shot at the first.

Guy is constantly engulfing himself with technical material. Often he will interject a segment of his technical knowledge into a "normal" conversation and leave people staring in wonder. One of Crowfoot's favorite pastimes is corridor wrestling. When the outcome looks grim he uses his secret weapon, a brillo pad which he often tries to pass off as his hair. Crow's talents extend even to great impersonations of a saxophone player and everyones' favorite, "the seagull."

Guy is really a great person and would not hesitate to give you the shirt off his back (if he's not on a scivvy alert.) He is a vital part of the company and will always be remembered.

PAUL CROISETIERE
"GROSS"

From the booming metropolis of Somersworth, New Hampshire came Paul. Paul was a hard worker and was never satisfied with the minimum requirements. As each year went by he would strive harder to improve his performance in all areas. This does not mean he has all work and no play though. On leave Paul had his fair share of fun, and on one occasion agreed that 'Saturday night was alright for fighting'. Paul's consideration and thoughtfulness of others earned him the nickname of Mr. Warmth, and as long as his Boston teams were fairing well, there wasn't a happier person around. Headed for the Marine Corps, Paul is proud of where he has been, and of where he is going.

WILLIAM STEPHEN DURBIN

Bill was the outdoorsman of the company. He loved everything from tennis to backpacking to skiing to surfing, and followed his loves as often as his studies would allow. But "Durbs," a commuter from McLean, Virginia, brought a lot more to the Academy than just his guitar and a love of the outdoors, some called it laryngitis, but others (mainly Bill) called it singing. Although plagued by some early injuries, he put in a year of plebe lacrosse, followed by three years of Rugby with the Academy's club team. Always one to work hard in everything he does, the Navy, and in particular Navy Air, can expect to see great things in the future from Bill.

GLEN FRANK ERICSON
35th Company Commander

Glen Ericson, also known as Leif, is a beachcomber at heart, and always will be. You see, Glen hails from that large suburb of New York, Fort Lauderdale. Not one to take it easy, Glen opted for mechanical engineering, and meanwhile, secured his place on the varsity swimming team.

Glen did well until he fell into some bad company, and became a contributing member of the infamous "gouge gang" of sixth wing. It was during that time period that Glen became the proud owner of "the plastic chevy."

Glen gets along with just about anybody, partially because he's a great guy, and partially because a chow hound needs all the friends he can get. His favorite is homemade chocolate chip cookies.

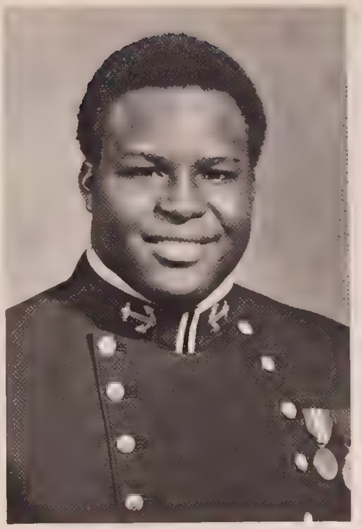
As graduation approaches, Glen is happier than ever that he's going surface line. We all know he'll be a great asset to the Navy and later, to Ericson and Cofield Enterprises.

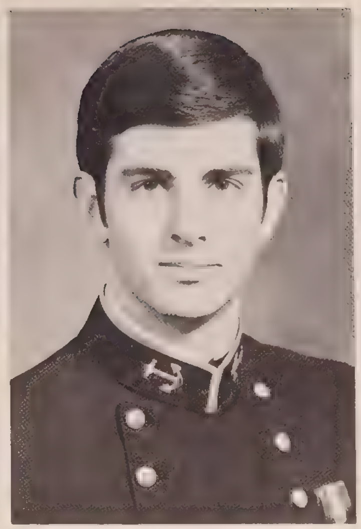
CARL BRYCE FISHER
"FISH"

Affectionately known as "Fish," Carl was one of several native Marylanders in the company. Prior enlisted service in the submarine force didn't quite prepare him for the shock of plebe year, but Carl confidently rose to the occasion, moderating his misery with his wry sense of humor. A political science major as an upperclassman, Carl tempered the academic load with proper doses of liberty, dates and good times. Intramurals were his forte, as Fish led the company for several seasons as high scorer on the basketball team and as an ace pitcher (in the image of Jim "Cakes" Palmer) on the fast pitch softball team. Fish almost pulled a "coup d'etat" when he applied for nuclear power school, but opted instead for the standby fleet. With his love of crab imperial, iced tea and the O's, Fish will carry a little bit of Maryland wherever he goes. Whether its five and out or 30 years to CNO, Carl will be a welcome addition to any unit. The best wishes and highest regards of all who know him go with him.

JOHN STEVEN GARDNER
"J-GAR"
35th Company Commander

John was always a man of many words (Oh boy, I'll say!) as the debate team and many humbled plebes can attest. Some say it was the daily quart of coffee that kept John talking and always studying, others say it was just the insatiable thirst for three stripes and collar stars. Whatever it was, he got what he deserved, including Nuclear Power. J-GAR was always the guy you could go to for help, if he wasn't on tour with the Glee-Club, on a debate movement order, working on "company business," driving his Vette back and forth to Oklahoma (Shawnee!?!), or planning his strategy for becoming the youngest President of the United States; if you didn't mind waking him up. A harder worker can not be found and the Navy is sure to benefit from his years of service.





JEFFREY D. GARMON
"BOY"

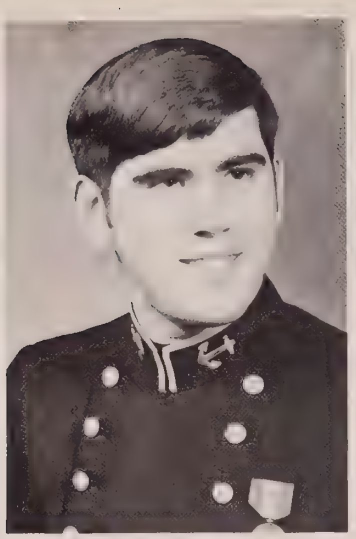
The "Boy" came to the halls of glory as a bright eyed bushy tailed lad from the small Missouri town of Hazelwood. His initial naivete was soon rubbed away by his worldly wise roommate. Despite these hardening influences, Jeff still retained an aimiable character. Always one to stir up amusement, he always gave us levity in our hours of need. The Cards, the circle, and tuppy occupied most of Jeff's time. Although the Cards sometimes let him down, the circle never did. Initially set on an aviation career, he finally decided that his heart just wasn't in it and became a "surface liner" by process of elimination. Jeff was happy to lend a hand to anyone in need, no matter what the circumstances. His subtle wit, easy going manner, and good common sense were always welcome.

KELVIN F. GRAHAM
"K.G."

Hailing from Memphis, Tenn. Kelvin arrived on the Navy scene ready to aid our "Big Blue." Two-hundred twenty-six pounds of raw steel and sex appeal. The sex appeal is used on the weekends when he is in his silver machine looking for honey-dew melon and the raw steel is used on the football field to aid the "Big Blue." Navy football filled Kel's afternoons and spring weekends and summer leaves and . . . . . . "K.G." was never one to miss a wardroom football game or the latest in sounds from his "Disco" room. A stalwart member of the "S-squad," the "Six-pack" and the "Disco-Dalgren gang," Kelvin enjoyed a "good time." Looking to graduation the Memphis sound will be heading for Charleston, S.C. for some surface line duty, and he will be a welcome addition to any ship's wardroom.

JOHN STRATTON HICKY
"HICK"

After a year of the "good life" at the University of Georgia, Hick decided to join the ranks of the brigade. Even then it was rumored that he got lost on his way to Colorado Springs and ended up in Annapolis. Stratton adapted well to Academy life and was never known to sweat anything too much, he was his own man. An academic slash, he spent many nights burning the midnight oil, while his days were spent pursuing his favorite pastime; testing his eyelids for light leaks. Hick's main interests centered on his artistic abilities and his patient work on his Jensen Healey. His patience extended to getting along with his classmates under the most trying conditions. We all look forward to serving with Stratton, for where he goes good deals will always follow.



JAMES E. LARE

"JIM"

Although he is best known for his love of photography and the rack, Jim is now leaving his camera and blanket for a shot at Navy Air. Maybe the warmer climates of Pensacola will keep Jim from hibernating so much. He's leaving with the firm knowledge that after four years of surviving, he's getting into the field that was the only reason for making it. With Kathy by his side only good things can happen from here on out.

GREGORY TAIJITO LIZAMA

Coming to the Academy from the shores of sunny Guam, Greg spent Plebe year convincing everyone that he wasn't a foreign national. He was soon distracted by the winter which every year raised basic questions of survival for him. Choosing Operations Analysis as a major, Greg found himself locked in a life or death struggle with the computer from which he emerged the victor. A gentleman with an easy-going manner, Greg was always happy to share the delicacies of Guam, such as pickled papaya or half-cooked chicken, with his less fortunate classmates. He has spent most of his leave periods just trying to get home and is now an expert in space available travel. An unassuming manner belies his talents and abilities which he has demonstrated on the intramural field and in the councils of the company. Having no vices, a huge capacity for work, and a strong desire to succeed, Greg is a man that we all would be pleased to serve with.

THOMAS P. MCILRAVY

"MAC"

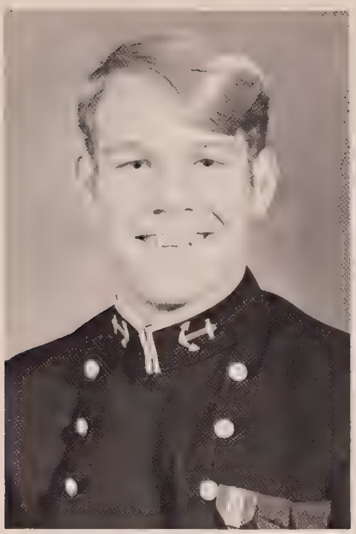
Halfway to graduation, the company was blessed with a new face. After a years leave of absence in sunny Long Island, Tom had the burden duty of bringing life to the company. Thirty-five came alive as Mac unleashed his clever wit, humor, and "call of the wild." Mac was constantly on the go and never quit, whether it was on the athletic field, at the library, or just carrying on a conversation with himself in the middle of the night. Mac's major interests were in Dawn, the progress of his New York teams, and in "dental hygiene." Tom is on his way to the Supply Corps, with an ambition of one day running his own "midstore."

DAVID CARTER PYLE

"D.C."

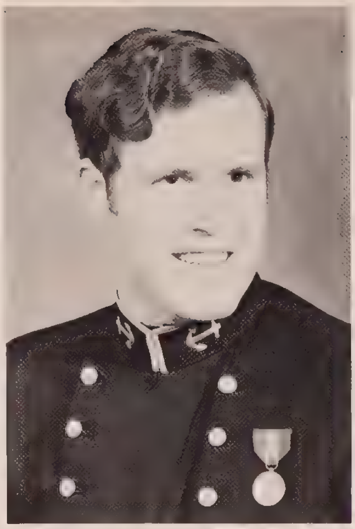
Brigade Operations Assistant

D.C. has been familiar with the Academy long before most of us even thought about attending. By living just across the Bay Bridge, Dave has found that he really didn't miss all the comforts of home, and having three-striper libs didn't hurt either. A chemistry major bound for duty in the wild blue yonder, Dave has made his presence known throughout the Brigade with the famous words "needed to drag educators." Dave has been a solid student, often expressing his desire to get those good student insurance rates and almost succeeding a few times. His main desire in life is to be stranded on a desert island with an unlimited supply of Maryland crabs and iced tea, and a television set with which to watch his favorite team, the Orioles. Dave has been a good friend to everyone and success looms largely in his future.



THOMAS B. McKEE
"HUTZ MAGOO"

Magoo blew in from Henrietta, New York, deep in the heart of God's country. He came in search of wine, women, wings, and an NCAA crown, not necessarily in that order. If he didn't have his lacrosse stick in hand, then he was holding either a football, a cube, or a bag of burgers and fries, preferably from Mickey D's. His continuous bouts with the circle, the rack, and the biggest thing ever kept Magoo pretty busy during his four-year sentence at the Disneyland of the north-east. His performance in the classroom was only exceeded by that on the athletic field. Always willing to help a man in need, Thom's smiling face and endless wit helped to brighten many a gloomy day. Presently headed for Pensacola, this fourth son of Tick and Bear hopes to make a career of flying. Good luck, Magoo. See you at the ballpark.

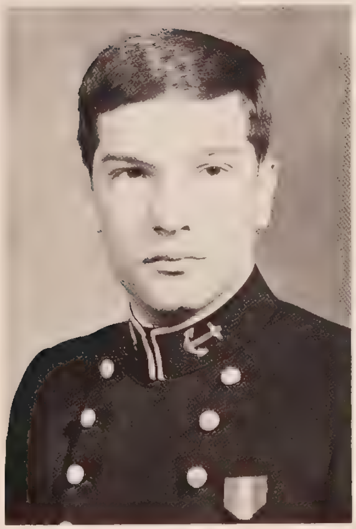


SCOTT FRANCIS MURPHY
"MURF"

New York must have lost one of its finest lacrose players and partiers when "Murf" left Huntington for the Naval Academy. Never one to let Regulations stand in his way, he soon established himself a master of the clippers, as can be attested by his own curly locks and the regular visitors to his room, especially the night before inspections. Along with his Irish temper goes his Irish luck and Scott soon became known as the lady's man of the company, having left many-a-heart fluttering in his four years on the Bay. Always willing to lend a hand or give thoughtful advice, Murf made many a friend at the Academy. But who can think of Scott Murphy without thinking of his best friend these long four years . . . his ever-faithful rack! and so, as Navy Air claims another, we say goodnight to a good friend and companion, Scott Murphy.

MICHAEL N. MUSSER
"MIKE"

Here is someone who really enjoyed his four-year stay at the Academy. Spending it was rather fun for him with all the friendship and fraterunity that exists. Three years as a Big Brother was both rewarding and challenging. His six-day a week job at Gym practice afforded him with many pleasurable moments. He really took to his major with all the interest one could take in an FPI major emphasizing the Russians. His weekends were filled with many ventures in Scuba-diving, trips to D.C., or simply with friends enjoying life.



PAUL ALAN PRZYBORSKI
"PRYZ"

Deciding that the only proper place for a gentleman was on the deck of an American man-of-war, Pryz left the proud state of Texas and came charging into Annapolis only to run head-on into a "solid wall," the Class of 1974. After recovering from the initial shock of Plebe summer, this hard-charger made it known to all that he was here to stay. Easily the most colorful personality in the company, Pryz would inevitably become the star performer at any gala occasion (". . . they just love my act!"). Gifted with a talent for verbosity, Pryz found that being a History major suited him just fine. If he wasn't expounding on historical trivia, this cigar smoking commodore could be found on the bridge of a YP directing the USNA "self-defense" force against the hapless sailing team. After graduation Pryz will have a FRAM 1 destroyer to work with, and with Karen to nurse him through rough seas, this surface warrior cannot help but succeed.

KEITH ROUSE

THOMAS F. SALACKA
"SLICK"
Brigade First Lieutenant

Tom, known by some as "Slick," came to Annapolis in search of a career, among other things. It wasn't hard for him to find one since he lives for the day when he will pin on his aviator's wings. To say that "Slick" is in love with flying is an understatement. When he is not pounding the books or pounding the pavement on as easy ten mile run, he is building and flying his own model airplanes. By now you've guessed his major, that's right, Aerospace Engineering, Generally considered one of the toughest majors at the Academy, "Slick" does rather well academically, usually on the Dean's list and sometimes the Sup's list. Like most mids though, "Slick" got more than he bargained for at the Academy but he puts up with it while focusing on the goal ahead . . . graduation and wings.

ROGER WESLEY SHELDON
"ROG"

Rog came right out of Mount Vernon, N.Y. ready to pursue something, somewhere. However, with his salty attitude and charisma, he gave college, the enlisted Navy, and finally NAPS a try before finally becoming a member of U.S.N.A. It wasn't long before his classmates learned the reason behind his large frame, he could consume booze better than anyone else hands down. Although Rog stayed academically sound throughout his stay at U.S.N.A., most of his studying was done in the rack with his eyes open or closed. Money and the mysteries of the deep intrigued this man so he sought out and became a member of the Nuclear Power Club. It is written that before tackling Nuclear Power School, he will be joined in matrimony to his long awaiting loved-one. Perhaps she can help him keep his mind on his studies.

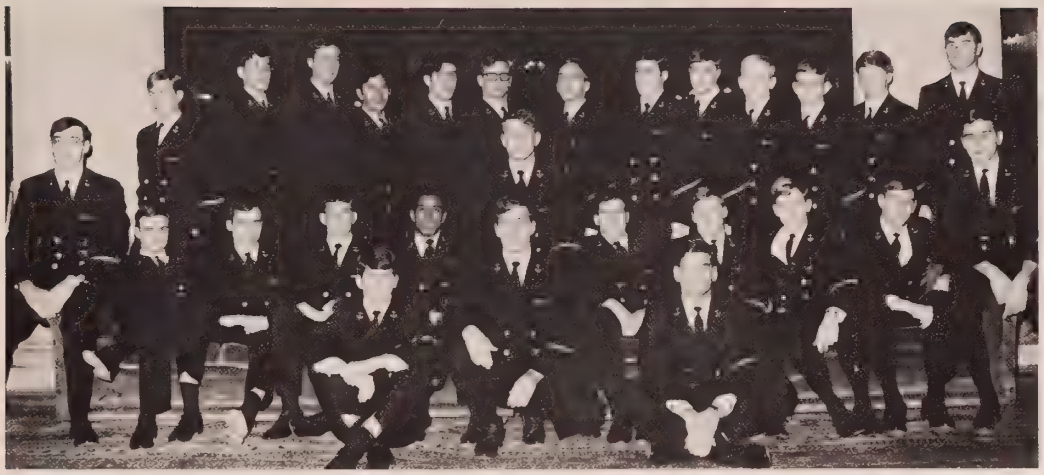
MARK L. SOBCZAK
"SOBS"

Out of Mayor Daley's masses Mark headed East in search of the good life. In this search Mark managed to travel from sunny California to friendly Norway, all at someone else' expense.

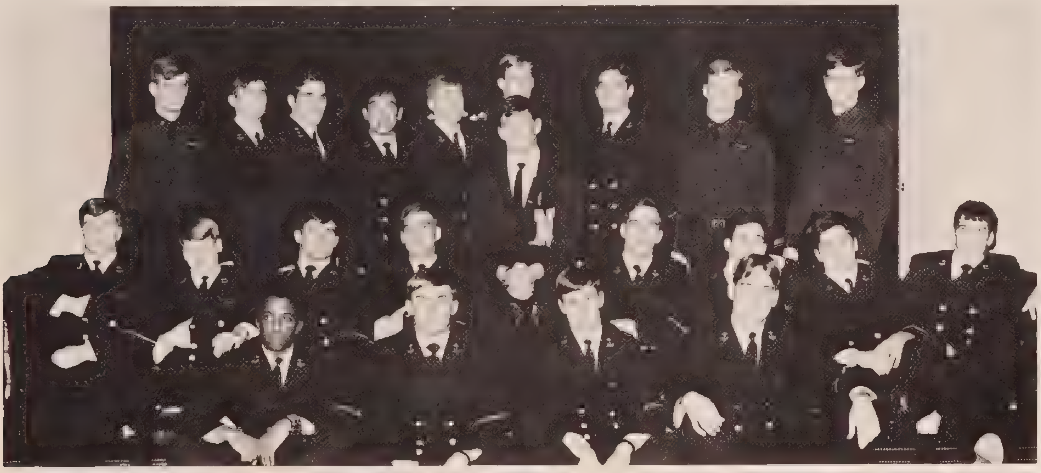
At USNA, Mark wasted no liberty time, slept non-stop and never missed a Monday Night Football game. On occasion he even read some Oceanography. During breaks from rescueing damsels in distress Mark dabbled in aviation, skiing, and hang-gliding. His real love though was the LOG magazine which after 3 years most people thought he owned. At service selection while an anzious Adm. waited patiently, Mark decided to stay high the rest of his career and chose the birds of Naval Aviation. Mark added class to the class of '77. See ya at Pensacola too! Take care and good luck.

NAVY
N

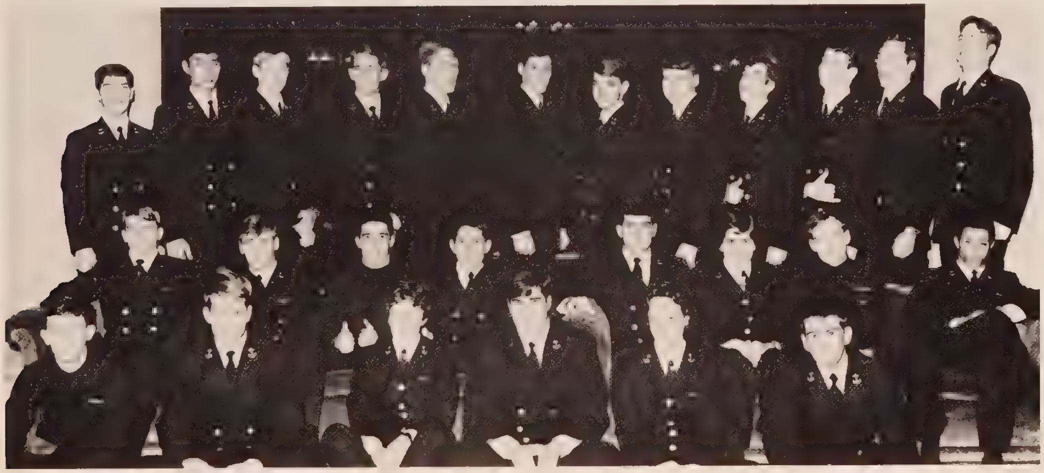
THIRTY SIXTH COMPANY



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) D. Secord, R. Schaffidi, W. Haberland, T. Trudell, D. Nienhaus, M. Sears, J. Carr, III, W. Martin, M. Moore, S. Hoffman, B. Hunter, R. Engel, K. Tageson, P. Ross. *TOP ROW:* K. Tidd, R. Lowell, M. Strasser, R. Pile, J. Marinucci, F. Graf, J. Gafford, M. Duranske, L. Wallace, E. Connally, J. Pointer, D. Schoon, M. Ross.



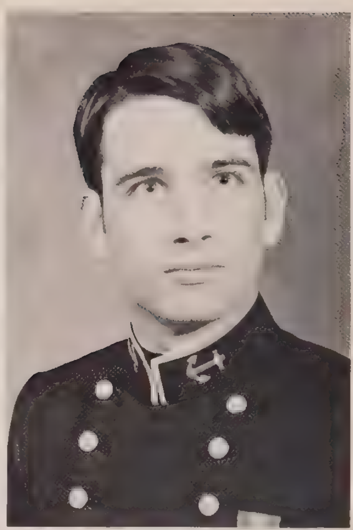
FIRST ROW: (L TO R)(FLOOR) A. Johnson, W. Mitchell, P. Hatch, J. McFadden. *SECOND ROW:* T. Kwiatowski, M. Beauchamp, M. Finley, W. Kauffman, K. Kropkowski, K. Beasley, D. Luce, M. Holoubek. *TOP ROW:* R. Fitzpatrick, J. Pross, W. Resser, C. Wong, K. Barnes, C. Jansen, J. O'Rourke, M. Sullivan, N. Carr, R. Bosco.



FIRST ROW: (L TO R) P. Prager, J. Zerbe, P. Derry, M. Rose, S. McAffee, D. Cottle. *SECOND ROW:* T. Deppe, J. Quinn, T. Verducci, M. Madden, C. Nichols, N. Burke, M. Whiting, V. Shorts. *BACK ROW:* V. Spanel, W. Elento, G. Hubbard, D. Killian, D. Hinz, R. Shackley, J. Edwards, T. Ryan, T. Peck, B. Metzger, M. Wenzel, M. Mason.

STEVEN ALEXANDER ADAIR

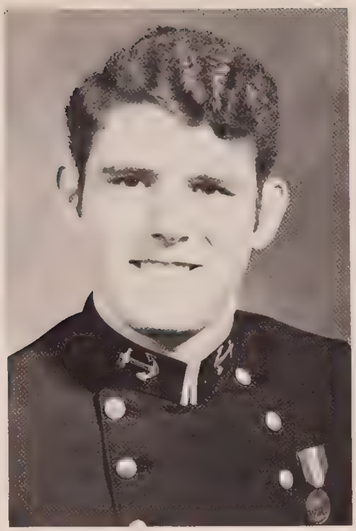
Steve arrived at USNA from Pittsburgh. He found the Naval Academy to be full of consecutive challenges, experiences, triumphs and a few defeats. Although an academic background was gained here, he also gained knowledge through human confrontations. Steve will regret the parting of time proven friendships because they are the rare gifts of life. But he will not regret parting with a full time "Water Job." So Steve will be heading for Quantico and a few years with the Marine Corps.



BEAT ARMY
BEAT ARMY

CHARLES E. AUGUST
"CHUCK"

Born and raised in Tracy, California the move back east to USNA was rather a shock to Chuck. Coping with this and various other difficulties he was finally able to fulfill a desire he had since July 9, 1973 — that was to see the Atlantic Ocean. A charter member of the Rat Pack, 4 year Fieldball veteran, and devout History major, "Chuckles" chose Surface Line where his first ship will show him plenty of the Atlantic.



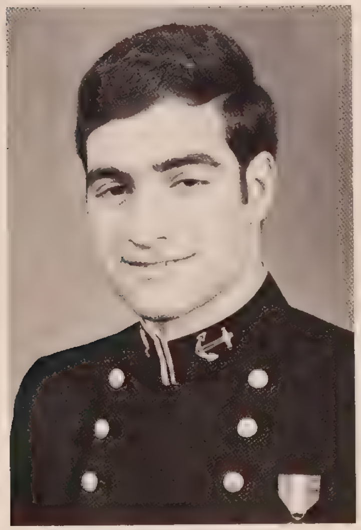
DEMPSEY BUTLER, III
"BUTTS"

From early in plebe summer, when he walked the halls in his underwear, until the end of his Academy career, "Butts" has managed to lead a colorful existence at Navy. Famous for his inability to burp or to go a complete intramural contest without making reference to the parentage of one of the referees, Demps, the FM jock, has done well. His Porter Road "cheering section" was a blessing in the sky for all of the "rats" as well as Dempsey. Even when his folks moved to California, Butts never missed a step. His sometimes successful escapades at Hood, EMR tape, Rangoon, Porter Road Fridays, Dave Gothard, Iceland, belly button lint, his combination roommate-moke-regbook changer, and his "cluttered room," should all be memories to cherish for a lifetime (or at least a couple of hours or so.)

JOHN ROGER CASEY JR.
"JAY"

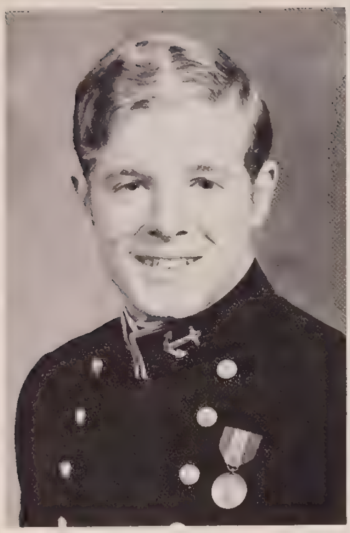
Jay came from waterskiing on the Connecticut river to USNA on a whim, but stuck around for grins. He started out in a very mediocre way, but soon found his niches in the Aero department and and on the fieldball field. Youngster year, Case actually studied, but this came to a screeching halt second class year which brought more weekends, wheels, a lead foot, and a more than casual relationship with the New Jersey State Police. For Case, this meant cannon-balling to UCONN to enjoy the pleasures of life with a certain nursing student. First class year brought the detail, and more cannonballing for Case. December and Service Selection sent Jay to the NFO community. Graduation will send him drifting to California before Pensacola.

"I would like to thank the following "Aero jocks" for making this possible: Juno, Hedge, Strum, Frank, Everett, Keith, Tom S., Easy, and the rest of the 31 'jocks' left." — CASE



FRANK CERABINO
"BINO"

Early in his tenure at the Academy, Bino showed telltale signs of beging economically minded. As a plebe he maximized his out of company time by actively participating in innumerable musical groups and expoiting his Billy Mitchell styled talents on the sax. Frank somehow found plenty of time to foray to Philly and Bay Shore during the middle two years, but never had trouble staying on top of things back in the Hall. His key to success was inventing his own style of keeping a low profile from the depths of the sixth wing. The fact that his roommate spent many weekends in Bancroft Hall recovering from Bino-assisted blind dates helped keep his cover clean. His athletic prowess was seen in many company level sports, but his crowning glory was his sub-12 hour finish in the J.F.K. 50-miler as a firstie. Now that Rickover has his clutches on Bino, all the Bombers wish him the best in the land of fun and sun in Orlando. Five years as a surface nuke should see him well into graduate school and the business world.

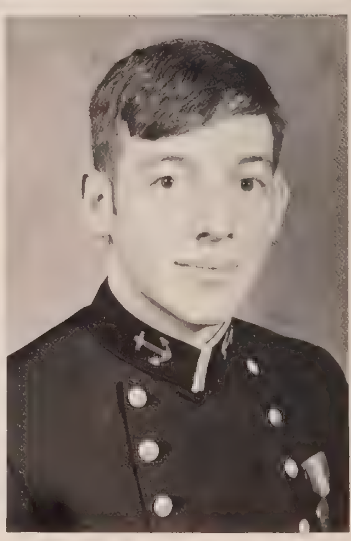


PETER J. FINLEY
"PETER J."

. . . came from New Jersey — and took a lot abuse for that . . . star man . . . rowed for Navy Crew (beat Harvard twice) . . . one of the infamous greek wrestlers Plebe year before Army Game . . . had a wild time in San Francisco on 1/c cruise . . . the dynamic partner of the dynamic duo . . . one of the 6th wing party boys . . . not known for being easy on plebes . . . not known for maintaining serious relationships with the opposite sex . . . hopes to still be among the "3%" several years after graduation . . . headed for the white sands of Pensacola.

CLARK DELANO HANDY

Clark hails from Raleigh, N.C. In his prep days at Broughton H.S., he was a standout academically, militarily, and athletically, receiving various academic and military awards as well as letters in both basketball and track. Once at the Academy Clark became a firm believer in "Tecumseh, God of 2.0." "You rate what you get away with," and "They can't fry us all;" the latter two proving to be bum gouge on numerous occasions. When not studying or racking he managed to win his varsity letter and star in fencing. His other endeavors included co. basketball, batt track, brigade boxing, International Club, V. Pres. of the Spanish Club. With hard work and dedication Clark should prove to be a welcome addition to the Naval community.



ROBERT C. KENNEDY, JR.
"BOB"

Gomer Pyled in from Winston-Salem, N.C. full of belles and spells and promptly lost three roommates to civilian line before cleaving to the vacuum that was Fred. His stiff competition with Space Case for "Most-Travelled-Man-Of-The-Year" emptied his wallet and his social life at the whims of The Angry Bull. With his numerous schedules and negative influx (financial) plans, he never got around to joining the procrastinators' club, this is no doubt due to his Systems major.

Realizing his good life with the sailing team he chose to continue in the hereafter sailing through the skies, if he could ever get the flight surgeon to give him a lifetime prescription of No-Doz. Sleepy signs out to P-cola in his newly renovated Celica GT with a breaker one nine.

CHARLES E. JAMISON
"JUNO"

. . . an ole desperado from ARKANSAS . . . former 150 lb. Football lightweight and a lightweight in other areas also . . . LEAD MAN of the dynamic duo despite Peter J's claims . . . a devoted member of the RAT PACK . . . heading for the beaches of Pensacola.

PAUL JOHN HOLLICH
"GRAPES"

Four years ago "Grapes" entered the hallowed halls of Boat U., in spite of a brother at Woop School. He came with a calm stable manner which enabled him to overcome the adversities he would soon encounter. It soon became apparent that another Einstein had appeared at the Academy as Paul whizzed through his math major. Academics were not his only strong point, though, Paul was a terror on both the intramural soccer and football fields, always playing the defense. Since most of his time was spent in the air anyway, Grapes chose Navy Air for service selection and will soon be hovering the friendly skies of Navy.

FLOYD D. HOUSTON
"HOSEMAN"

Following in his brother's footsteps, Floyd came to USNA straight from the Black Knight territory of N.Y. After making (or was it taking?) an immediate hit Plebe year, "Hose" decided that the Boat School was a pretty good deal after all. Academics were never a serious problem and he could usually be found shooting his way to N stars or at the drop zone on weekends. A skydiver from the word, "Geronimo" a conversation was never complete without at least one tall jump tale. Being an original 36th Company Rat, Floyd was never one to avoid a "green alert" or an impromptu party. Looking to the future, Floyd sees his challenge in the Marines, good luck, good service.

MARK ANDREW KIRK
"CAPTAIN"

Travelling north from the "Old South" the "Captain" walked into plebe summer only to be told that chopping was the "in" thing at Navy. Always the professional, Mark gained early tube quals as a youngster and soon became a fixture in the wardroom. Not stopping there, Mark mastered the art of flying close to the ground as a firstie by zooming down south frequently to visit the "wife." This and an air force background made Captain Kirk opt to wear the Navy wings of gold after graduation.

JAMES CALHOUN LOCHRY
"LOCHS"

With a burning desire to fly with the best, "Lochs" left home at the Air Force Academy and reported to Canoe U. While wading with near total disinterest through three years of ship-oriented courses, he devoted much time and starvation to varsity crew coxing and eventually received a letter in squash. Wine, women, song, and cars usually came in pairs for Jim, probably the only man in '77 to own two 240Z's at once (under the same license plate even.)

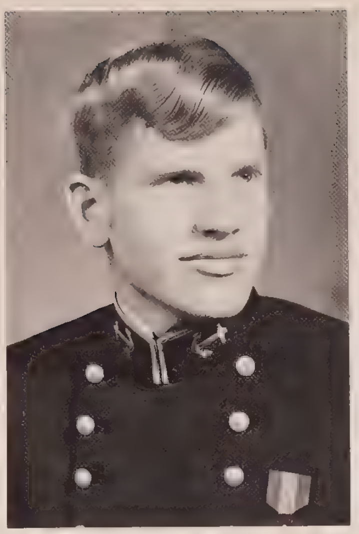
MICHAEL S. LONGMEIER
"MIKE"

When Mike came to this charming campus four long years ago, he immediately began to make a name for himself. It seems that his life was fated to be surrounded by misunderstanding (by his profs, his company officer, the upperclass, etc.), but in the end he has succeeded. Single-handedly engaging the conduct, aptitude, and academic systems in mortal combat time and again, Mike has always emerged victorious (if not unscathed), and he now stands prepared to attack his duties as a commissioned officer with the humor and enthusiasm that are his trademark. Mike is ready for Surface Line and only one question remains unanswered: is Surface Line ready for Mike?

DAVID W. TAYLOR NAV
NA 1

ARCHIBALD McKINLAY VI
"ARCH"

Snarling in from points west (infrequently knowledgeable of his place of origin) came one of the more unconventional additions to local colour. Many wondered at the developing insanity the "Gnome" exhibited until he picked the true profession: Navy Air. Between parties, forever rebuilding his "interesting mechanical device" (not a car — contrary to popular belief, Jags are different), and stocking his little black book, Gnome reputedly studied Ocean Eng. Speaking for all those who have been "Gnomed," it is a good thing this one is off to P-cola. Perhaps the sun will bake some restraint into that insane, bouncing, wild arse Gnome.



STEPHEN JAMES PERRIS

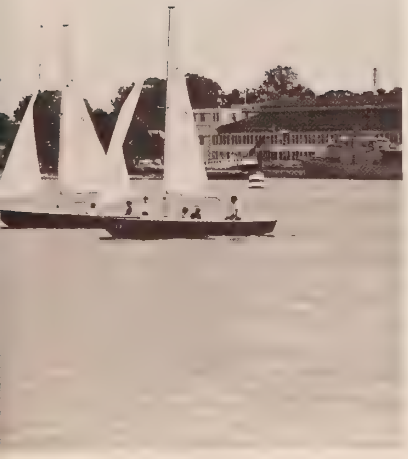
Stephen, alias Ratzuli, felt right at home at USNA, coming to Annapolis from Orlando, Florida, and Disney World. A strong high school background and the capacity to manipulate numbers persuaded Steve to major in both Math and Physics. When he wasn't studying or playing his "Yes" collection he could be found on the basketball court or the football field. Steve was such a terrifying figure on the company lightweight defensive line, that he earned the name "too tall" for his efforts. Steve did not party often, but when he did, he managed to keep everyone entertained. His exploits after the four ARMY-NAVY games won him fame throughout the company. Steve has decided to become a nuclear submariner and bore holes in the ocean, due largely to his first class cruise and his affection for nuclear power plants. He is assured success in whatever field he chooses.

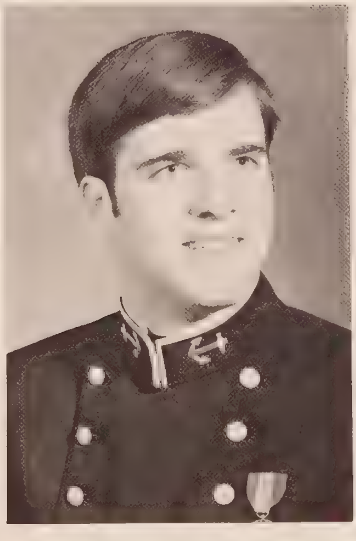
CHARLES STEPHEN PARAMORE
"STEVE"
36th Company Commander

Steve came to USNA from deep in the heart of Texas and despite some setbacks Plebe year, his faith in Jesus Christ has seen him through. Singing in the Glee Club provided a short vacation from the pressures of plebe year and a trip to New England. He was always eager for a football game, but sometimes went a little too far. If he did not have a sprained ankle, or end up sliding 5 feet across the Astroturf on his face after trying for a pass, his roommate would not belive he had played. It is a wonder, then, that after four years he was not NPQ. After enduring the wonderful weather (?) here at USNA, and the anxieties of second set Company Commander, Steve has decided to go south again. Instead of Texas, though, it will be Pensacola and Flight School. It is certain that he will do well there. He is not sure yet about the five year mark, but most of his friends think he will be flying Navy Air for a long time to come.

MICHAEL EDGAR REED
"MIKE"

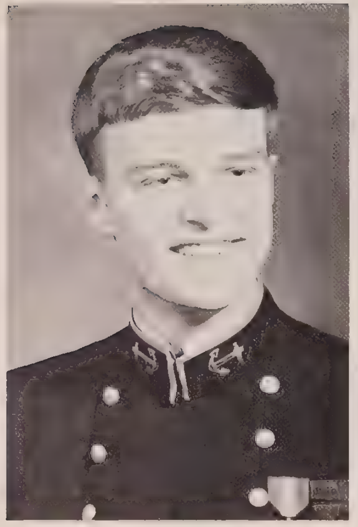
Michael came to Annapolis from the oil fields of Oklahoma to major in International Affairs. "Tinker" became a standout on the football field on the company and battalion levels. As chairman of the Pop Concert Committee he managed to stage some very enjoyable concerts during second and first class year. Mike spent many weekends in his red Firebird and planning concerts. What Mike didn't know about Oklahoma football or surface line probably had not been written yet. Michael is a member of the "get your feet wet first" club and will be stationed on the R.K. Turner in Norfolk. Although he is not sure that he will make the Navy a career, he is guaranteed to become successful at whatever he does.





STEPHEN D. SCOTT

Daly City, Prep School, and Navy Football all benefited from Steve's presence. Never lacking a wise crack or confidence, this quiet, dark haired preppy from the Coast won friends from the start. Steve is the only one who can walk through a gale and come out with his hair unruffled. One thing is certain, from the classroom and J.F.K Stadium he will take the winning spirit and determination that so characterized him at the Academy.



ERIC G. SHEWBRIDGE

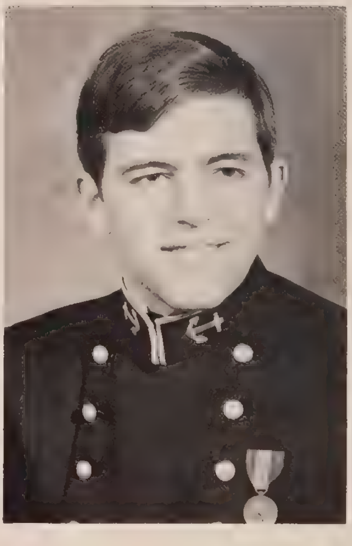
6th Batt Commander

Eric came to us from Hagerstown, Maryland and was primed for Navy basketball until a severe case of the splinters during plebe year convinced him that there were other pursuits in life such as Mechanical Engineering. As it turned out, Navy swimming presented Eric with a formidable challenge, and he spent many afternoons during the winter months of his third and second class years trying to avoid sub-squad. First class year found him wearing Battalion Commander stripes and earning Who's Who recognition. Admiral Rickover was not impressed, however, and decided that 35 hours a week of slashing would do just fine. After graduation Eric is looking forward to carrying the 36 Company Ratpack tradition into the Submarine Force.

MICHAEL STEVENS TRUEBLOOD

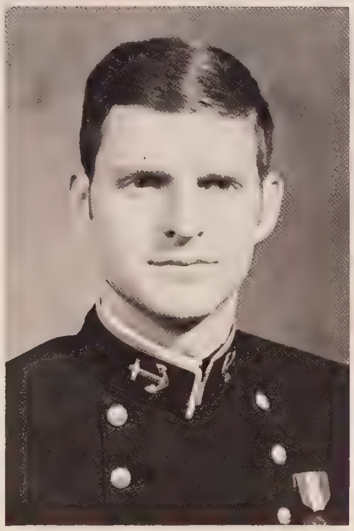
"TRUE"

True entered NAVY directly from highschool (his third), and quickly adapted to the ever-changing life at his new home on the Severn. Plebe year found him on the pistol team, but the rest of his athletic career at USNA was spent in intramurals, competing in soccer, fieldball, football, and (his favorite) lacrosse. True (Walking Arrow or Tacks) managed to stay in the top third of the class while enjoying "the Thinking Man's" major, Mechanical Engineering. On those long weekends, when he wasn't studying (which was most of them), he managed to find a few young ladies to keep his afternoons and evenings interesting. True opted for Surface Line, but will always feel a deep friendship for all his classmates, wherever they went.



THOMAS C. WHITE'
'T.C.''

My third college but, at last, my first B.S. . . . I think I spent more time in a sail boat than class, with no regrets . . . Youngster year with Plebe rates . . . Second class year and the Georgetown connection . . . First class year and tramps like us, baby we were born to run . . . I wouldn't do it again, but everyone should do it at least once.



JAMES LEWIS WARREN
''JIM''

Jim came to the U.S. Naval Academy from the sunny suburbs of San Diego where he had a first hand opportunity to view the real Navy in action. Jim's tenure in Annapolis and his thirty hours of study a week have resulted in a class rank in the top 50 and some good natured hassle from his classmates. This year Jim's love of precision has kept 36 on the move as he somehow managed to keep the paper work flowing from his Company Admin billet. Although Jim's major is Marine Engineering, it was his fluency in German which got him an Academy-paid vacation in W. Germany last summer. Jim will probably return to the vicinity of San Diego and his beloved '46 Chevy someday, but first it will be necessary for him to go to Orlando to prepare for the nuclear Surface Navy. The men of 36 wish Jim the best of luck in all his future endeavors.

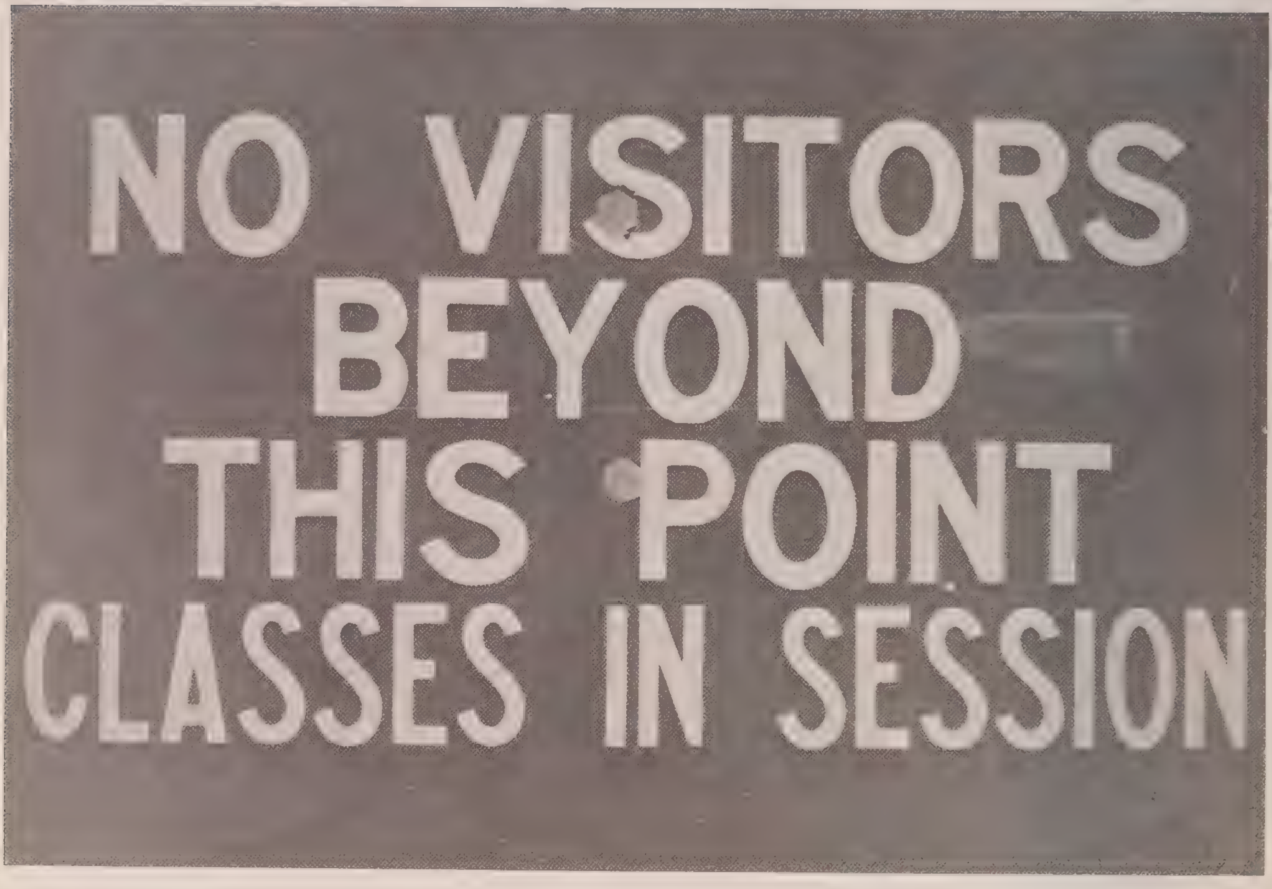
CRAIG WESTON TURLEY
''TURLS''
36th Company Commander

Turls retired as a high school jock, scholar, and part time women killer to attend the Naval Academy, perhaps because someone told him his eyes matched the uniform. Unfortunately, he quickly discovered that women were not part of the curriculum here, and learned to devote his time to other pursuits, such as plebe baseball and suntans. By his youngster year he became aware that women existed just outside the walls, and quickly gave up his other endeavors. Since then he has confined his athletic ability to the intramural fields. Craig is known for his many friends and his brief respite as company commander. He will do well as an officer in the Surface Navy.

FREDERICK NISSEN VOGT
''FRED''

Fred's point of origin was the Granite State, his course is mulitple options. The record has him as a Plebe fencer, followed by scuba, jumping, and karate before he saw the neutron glow. His desire to know the essence brought some physics to his major in math. During a series of epistemological crisis he attempted to join the allnight study club but was saved from going critical by Nuke Power.

It is the ''look'' that will get Fred where he is going.


NO VISITORS
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CLASSES IN SESSION

ACADEMICS

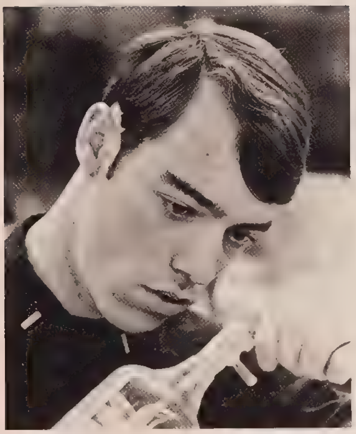
Academic Dean

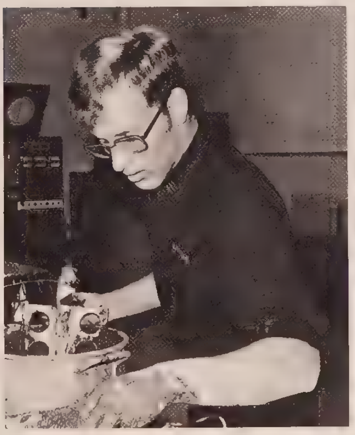
Bruce M. Davidson

TRIDENT SCHOLARS

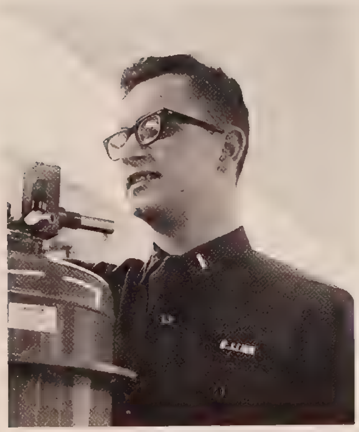
DIRK J. DEBBINK

EDGAR R. ENOCHS


HARRY J. GERHARD

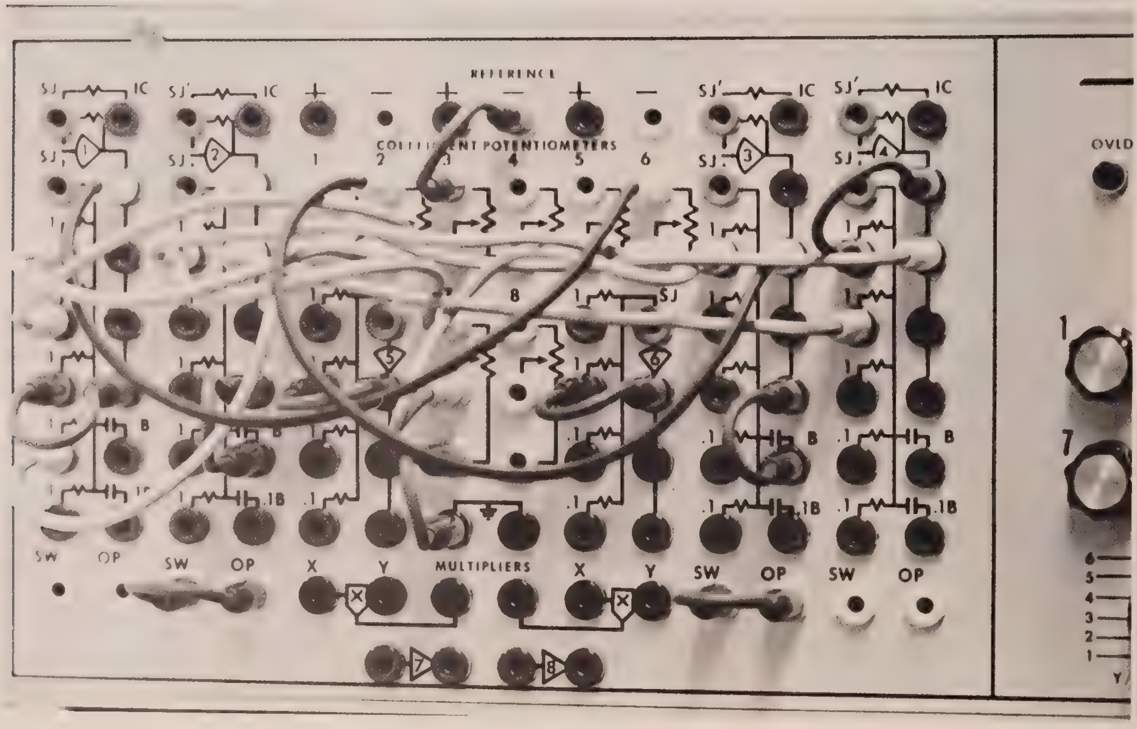

ROBERT C. HANSEN, JR.

MARTINUS M. KLIJN


DONALD J. LINK

DAVID M. SCHUBERT, JR.
(Trident Award)

TIM L. WHITED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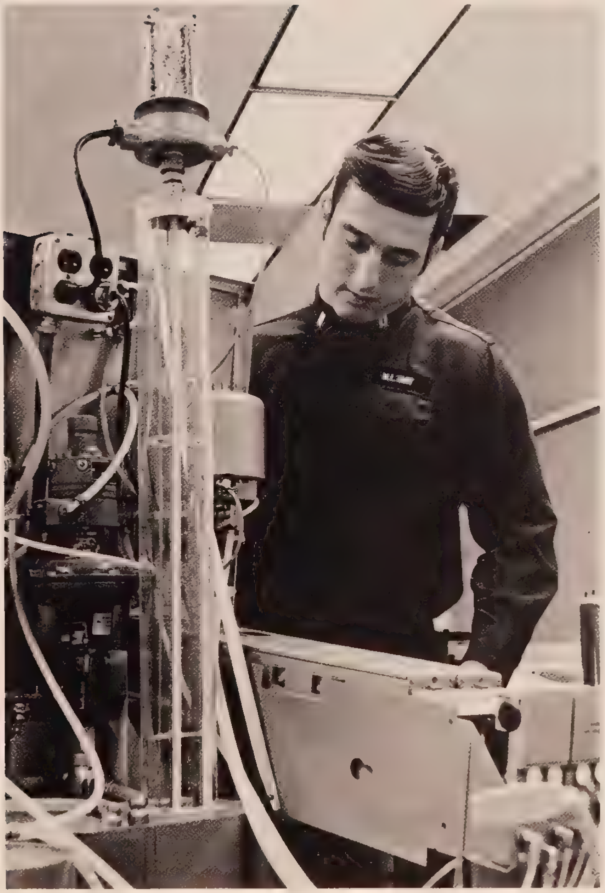
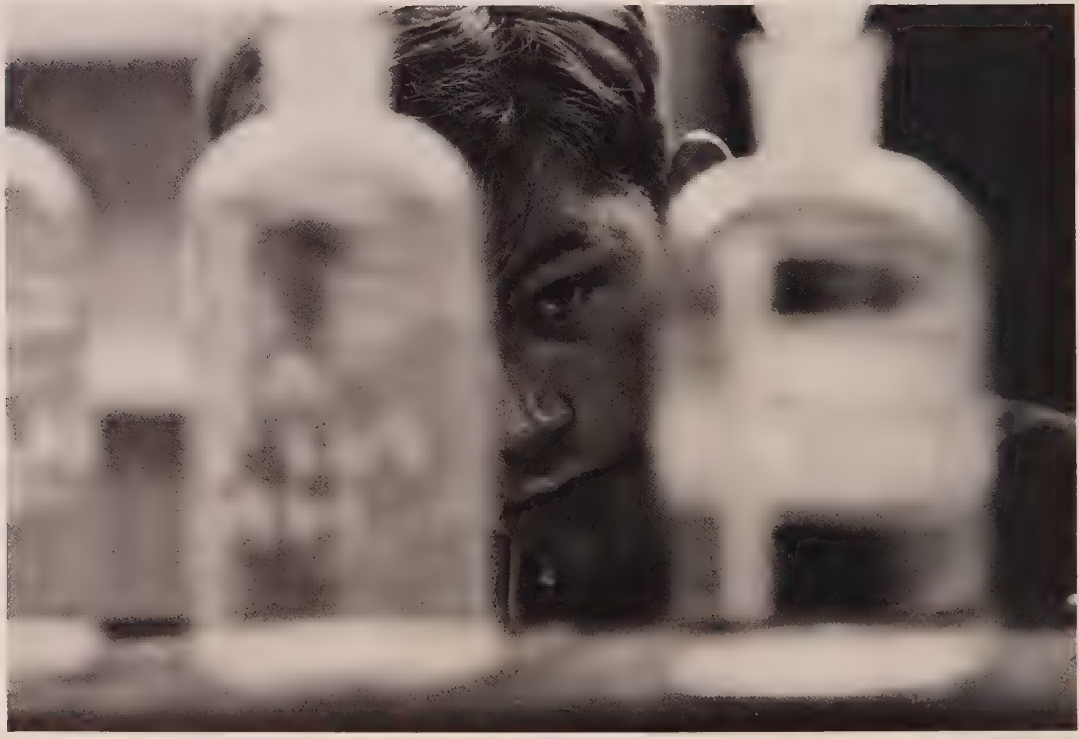
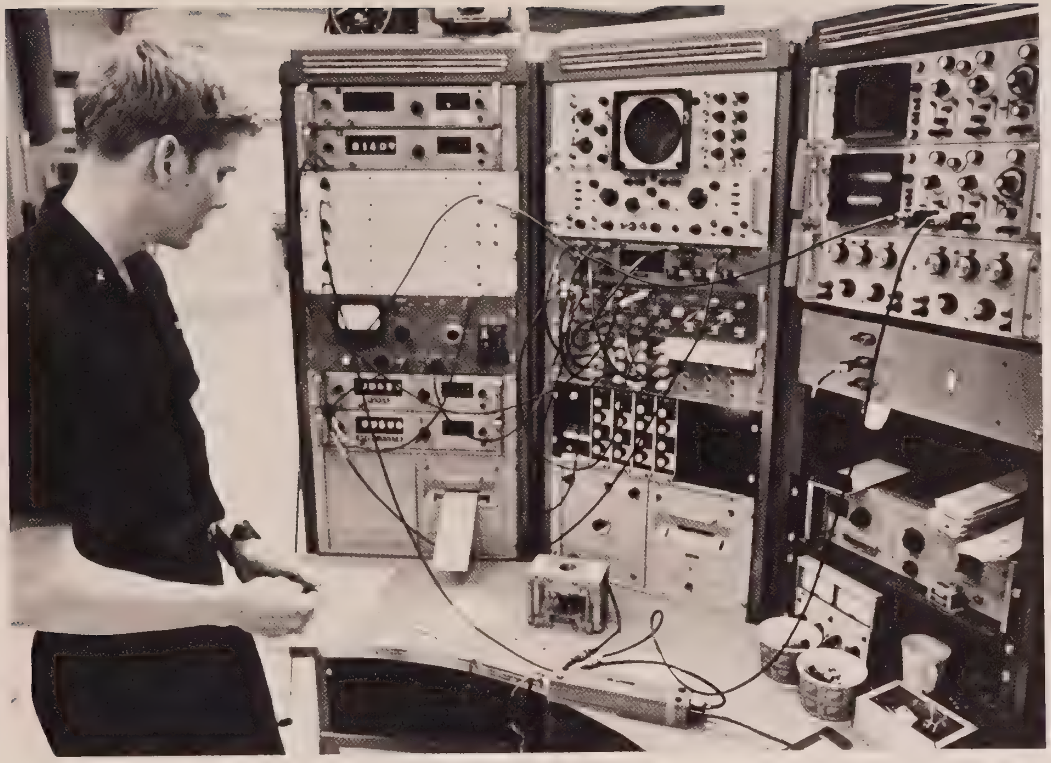
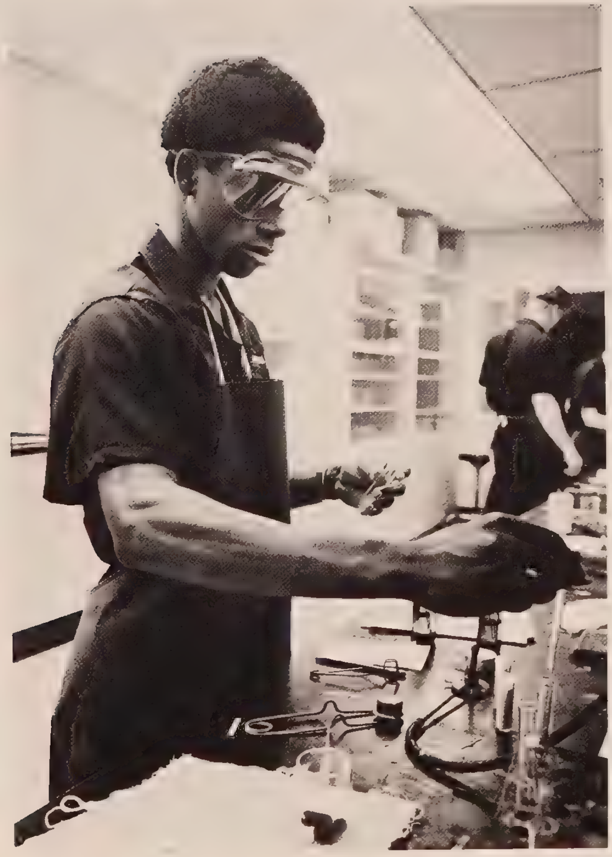
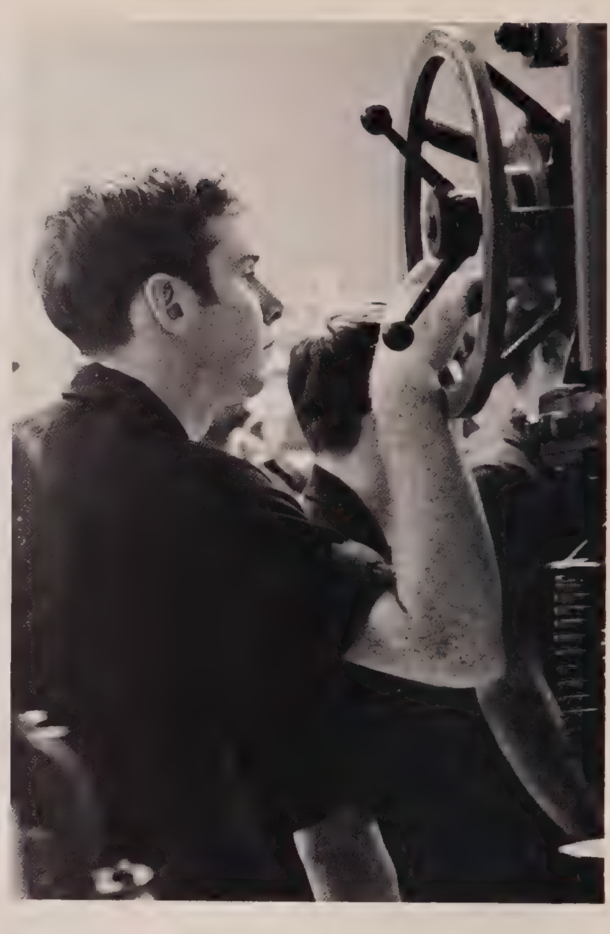


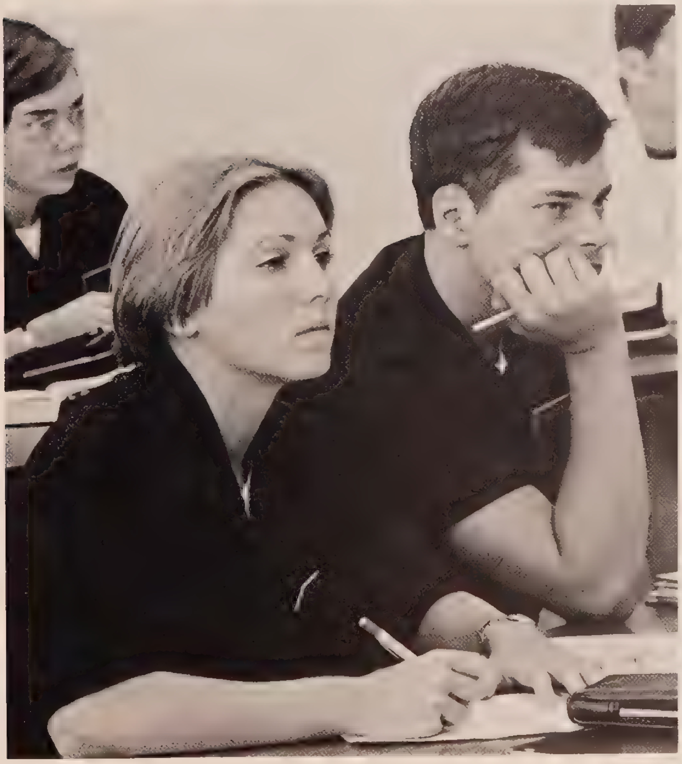
J. BURTON

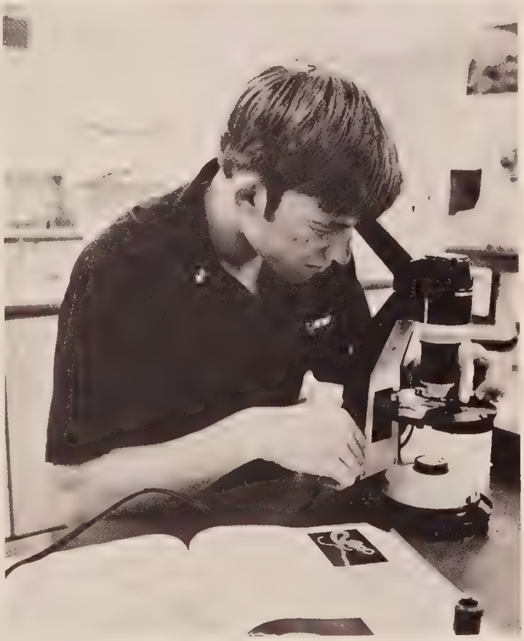


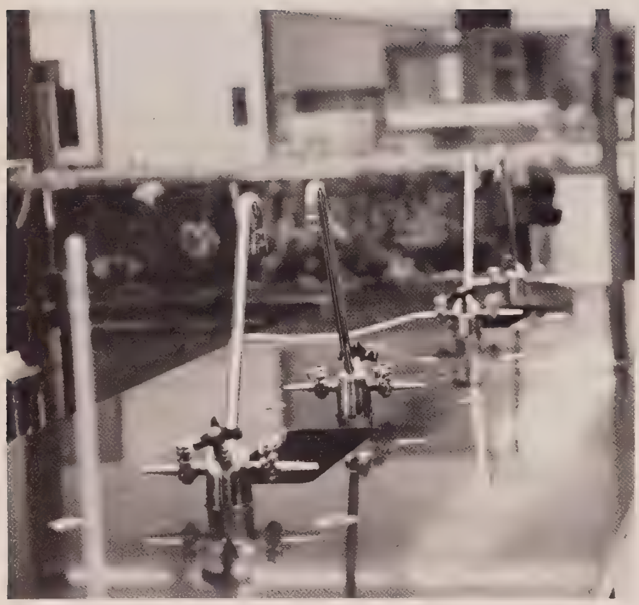


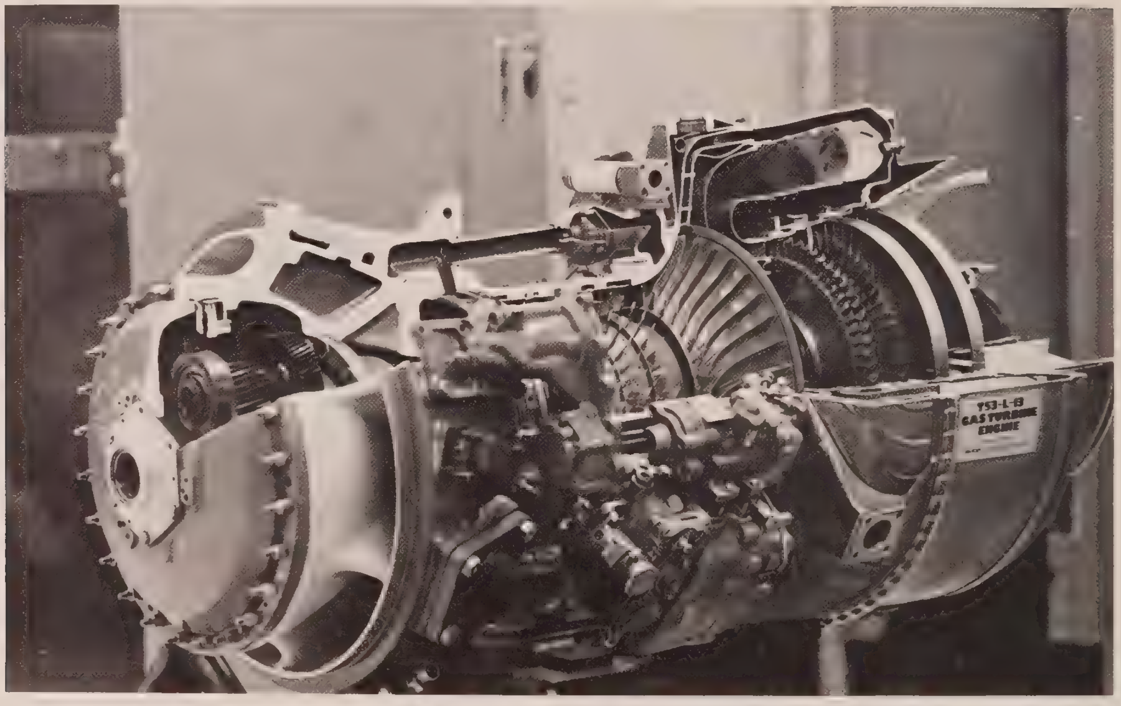








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GAS TURBINE
ENGINE

RICKOVER HALL
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THIRD FLOOR
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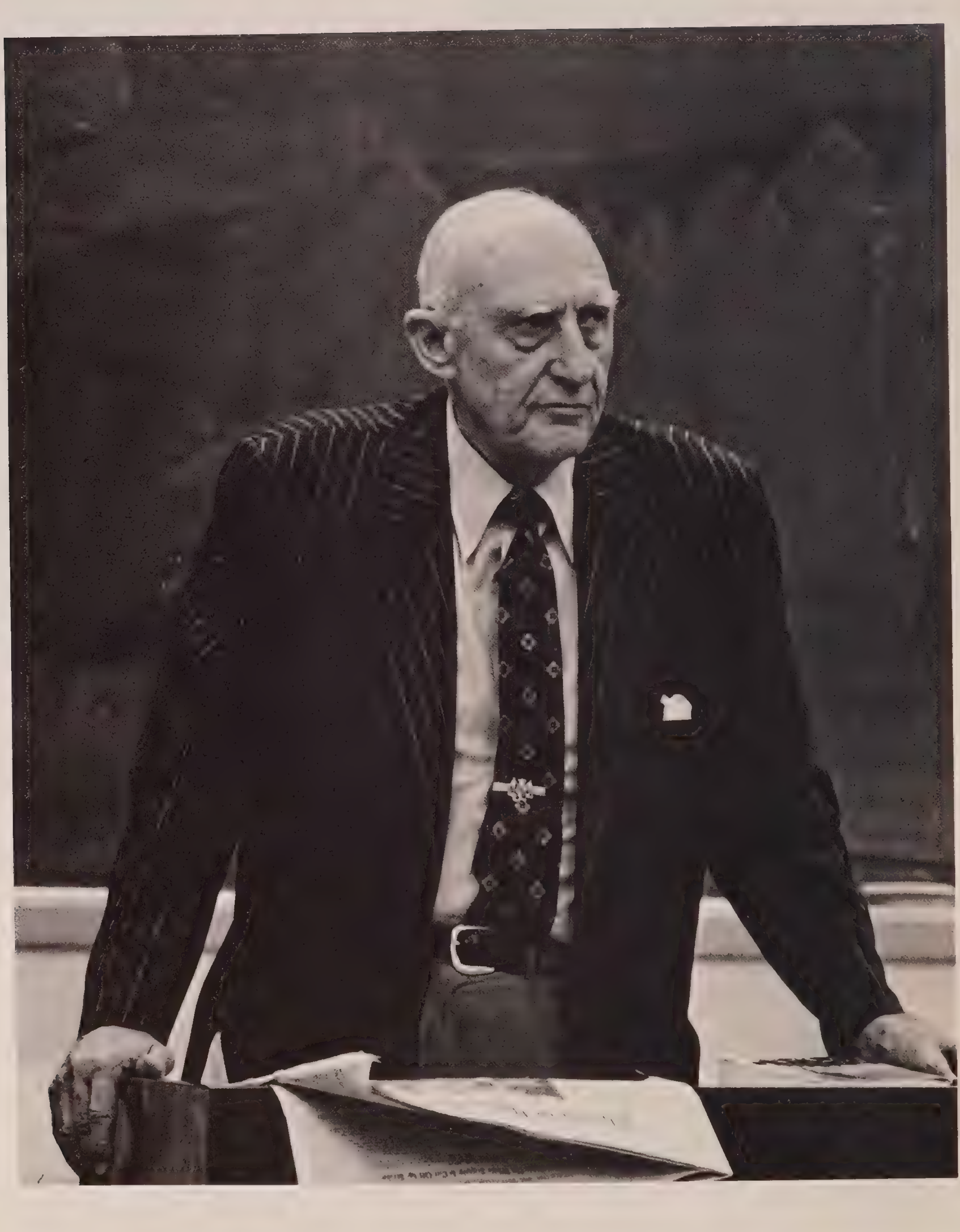
FIRST FLOOR
LABORATORY FLOOR



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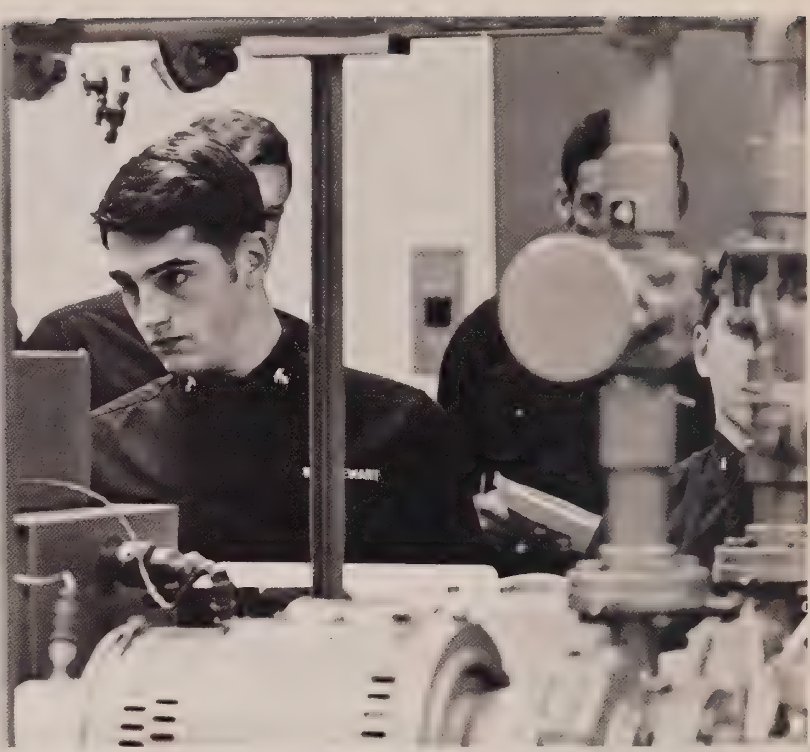

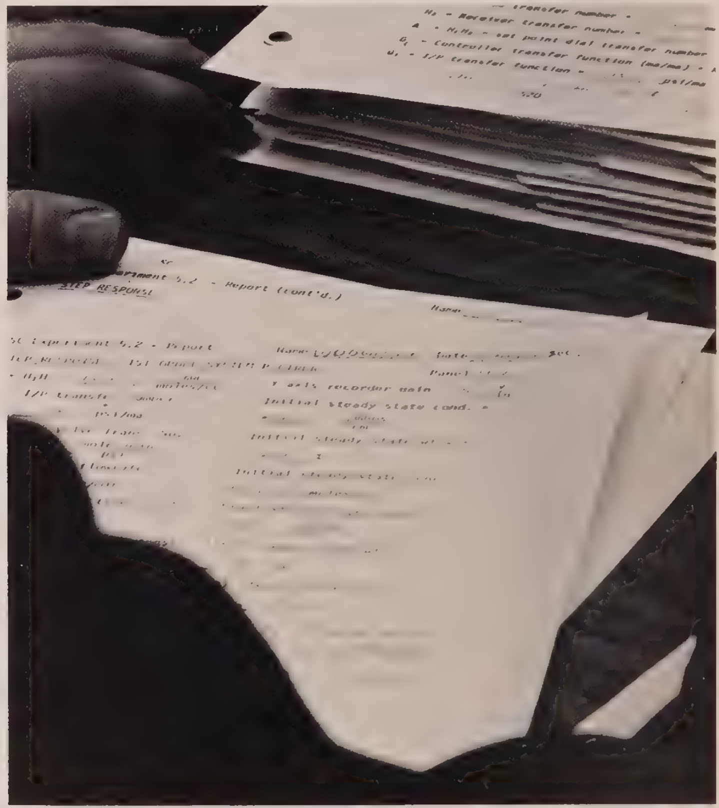

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Receiver transfer number

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Controller transfer function (ma/ma)

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STEP RESPONSE

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Name

Experiment 5.2 - Report

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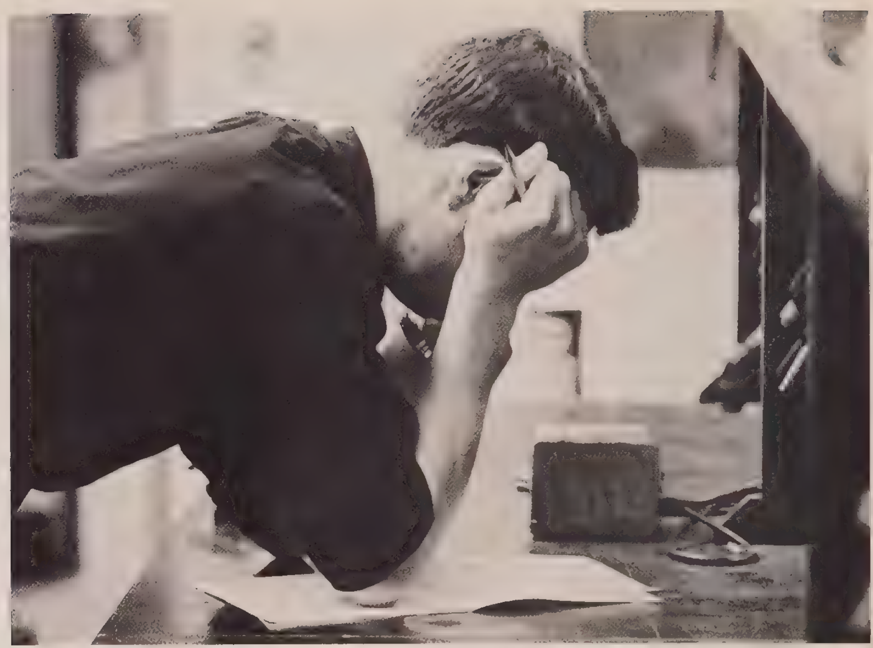
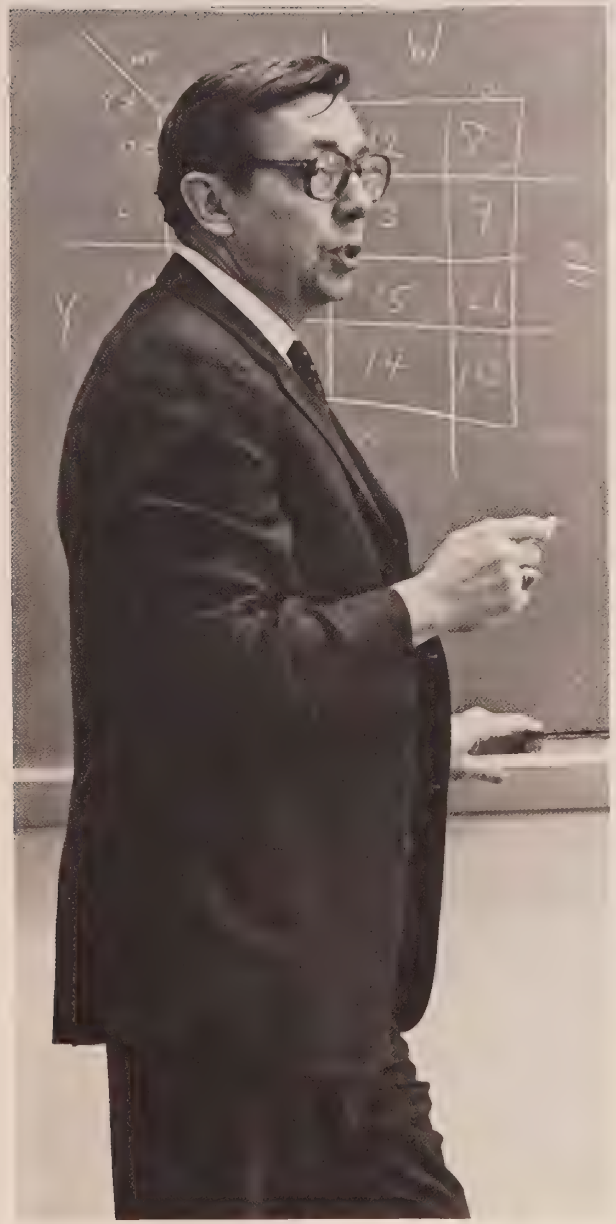
Panel

X axis recorder data

Initial steady state cond.





LINDSTROM '78

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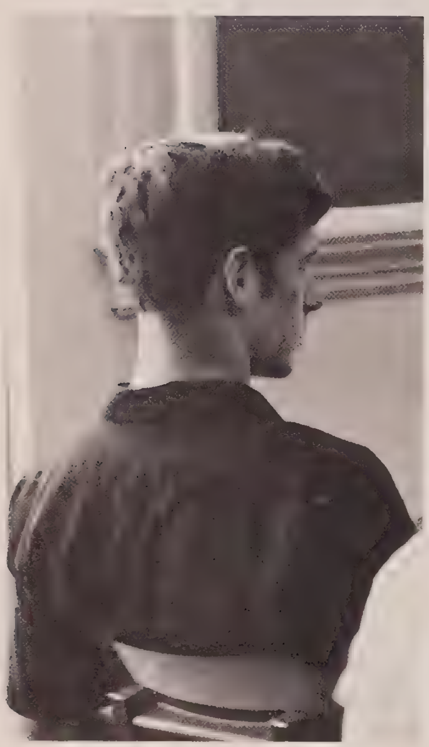

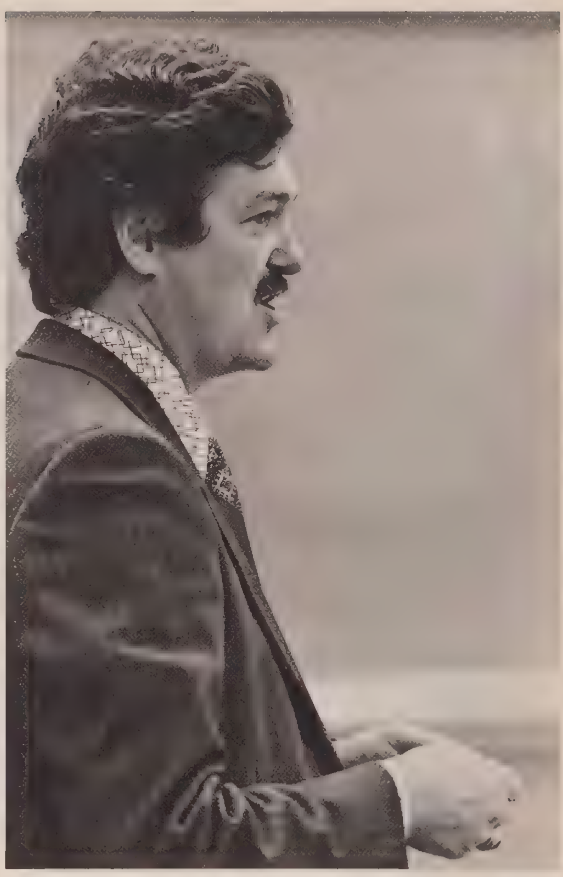

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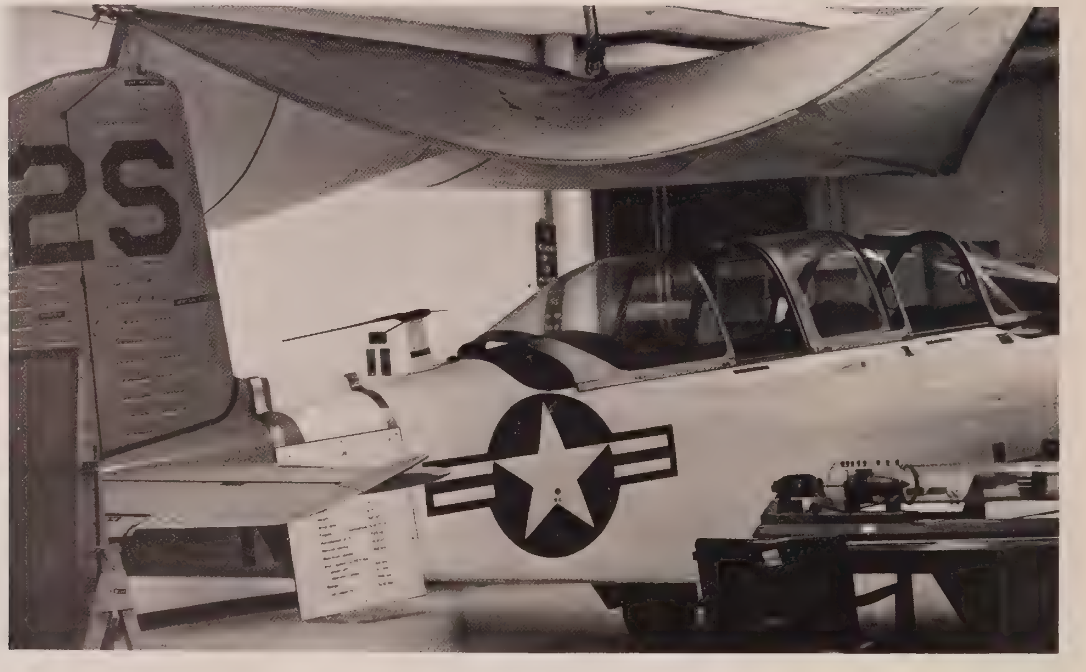
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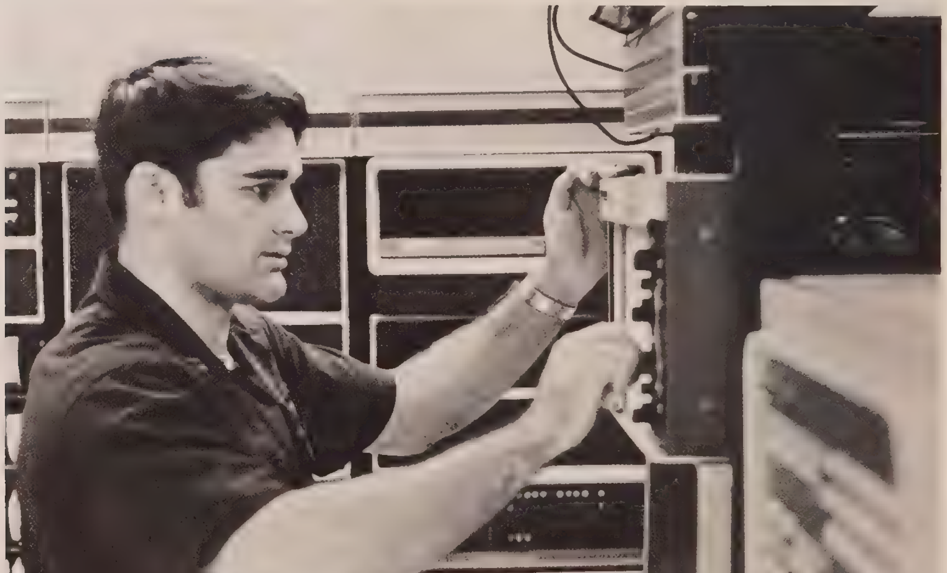
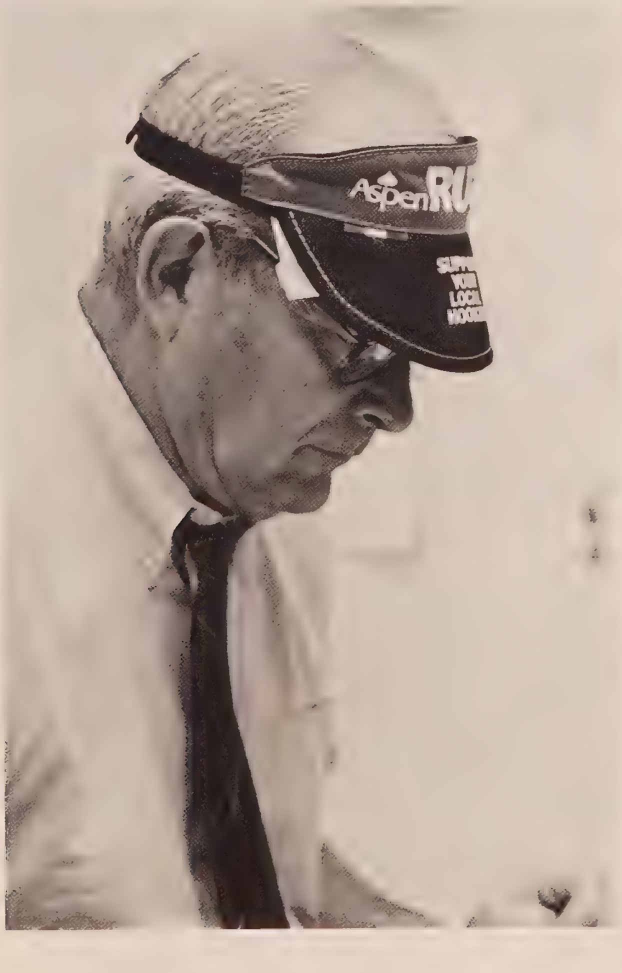
S.COPELAND

J.L.STRIDE

W.S.SOOTER

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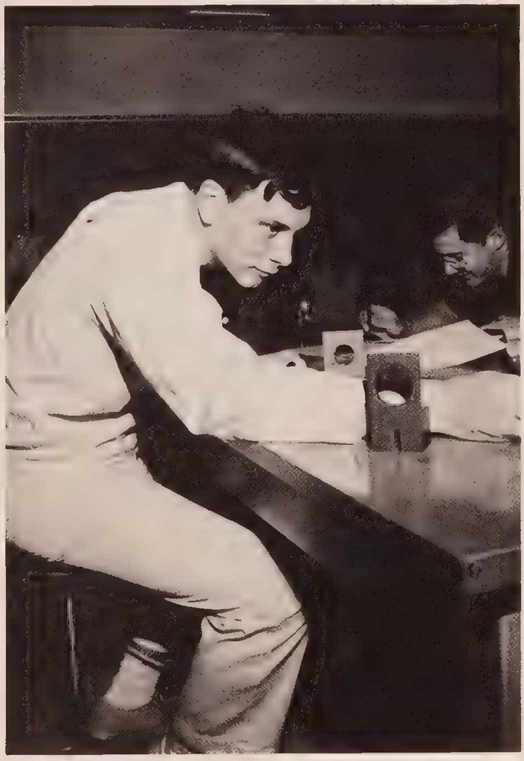
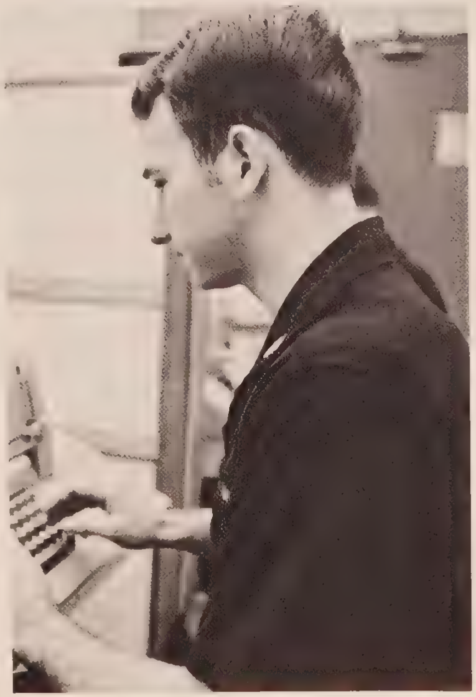
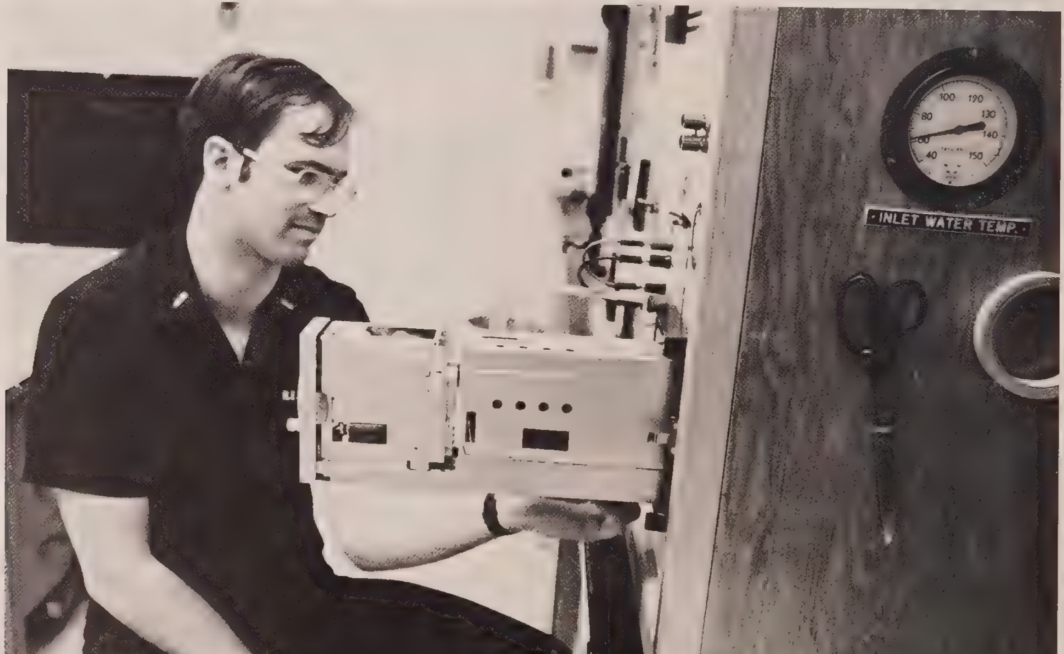


JOHNSON

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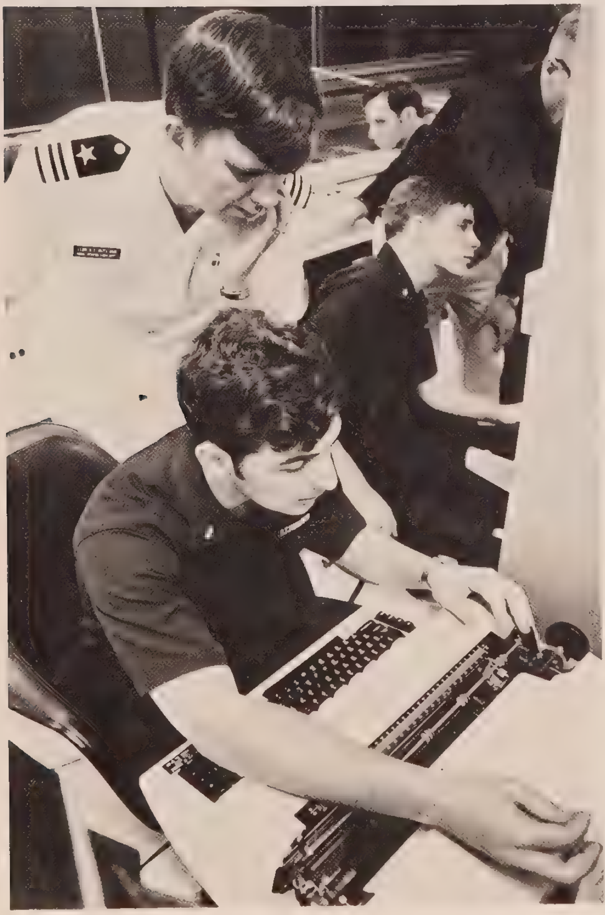

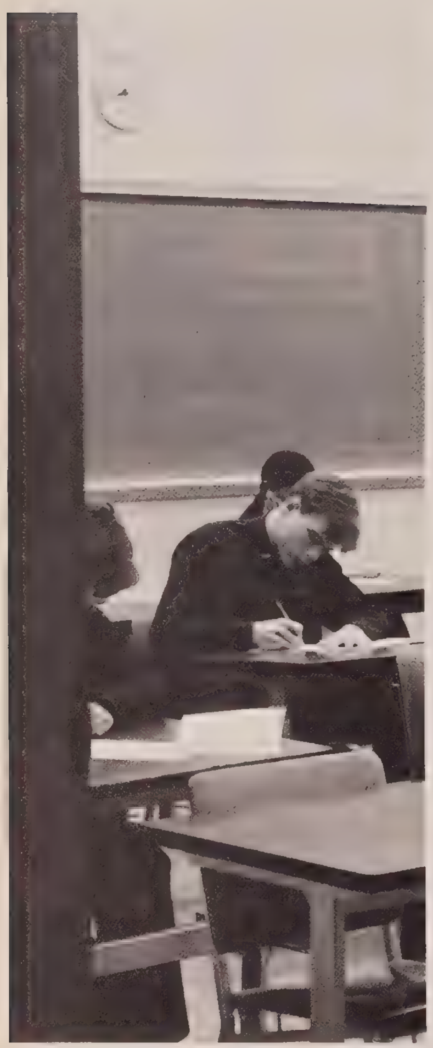

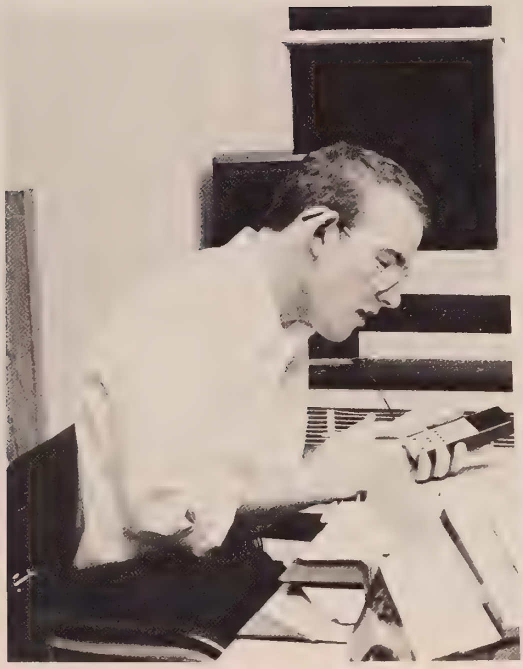

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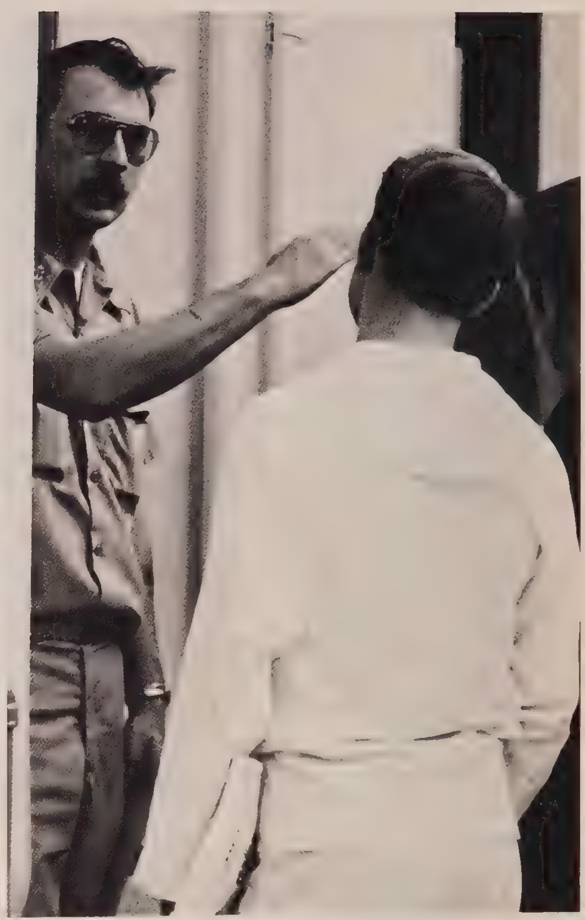

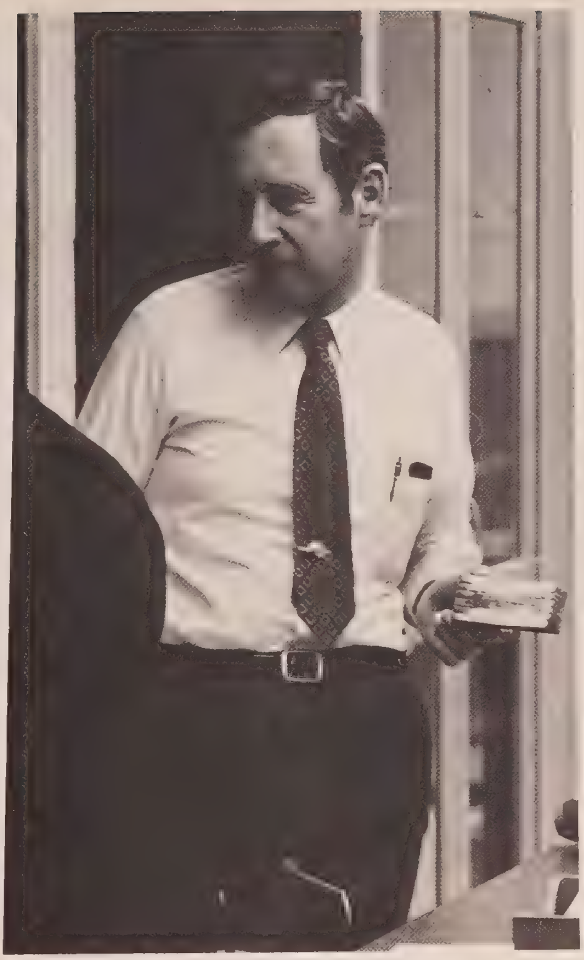

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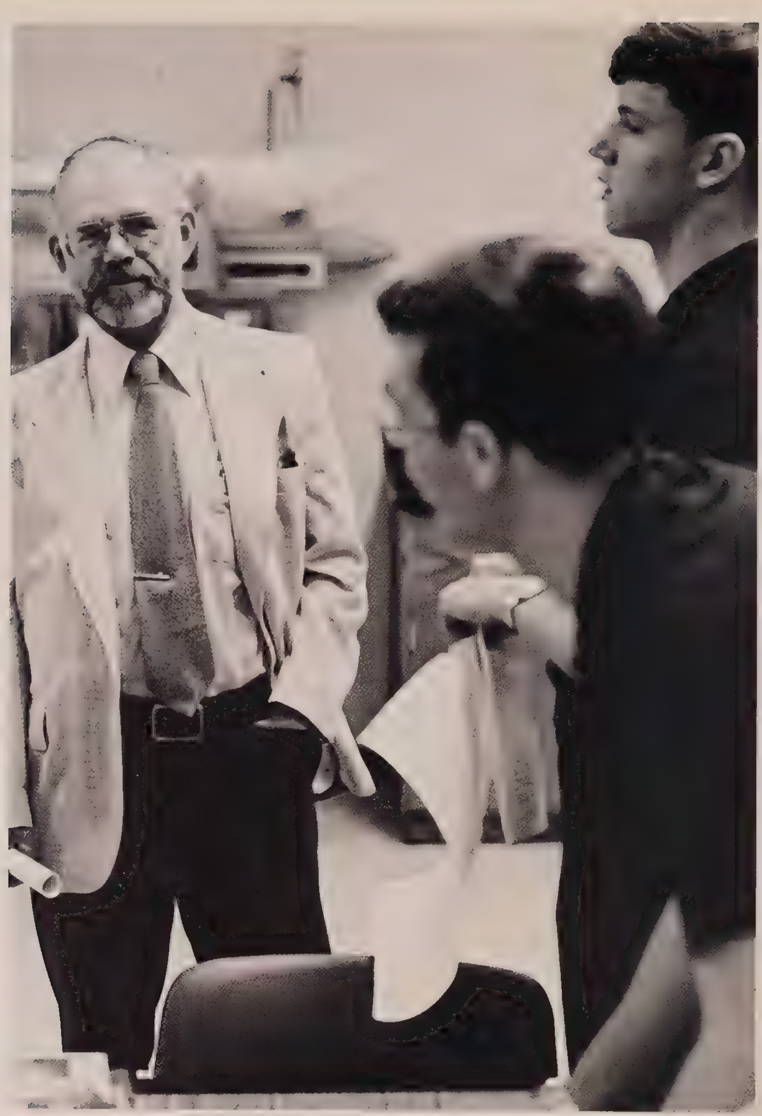

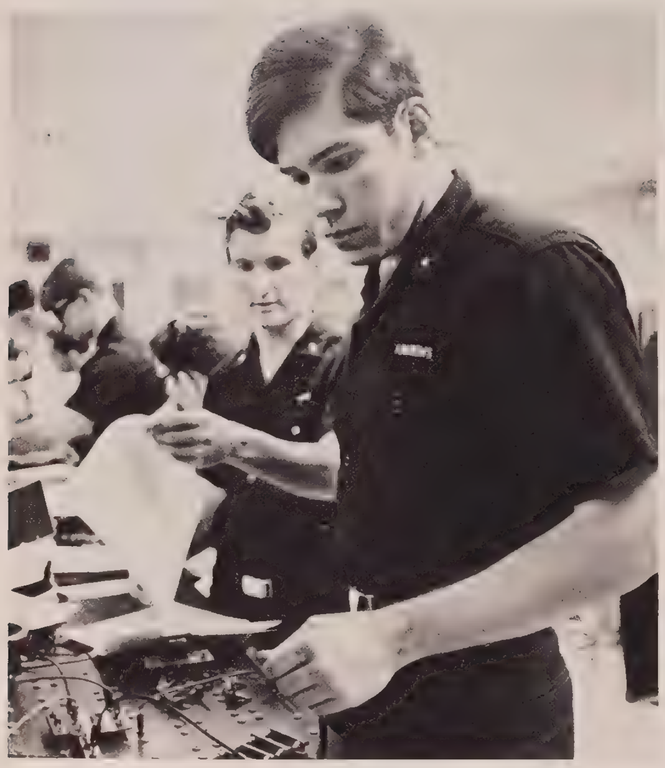

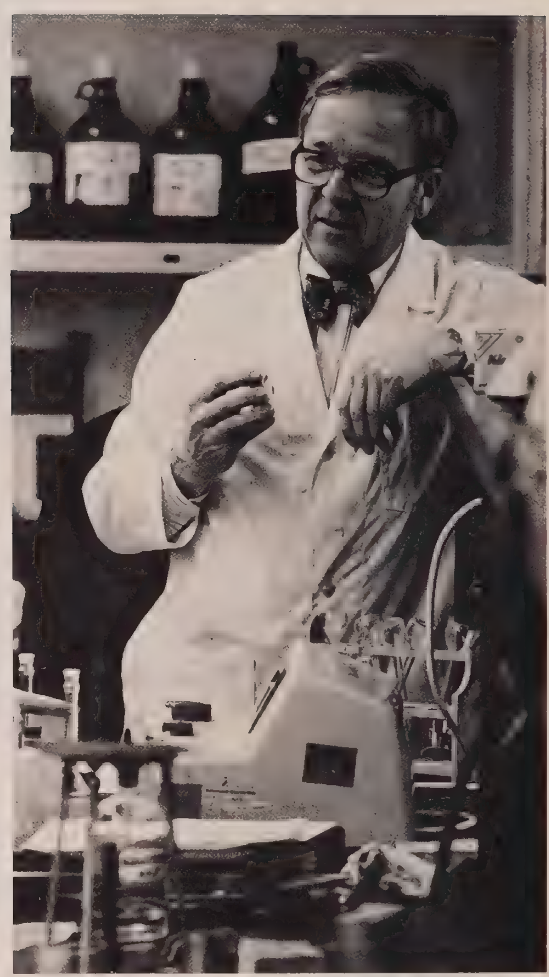

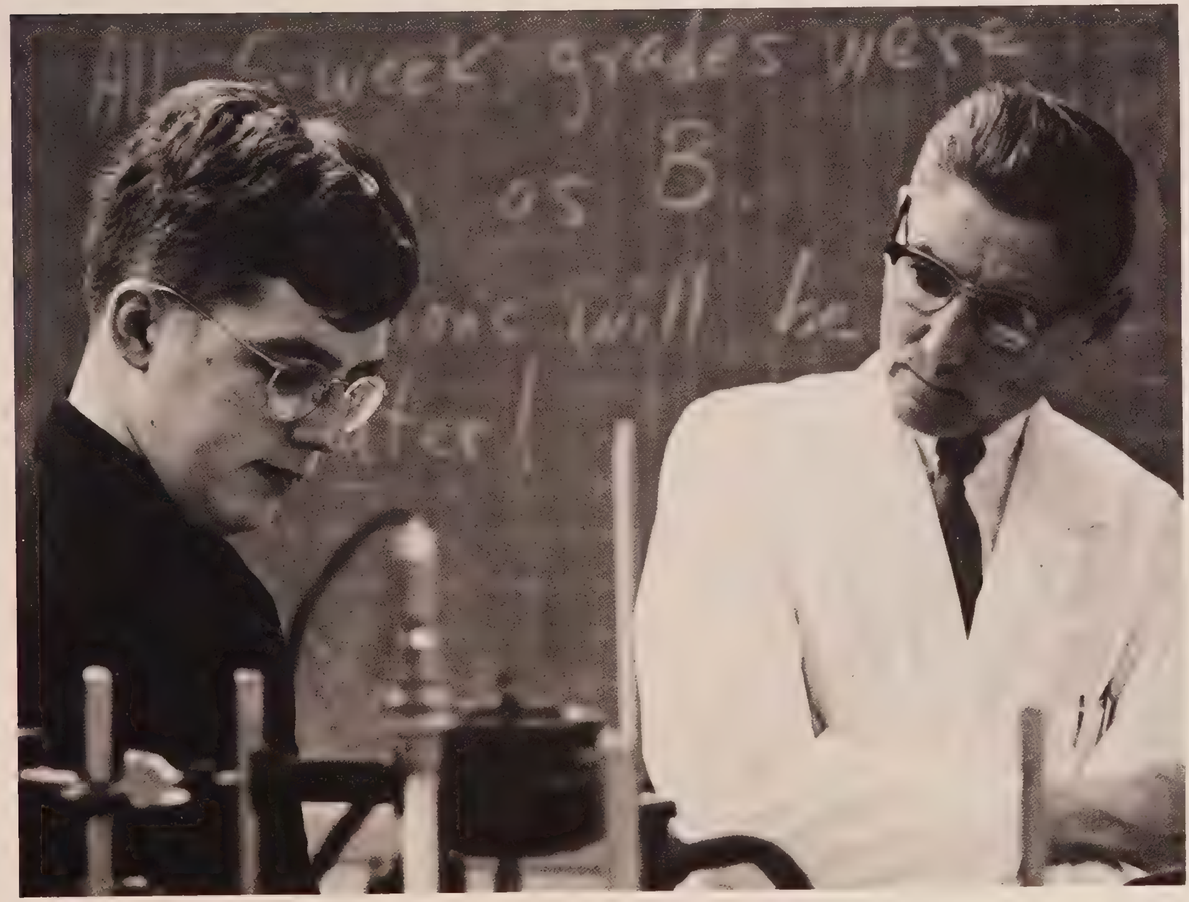
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NAVY-MARYLAND

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QUARTER
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TIME OUTS LEFT
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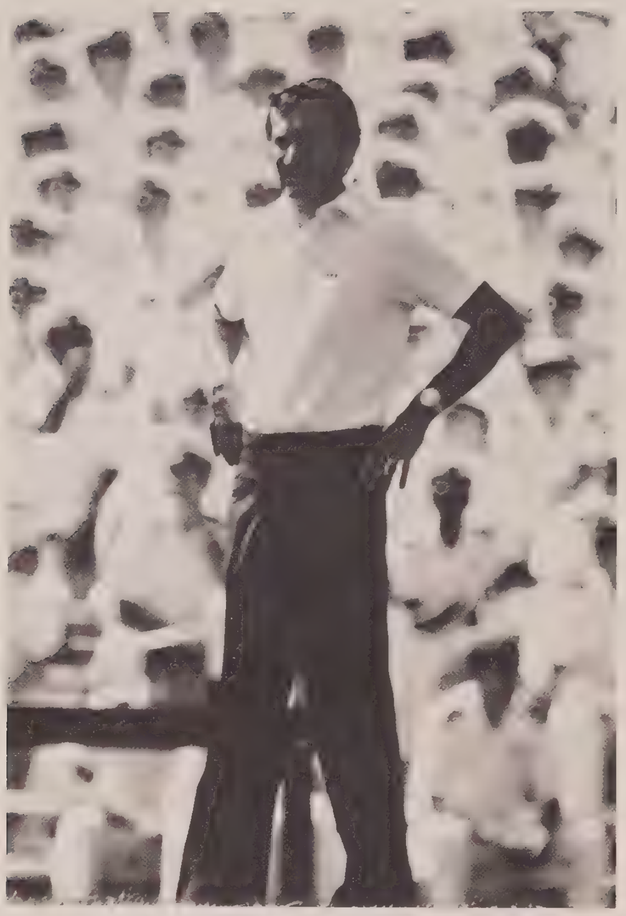
NAVY
Carol Fairchild



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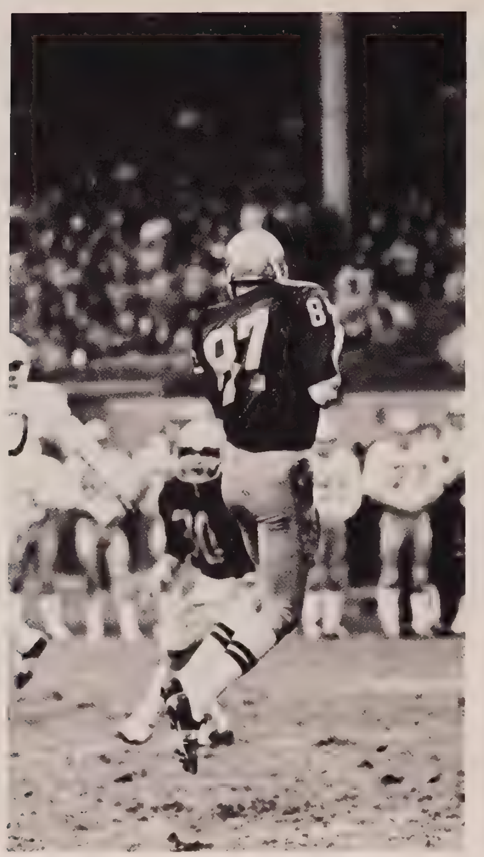
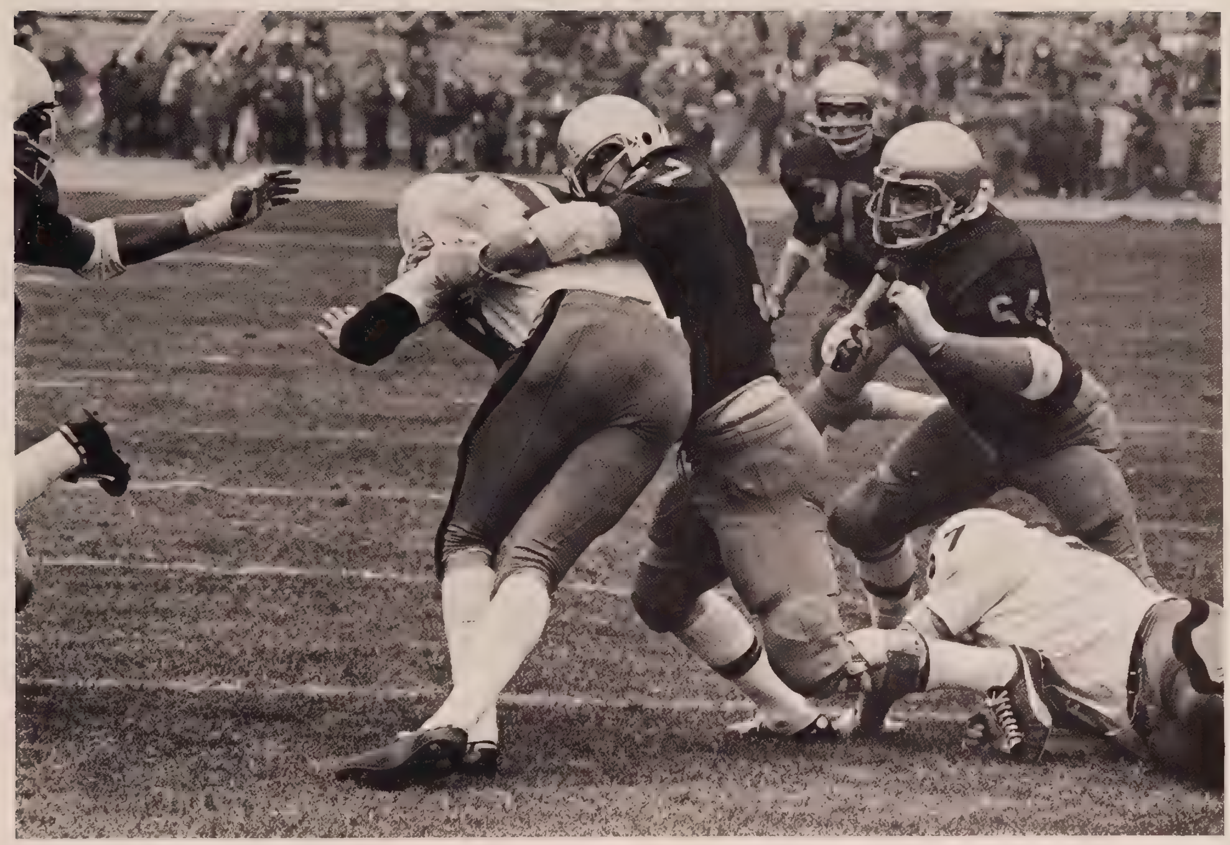
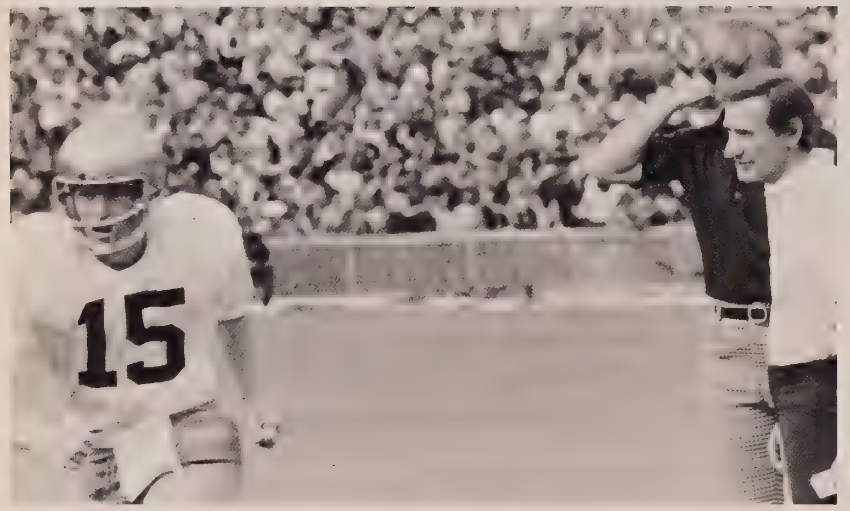
FOOTBALL



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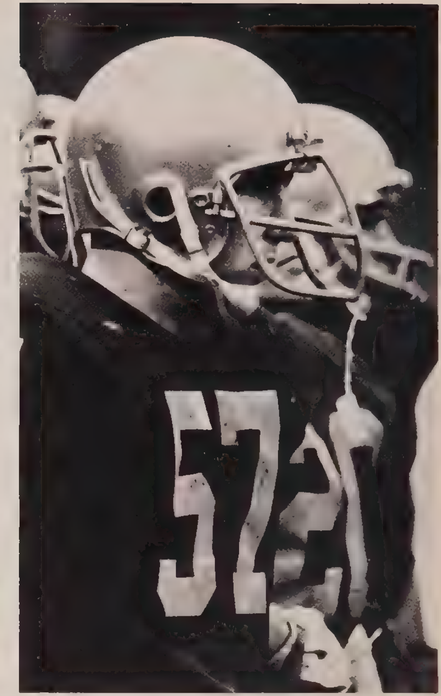
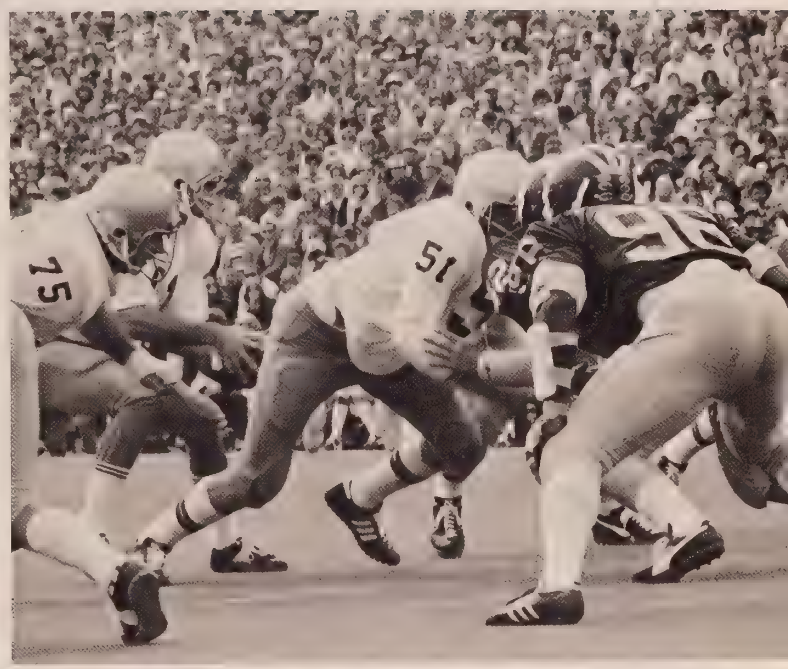

57

EAR T E ENT
ANI OL S
6
55
CORE



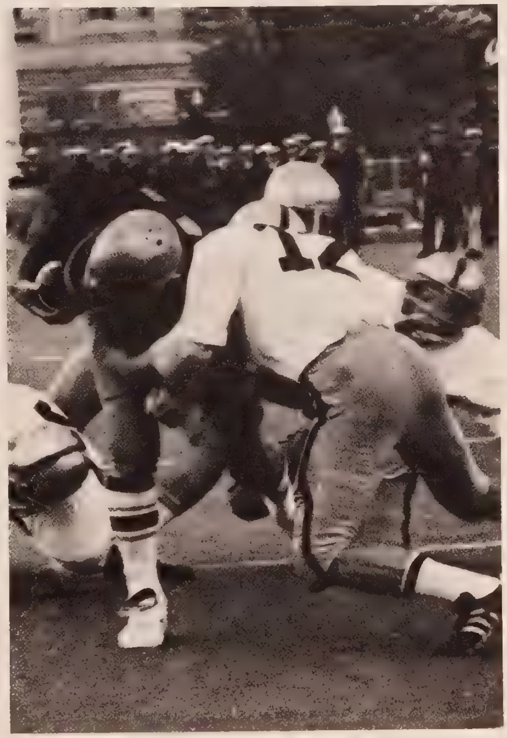
SOCCER

NAVY
SOCCER

H
H
H

23

150 LB.
FOOTBALL



16

71

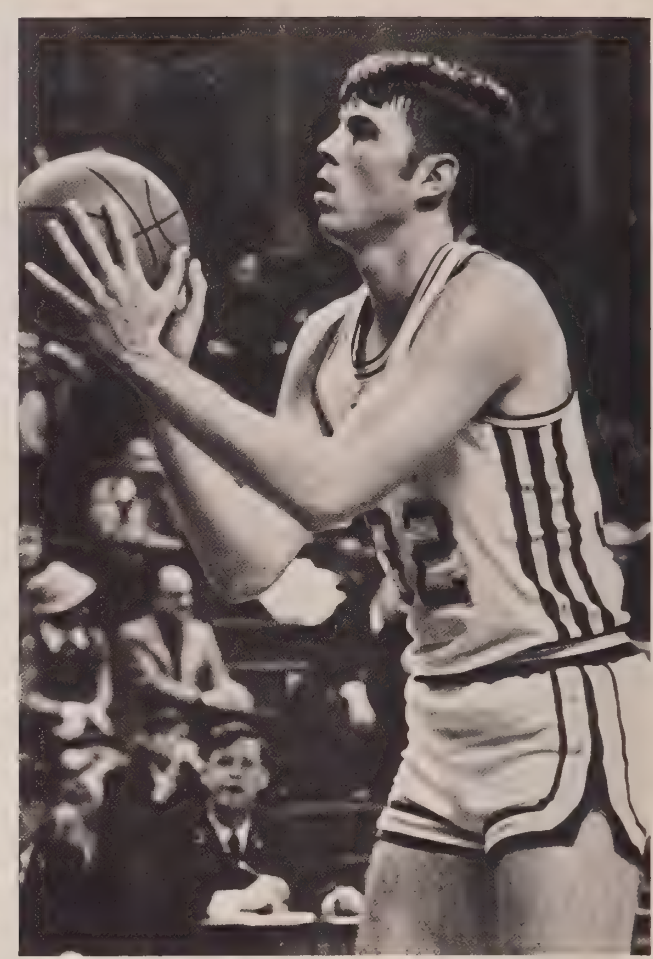
CROSS COUNTRY

NAVY
15
NAVY
678

NAVY
676
NAVY

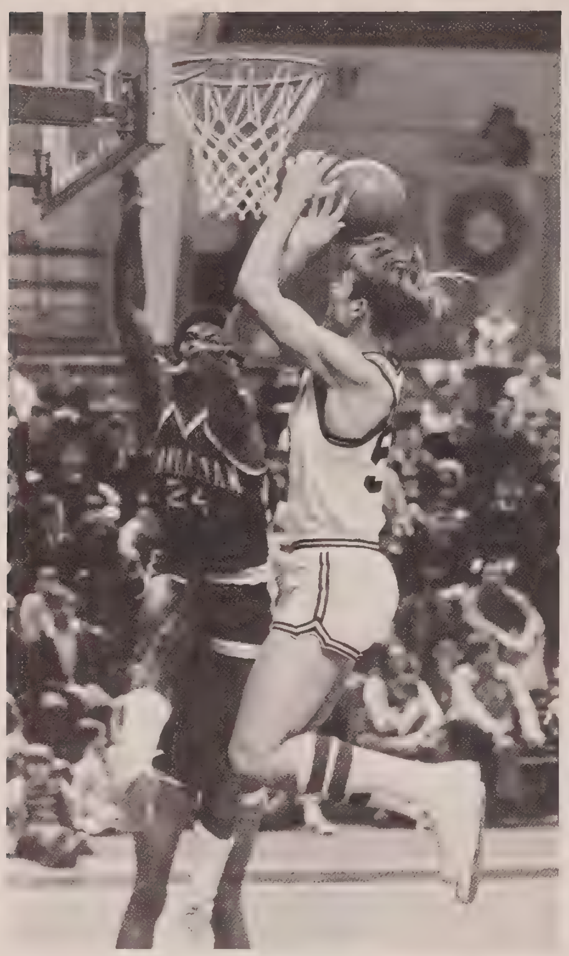
NAVY
680
676

BASKETBALL



NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
34
NAVY
24
NAVY

WEST
4
NA
WEST POINT
54


24

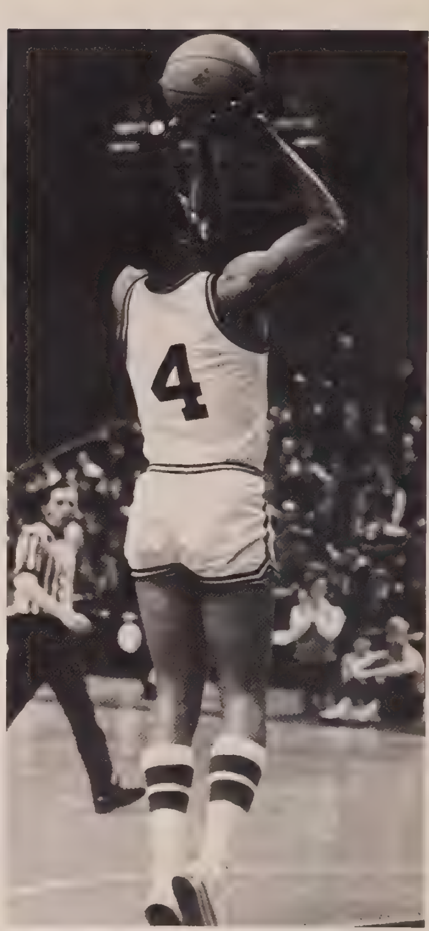
MANHATTAN
5

24
WASHINGTON
13

NAVY
24

42
25
11

24
NAVY
32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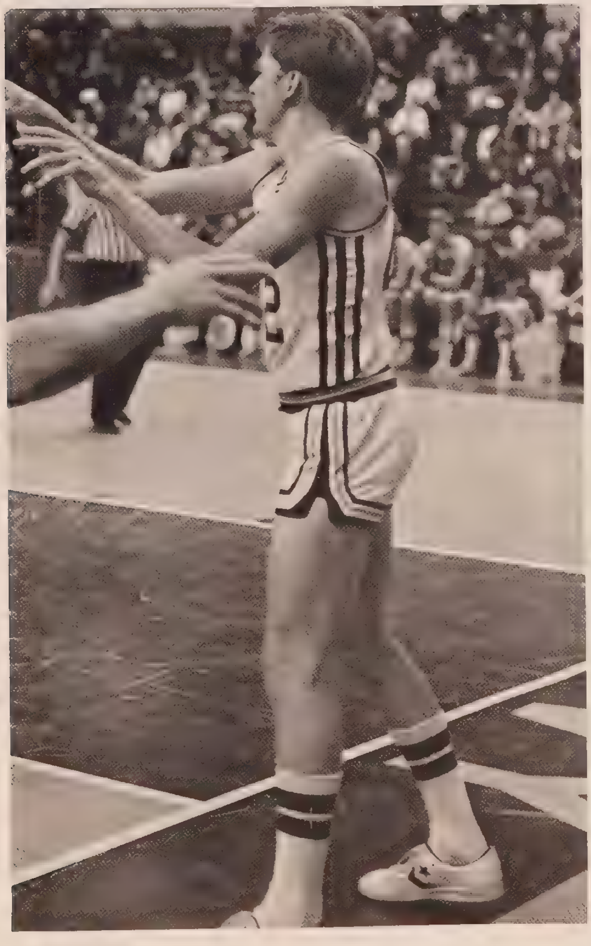
MANHATTA
20
11
5

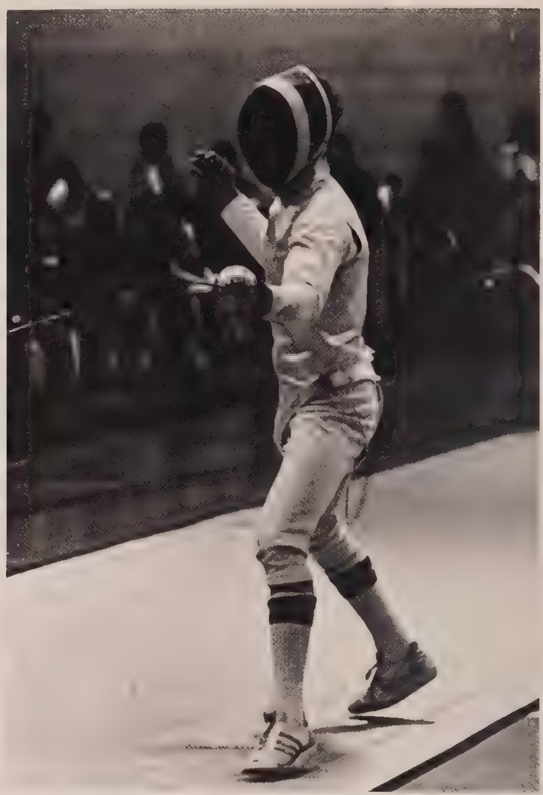
NAVY

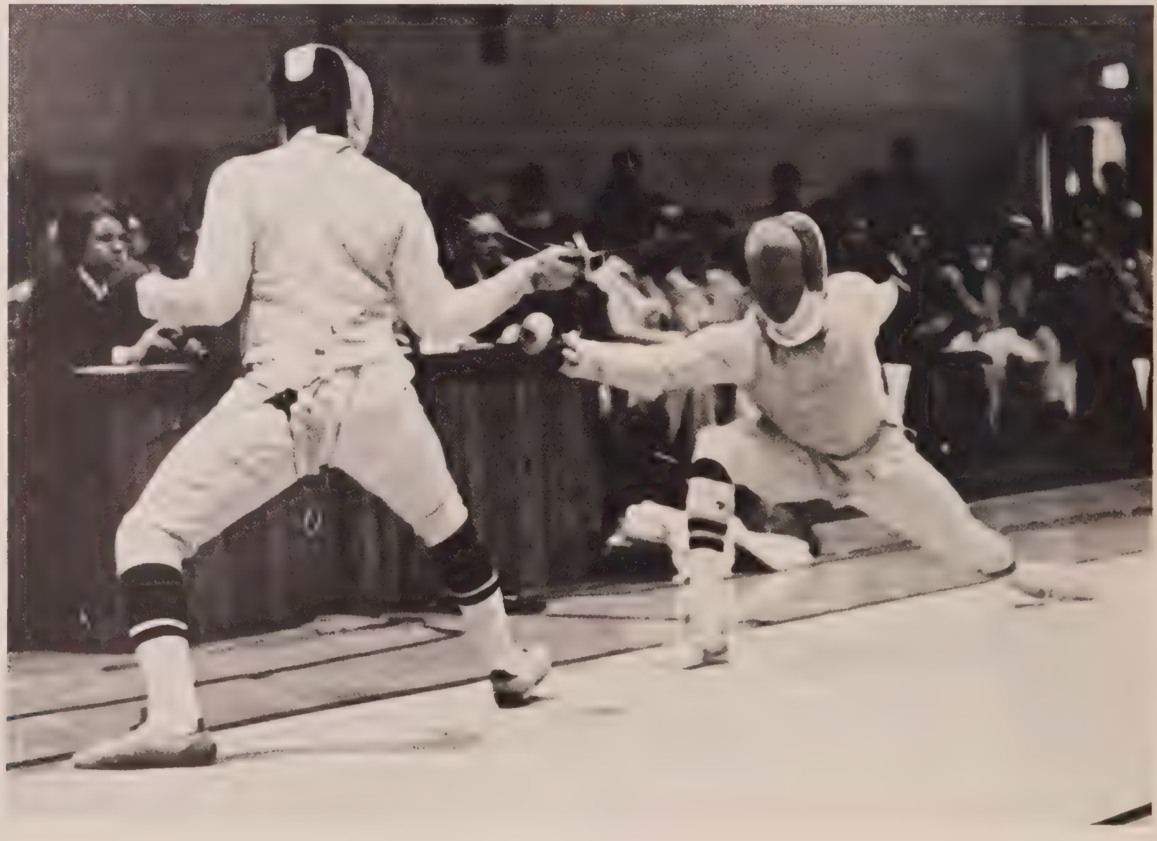
NAVY
NAVY

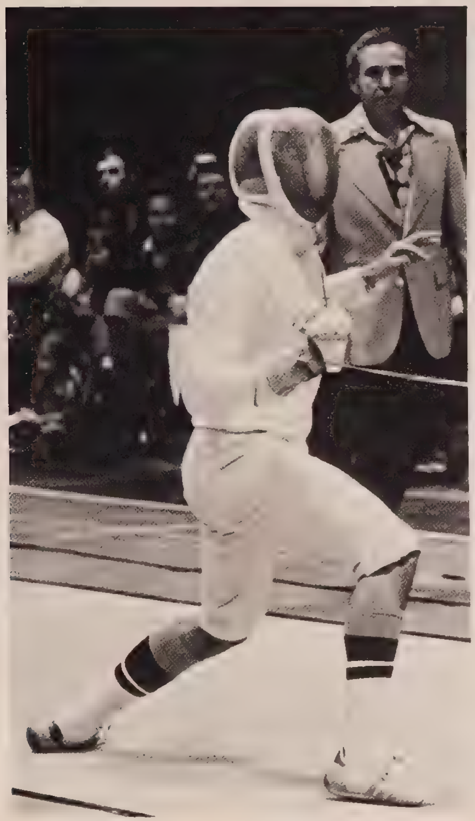


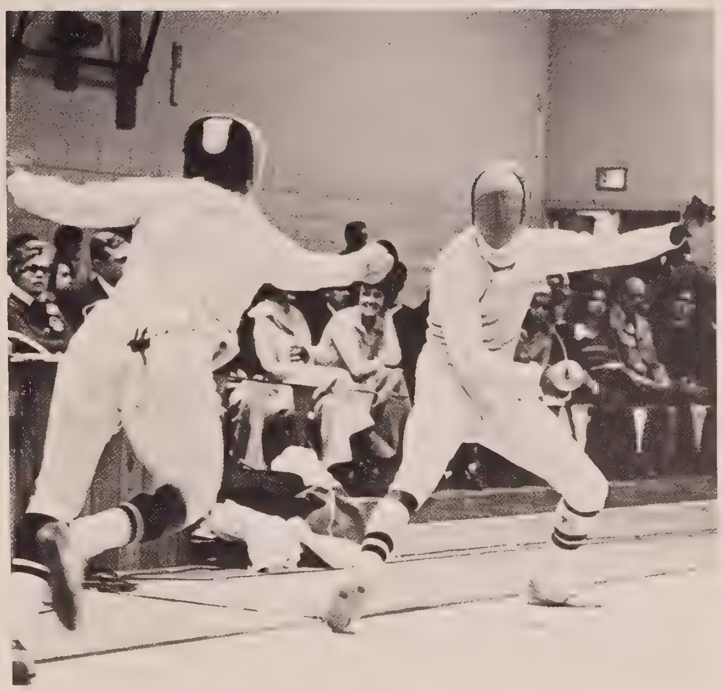
NAVY
32
43

FENCING





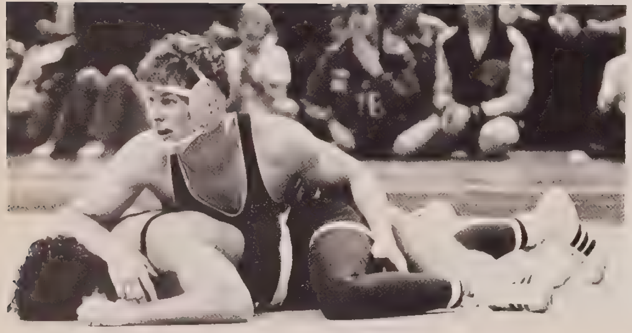


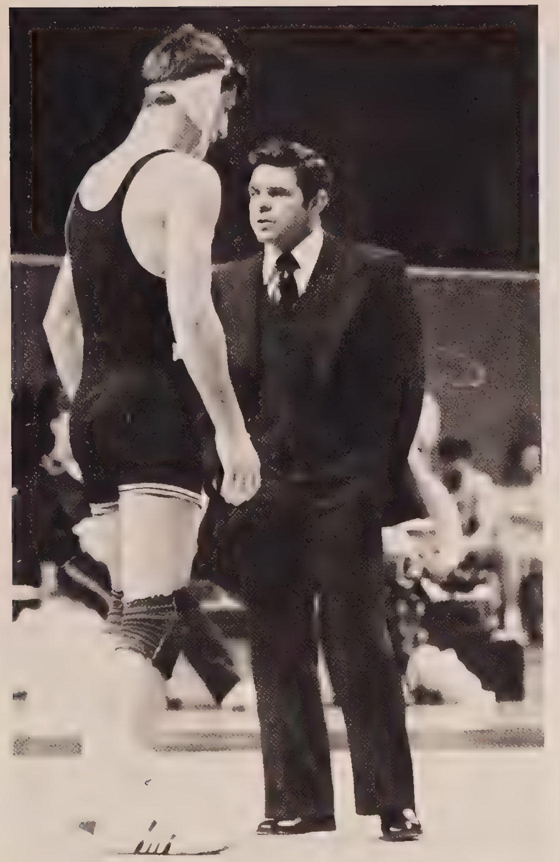


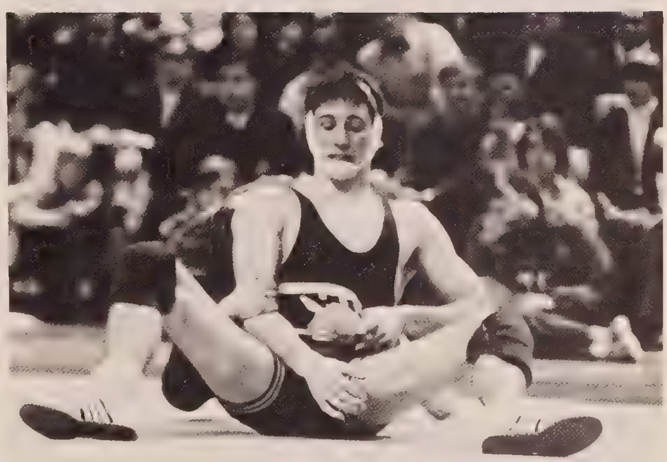
GYMNASTICS

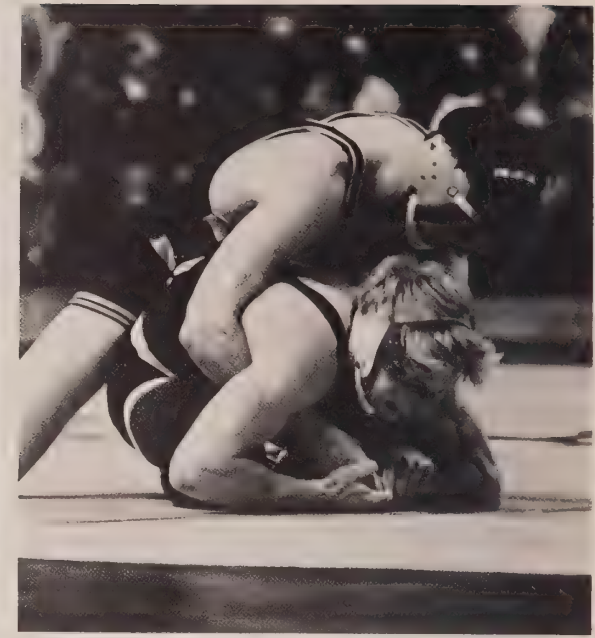
NISSEN

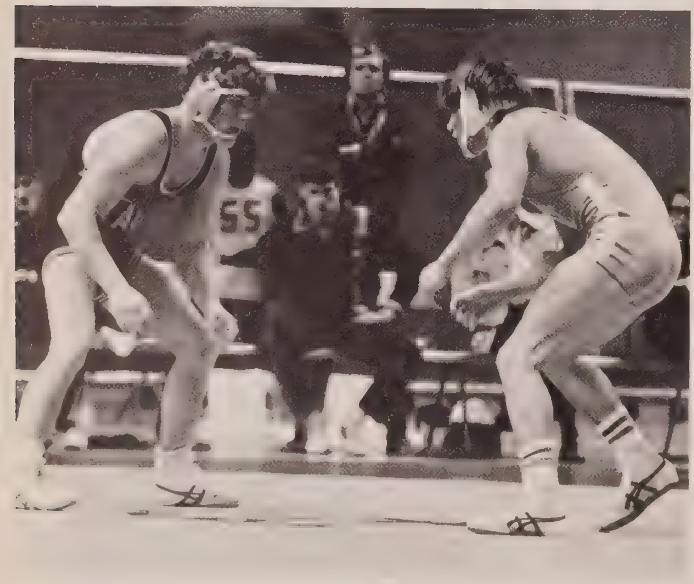
WRESTLING











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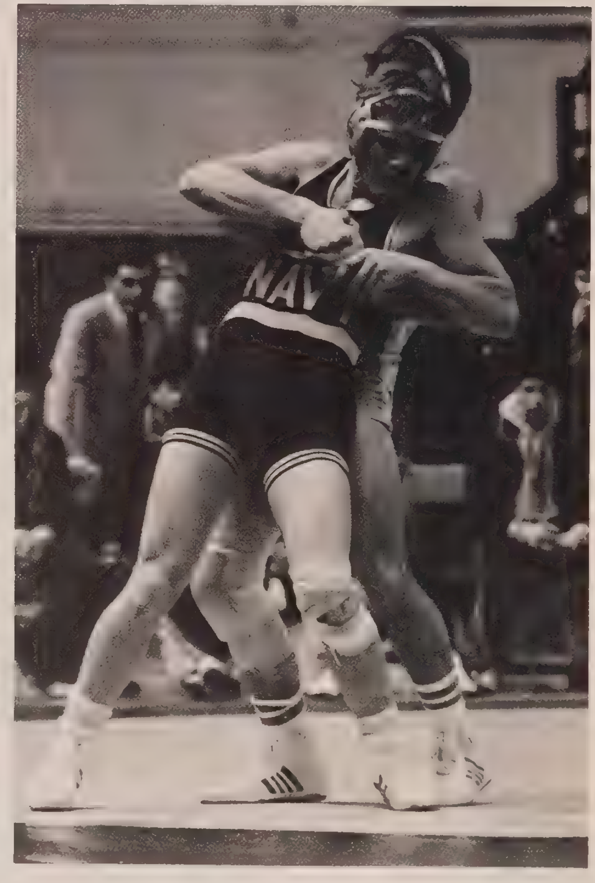

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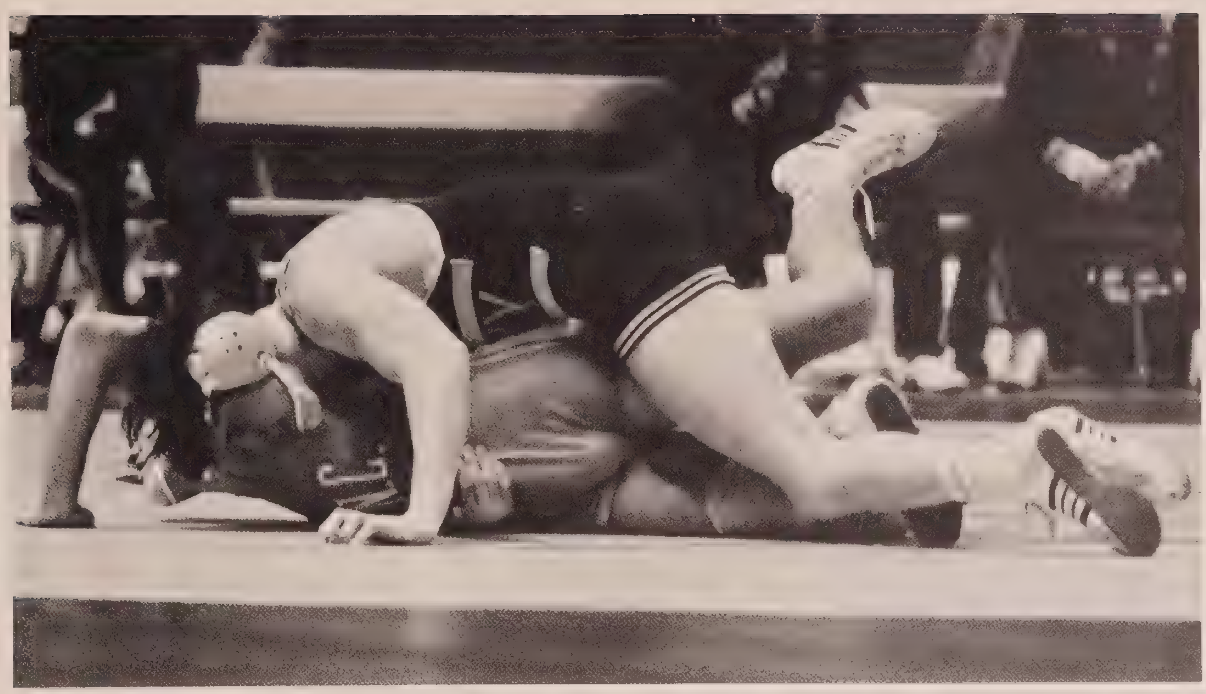
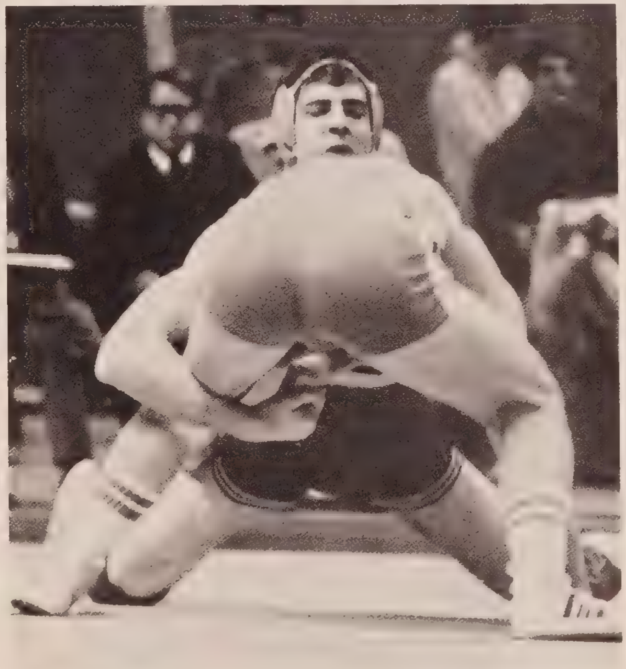
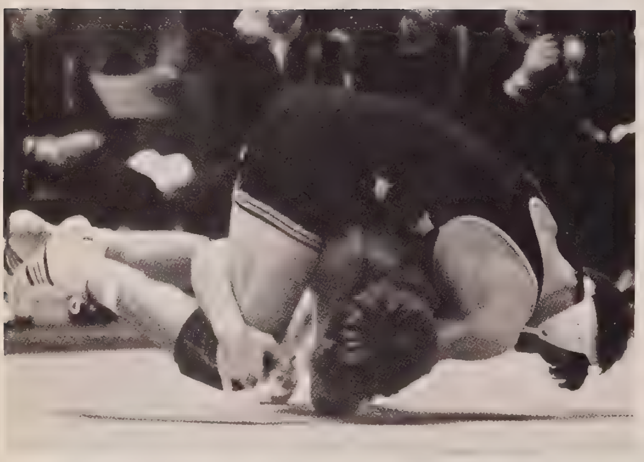
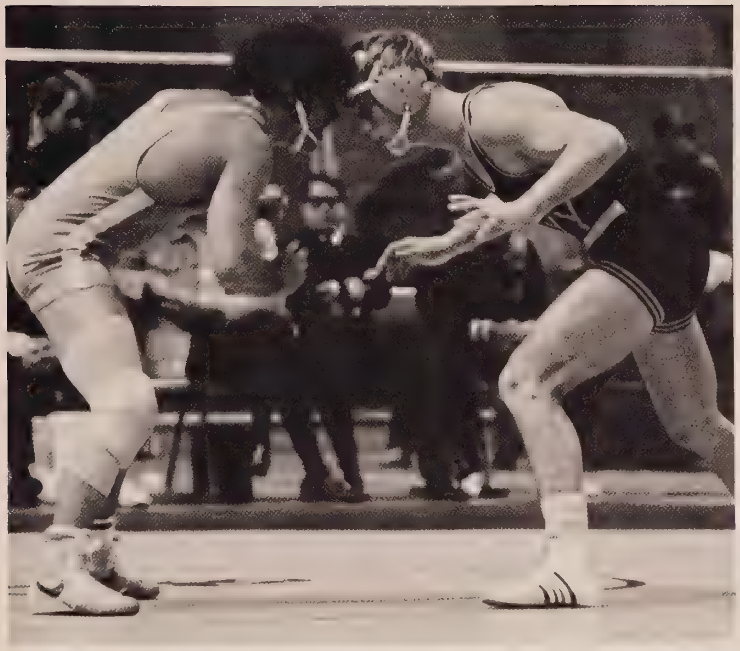
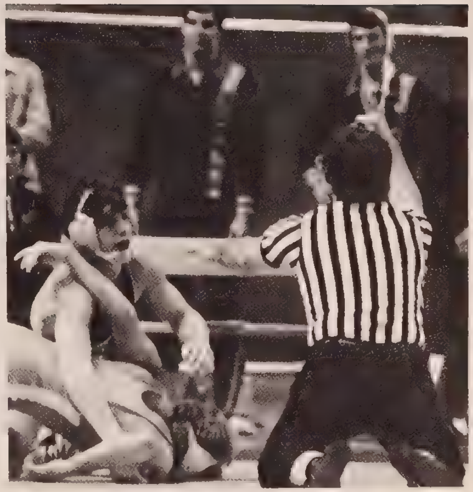


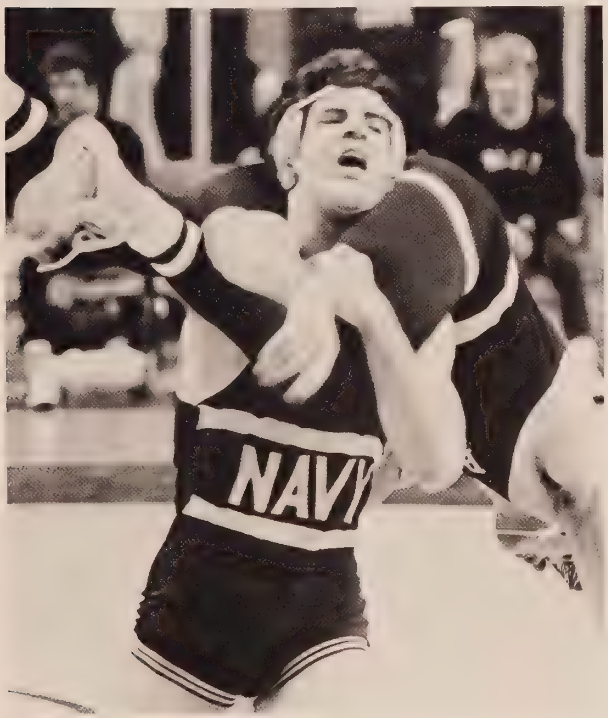
PENN
STATE







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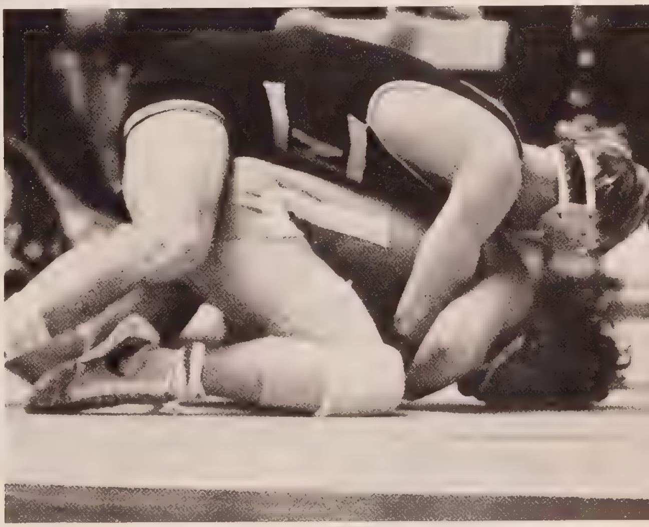
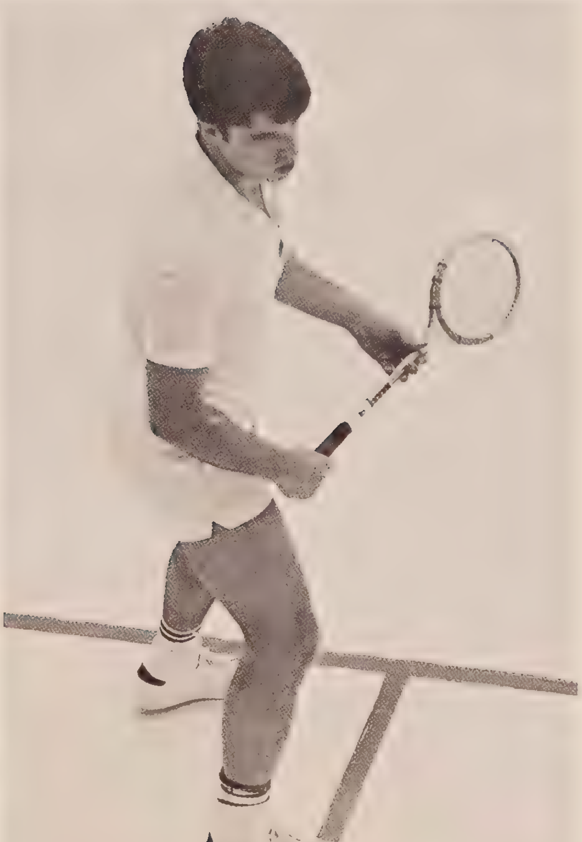


RIFLE

PISTOL

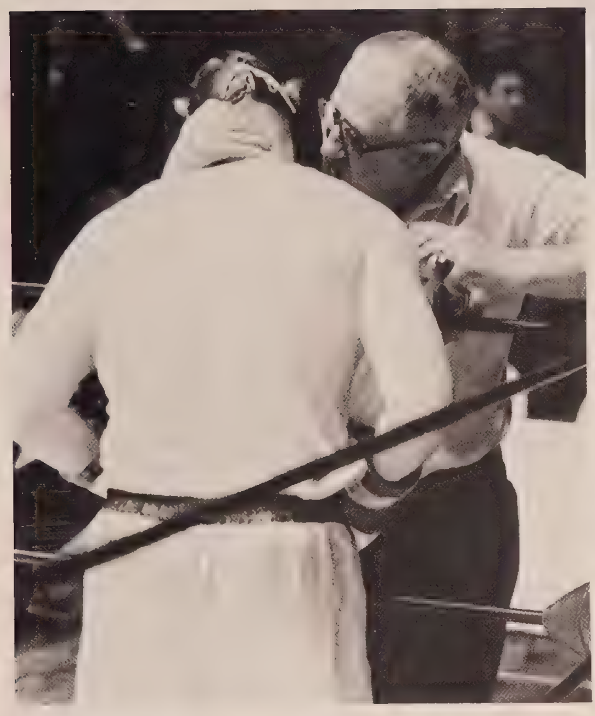
ICE HOCKEY

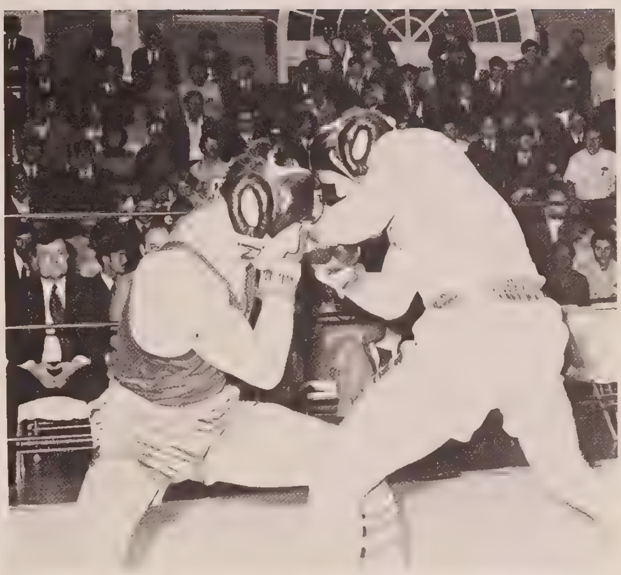
SQUASH



BRIGADE BOXING

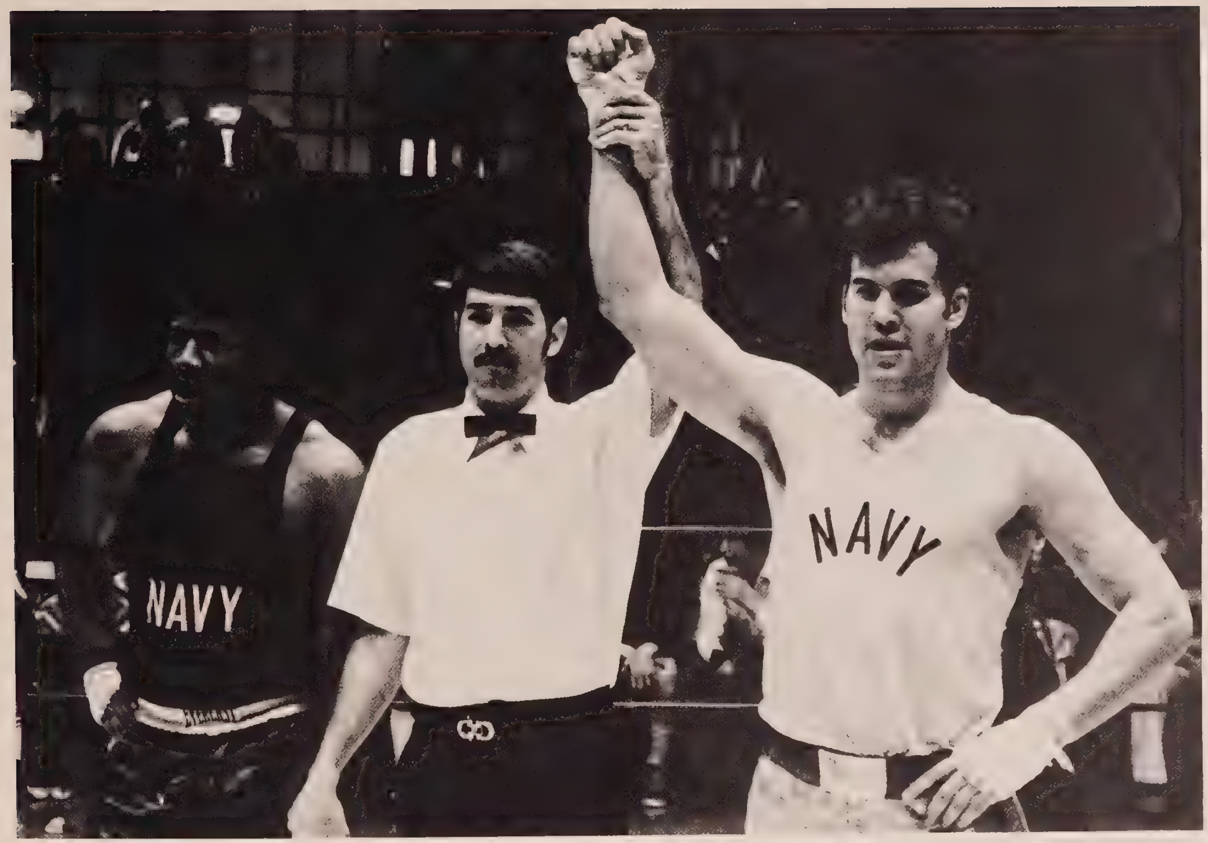
DANNY
CHRIS

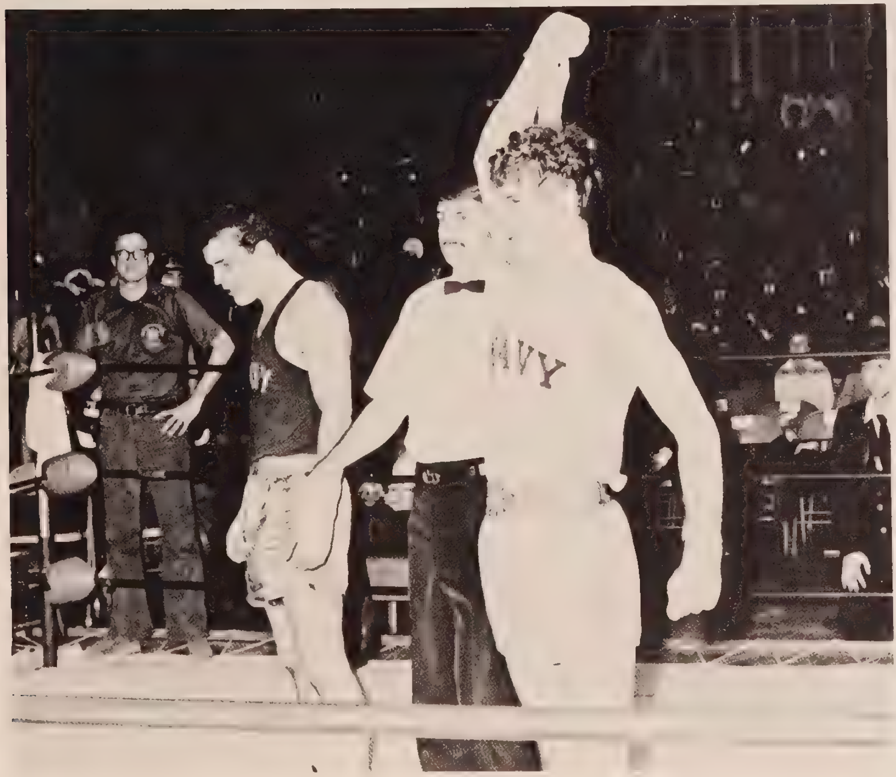




SPRINGFIELD

NAVY


NAVY
NAVY


NAVY

TRACK & FIELD

Navy

Navy

Navy
ARMY
Navy
ARMY

Navy

Navy

Navy

Navy

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ARMY
Navy
ARMY
Navy
ARMY

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ARMY

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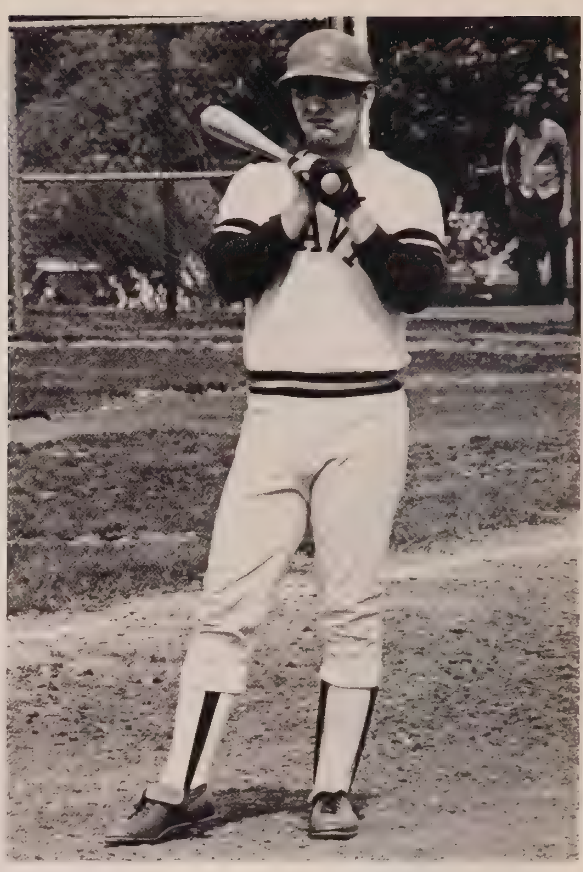
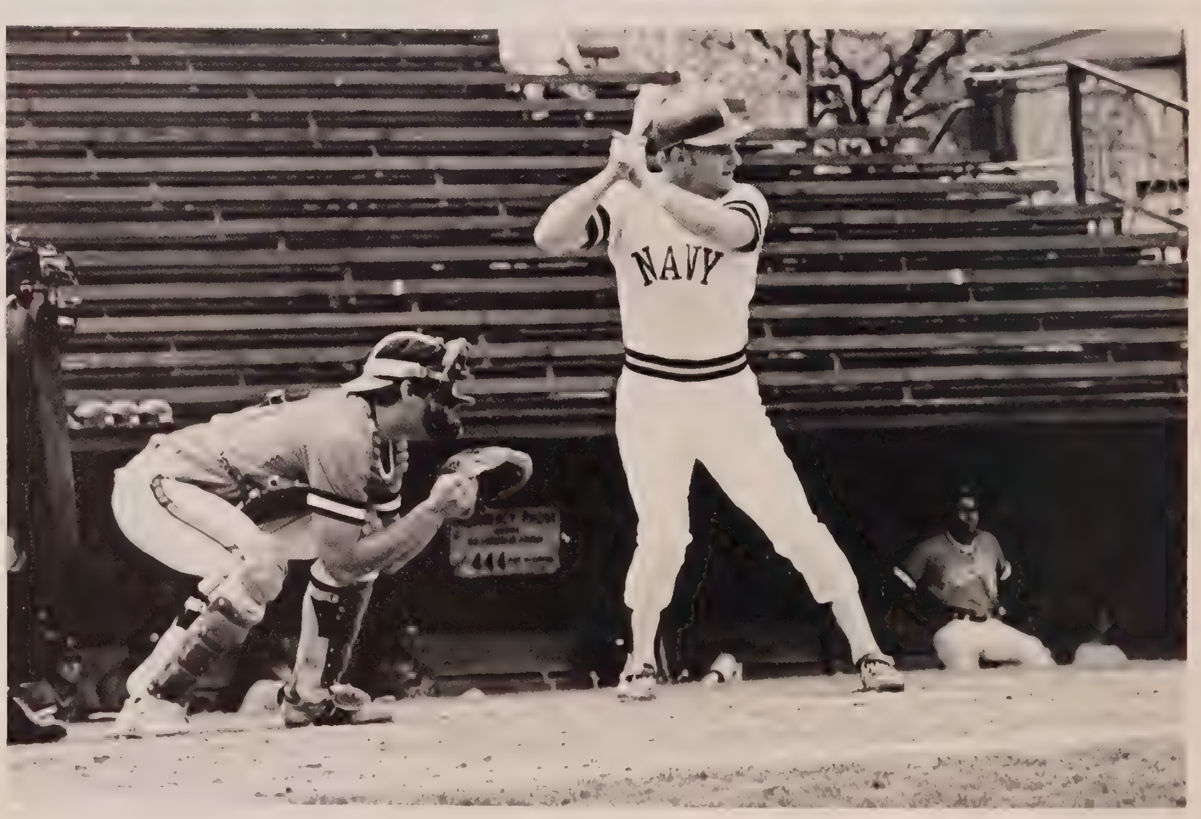
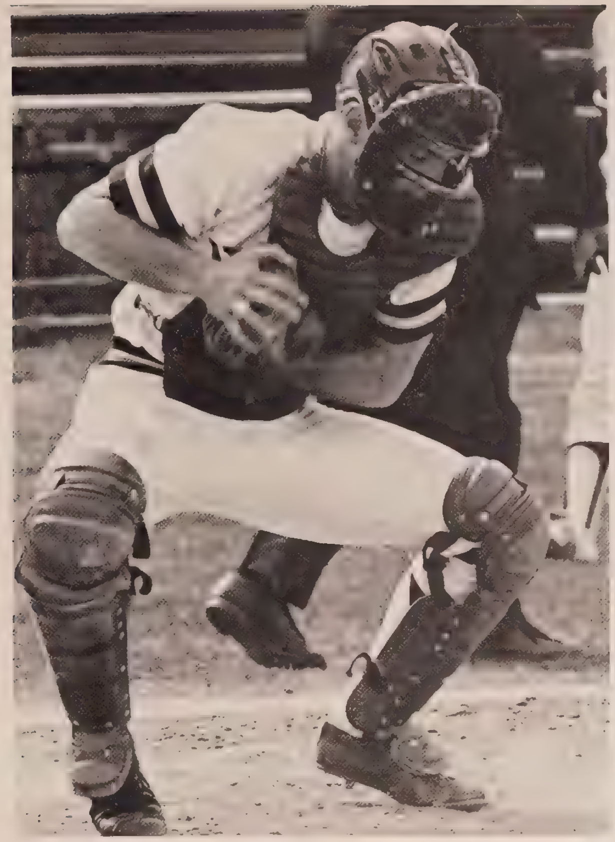
ARMY

Navy

BASEBALL







TENNIS

GOLF

SAILING

GUERRIÉRE
UNITED STATES
NAVAL ACADEMY

NA 2
NA 2
NA 5
NA 12
NA 12

13972
13972

MISTRAL

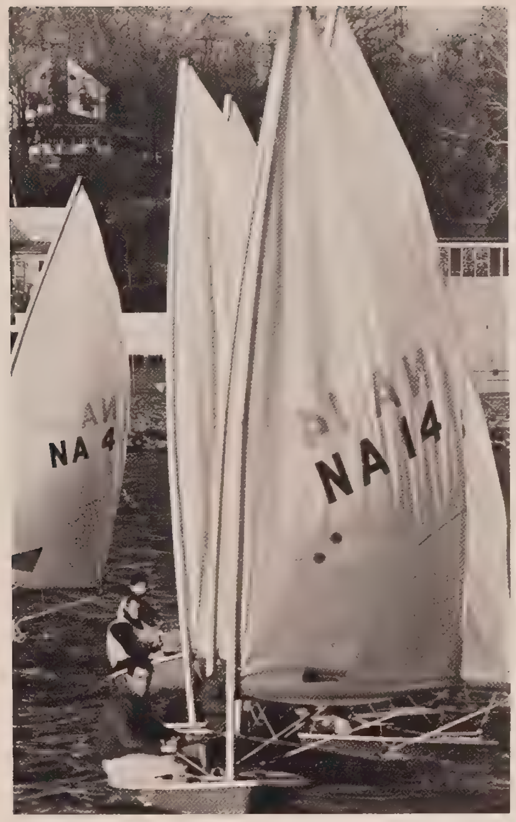
420
NA 6
420
NA 5
420
NA 21
NA 14
NA 4
NA 3
420
NA 9

NA 4

13000
13000

MISTRAL

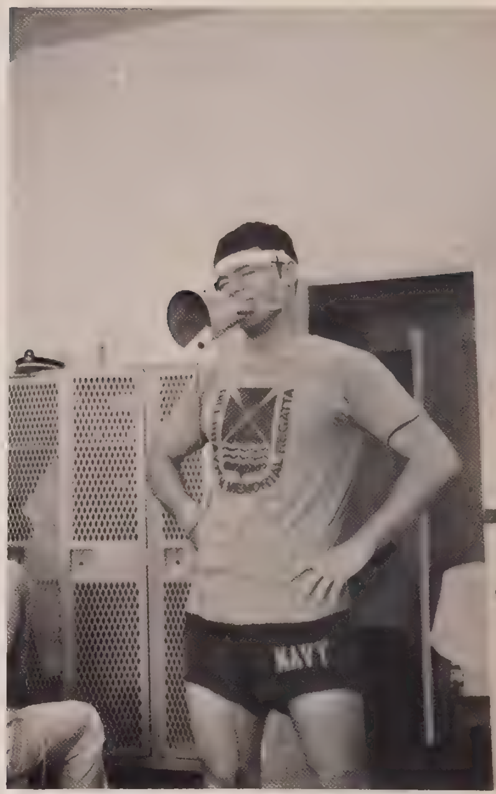
NA 3
NA 8
NA 9
24


NA 4
NA 14

DAVID W TAYLO

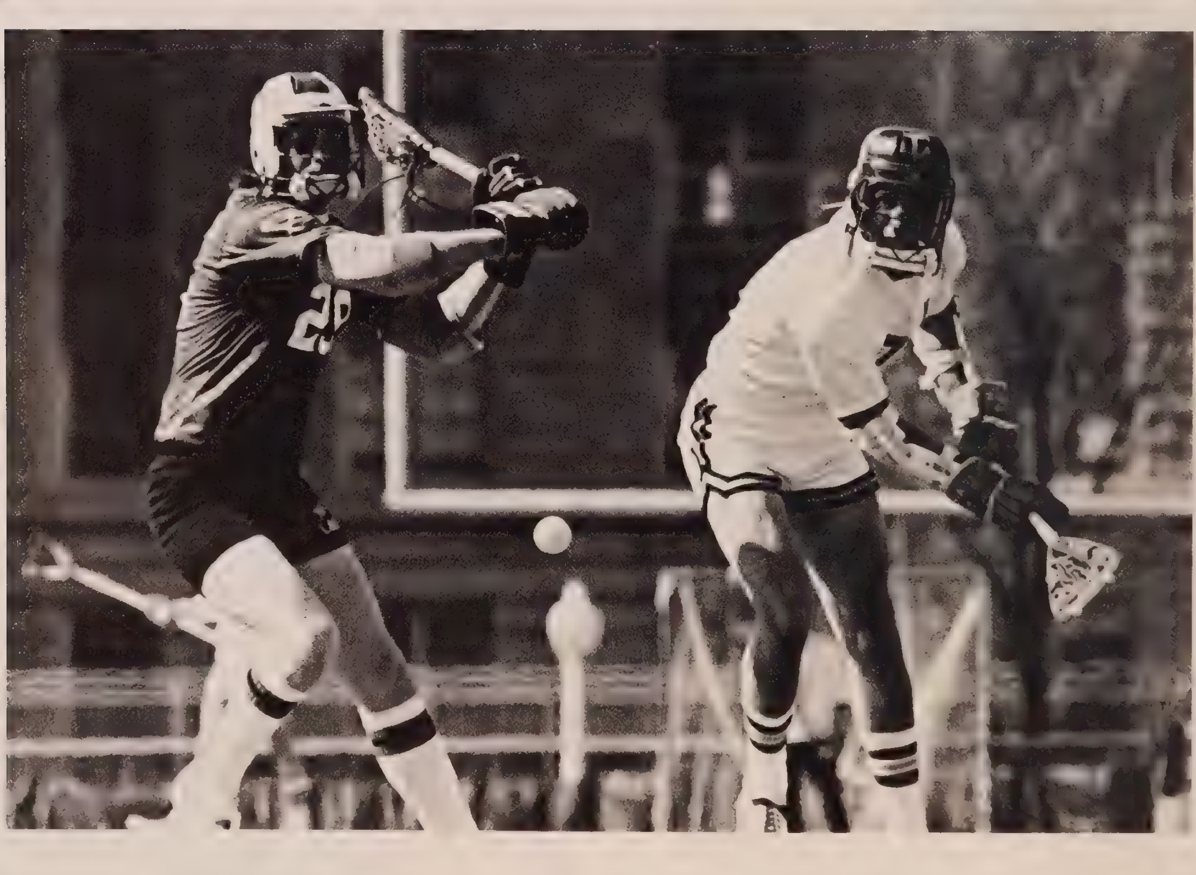
NA 19
NA 24

CREW


MEMORIAL REGATTA
NAVY

6
NAVY

12
22
NAVY

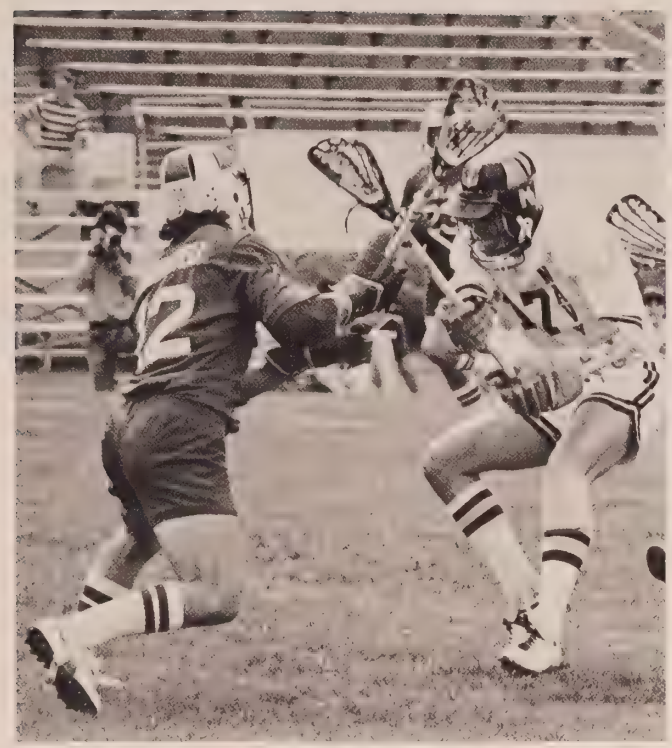

28

LACROSSE

MARYLAND
32
10
NAVY

HOFSTRA
35
NA
11

HOFSTRA
HOFSTRA
22
10


12
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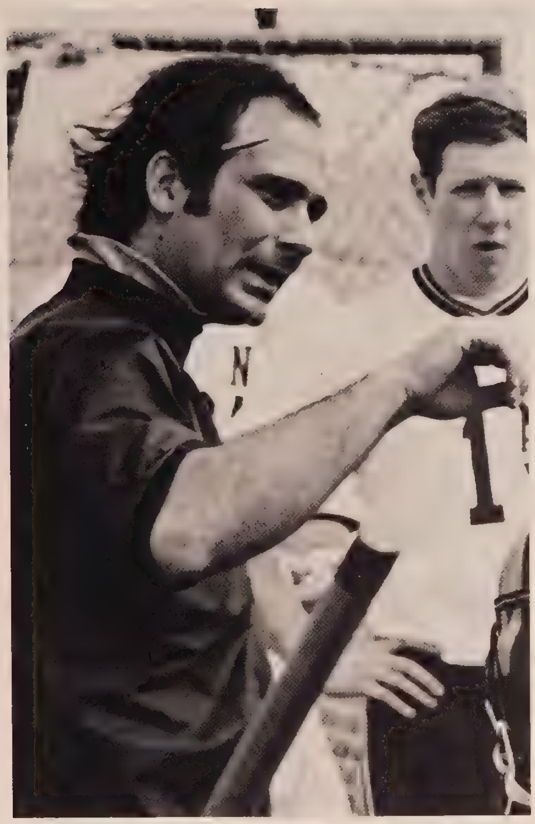
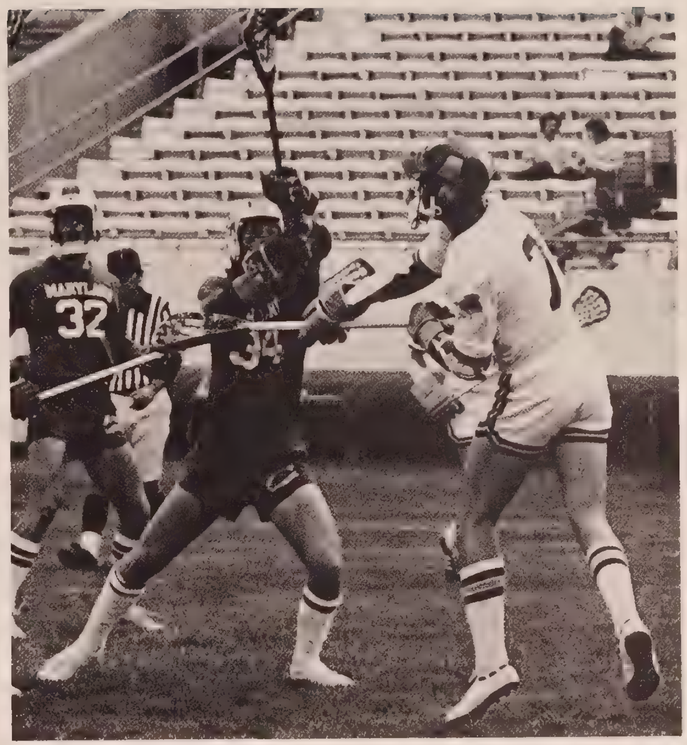
29
38
34

MARYLAND
35
NAVY
23
NAVY

MARYLAND
28
13
N
A
V
Y


N
1


MARYLAND
32
34

NAVY
12

28

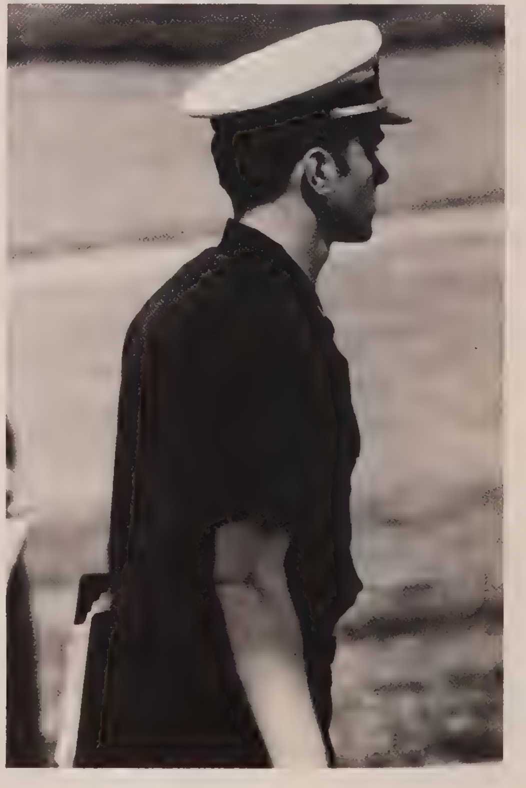
TEAM RECORDS

BASEBALL 18-10-2
BASKETBALL 13-11
CROSS COUNTRY 7-5
FENCING 3-5
150 LB. FOOTBALL 4-2
FOOTBALL 4-7
GOLF 7-3
GYMNASTICS 7-5
LACROSSE 10-5
PISTOL 12-0
RIFLE 8-3
SOCCER 6-3-3
SQUASH 13-4
SWIMMING 9-1
TENNIS 15-6
INDOOR TRACK 11-2
TRACK & FIELD 0-2
WRESTLING 12-6

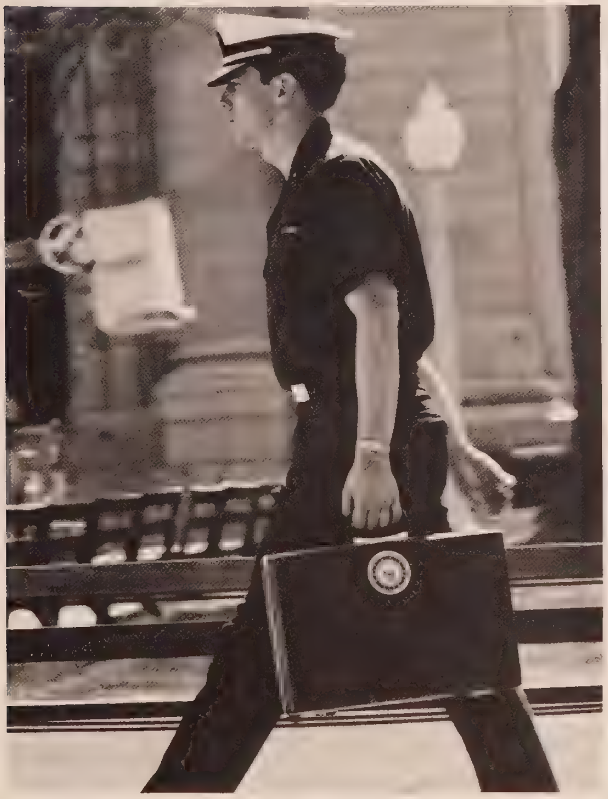
INDIVIDUAL ATHLETIC HONORS

BASEBALL	Prentiss Hall, Eastern League All-Star (1st and 2nd team)
	Scott Thomas, Eastern League All-Star (2nd team)
	Bruce Buck, Eastern League All-Star (2nd team)
	Mike Mullikin, Eastern League All-Star (honorable mention)
CROSS COUNTRY	Claude Barron, All-IC4A
	Timothy Cummins, All IC4A
150 POUND FOOTBALL	Andy Cuca, All League (1st team)
	David Mickle, All-League (1st team)
	James Fawcett, All-League (1st team)
	Bob Wuestner, All-League (1st team)
FOOTBALL	Jeff Sapp, All-America (3rd team)
	Mike Galpin, All-East (honorable mention)
	Bob Leszczynski, All-East (honorable mention)
	Kevin Sullivan, All-East (honorable mention)
LACROSSE	Jeff Long, All-America (1st team)
	Skip Miller, All-America (3rd team)
	Bob Holman, All-America (honorable mention)
	Mike Chanenchuk, All-America (honorable mention)
	Bill Claridge, All-America (honorable mention)
PISTOL	Alan Hammond, All-America (1st team)
	Brent Obenour, All-America (1st team)
	Bradley Tilgner, All-America (1st team)
	Mark Willis, All-America (1st team)
	Jack Richardson, All-America (honorable mention)
RIFLE	Thomas Rentz, All-America (2nd team)
	James Rennie, All-America (2nd team)
WRESTLING	John Althans, All-America

THE YEAR

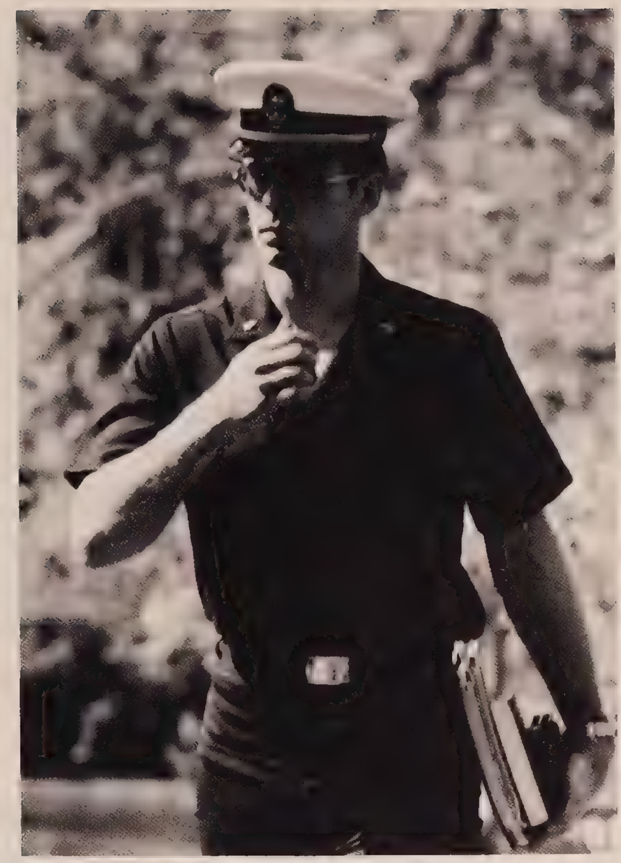


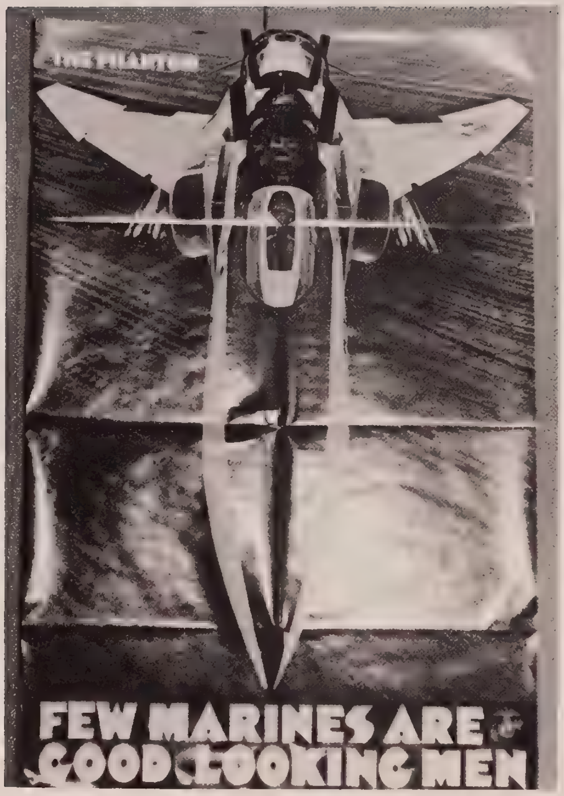
R.F. SNYDER

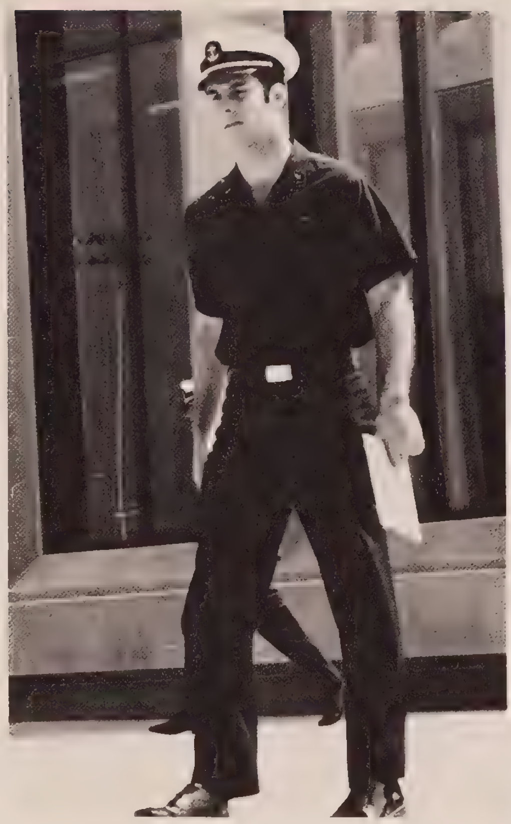


N

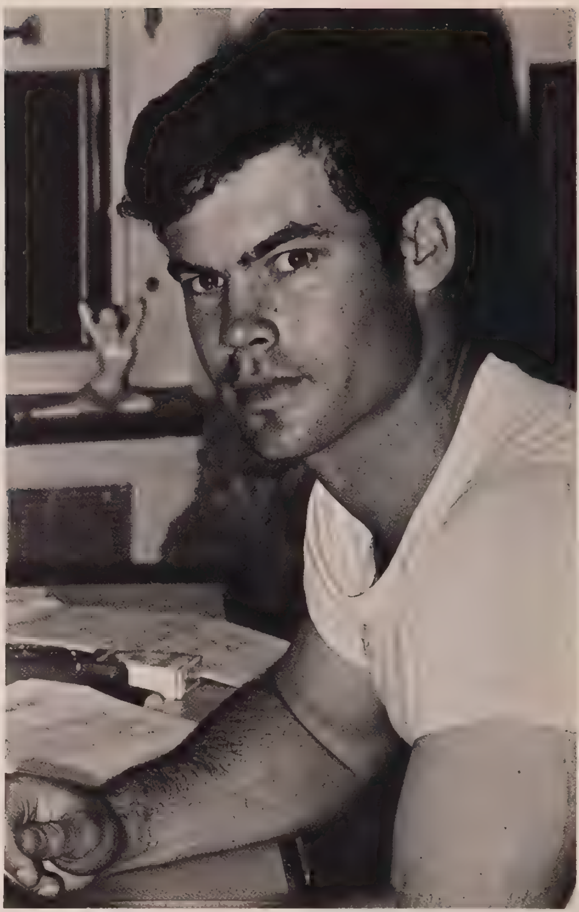
J. CLOWARD



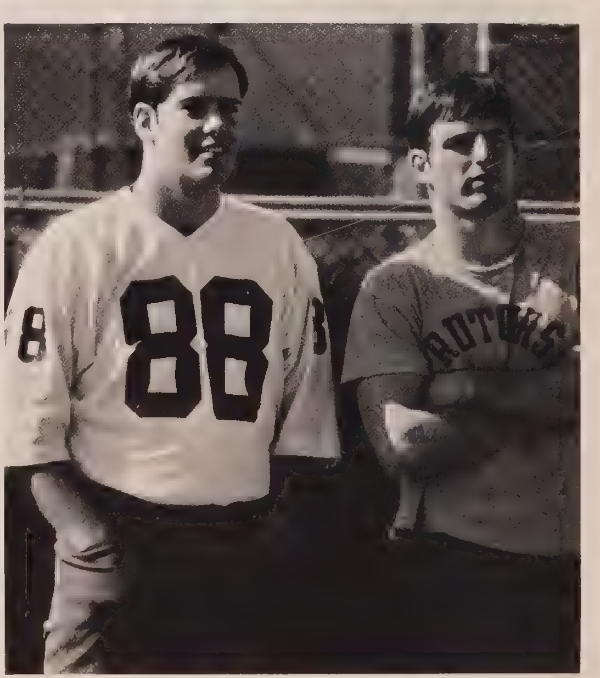

THE PHANTOM
FEW MARINES ARE
GOOD-LOOKING MEN



GALLERY



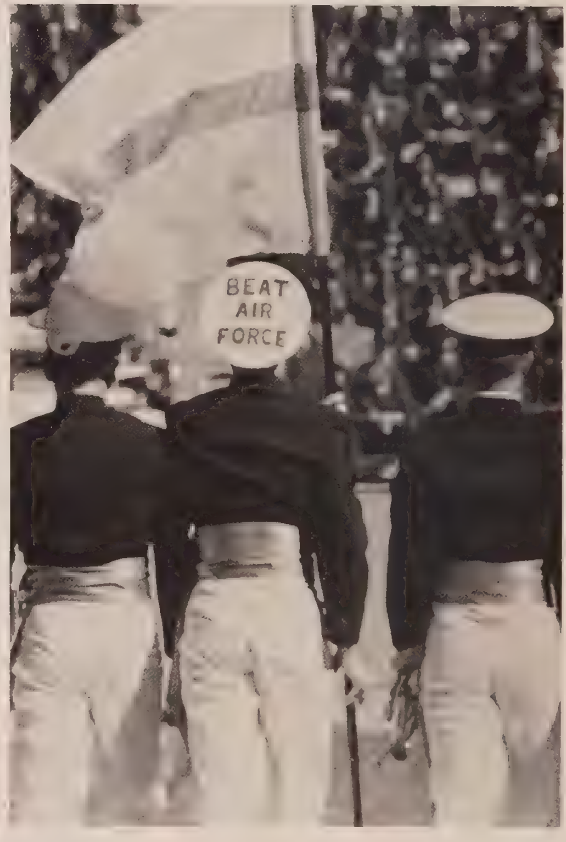
OPTIMO
SEAWAY
STORM
STORM P
RIPS
RIPS
OPTIMO

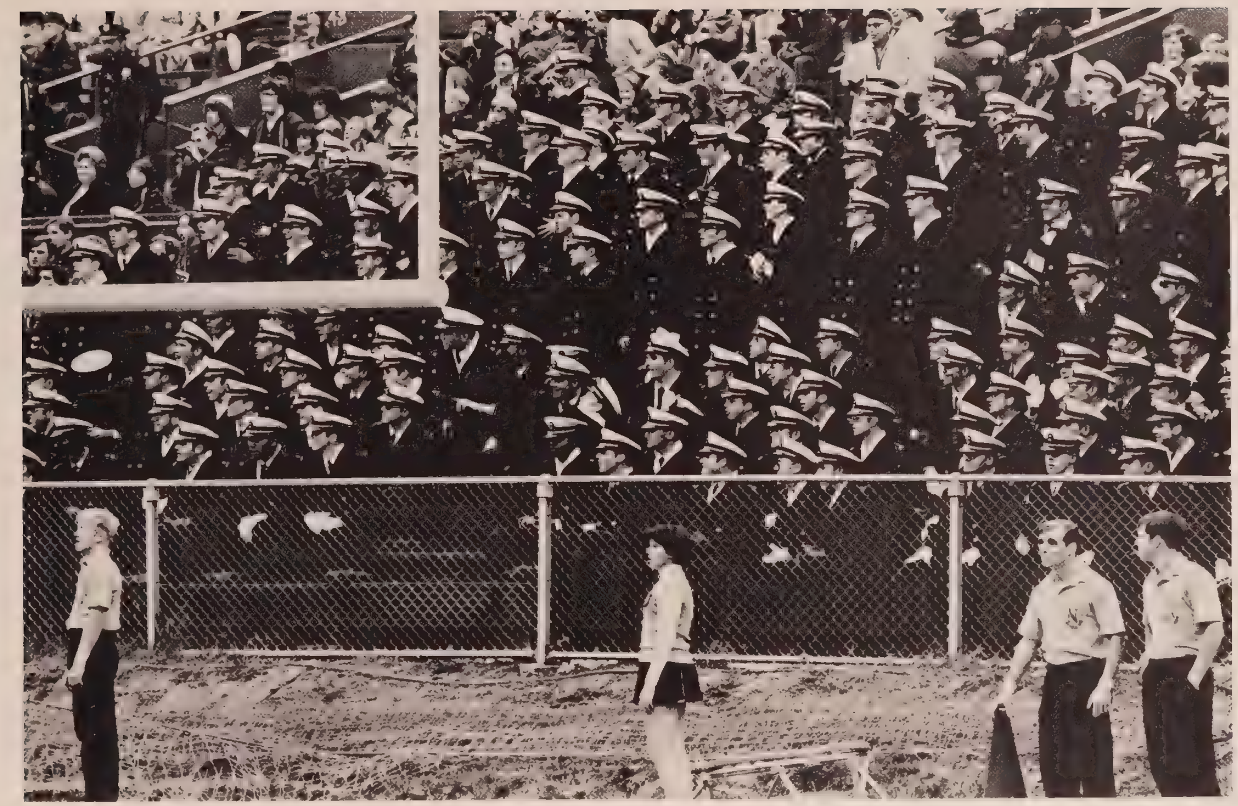

88
RUTGERS

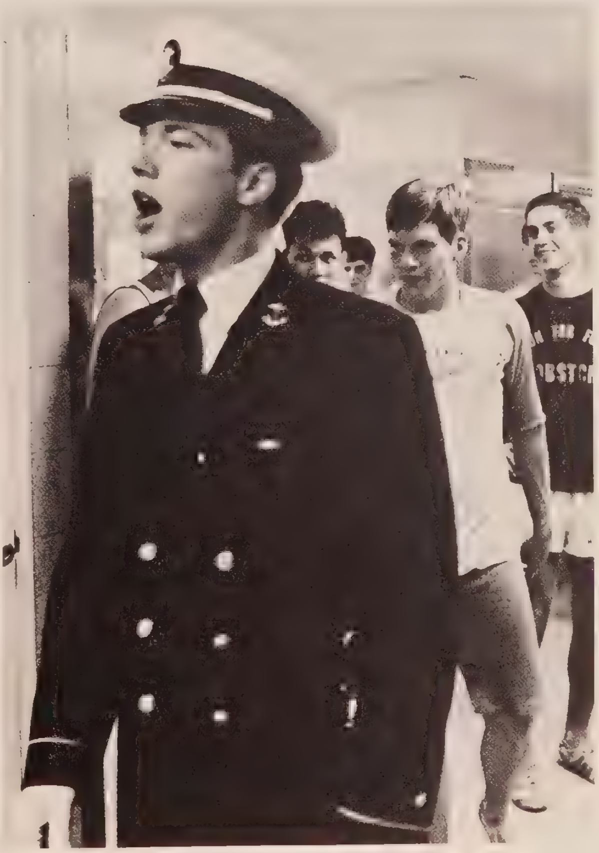
Old Milwaukee

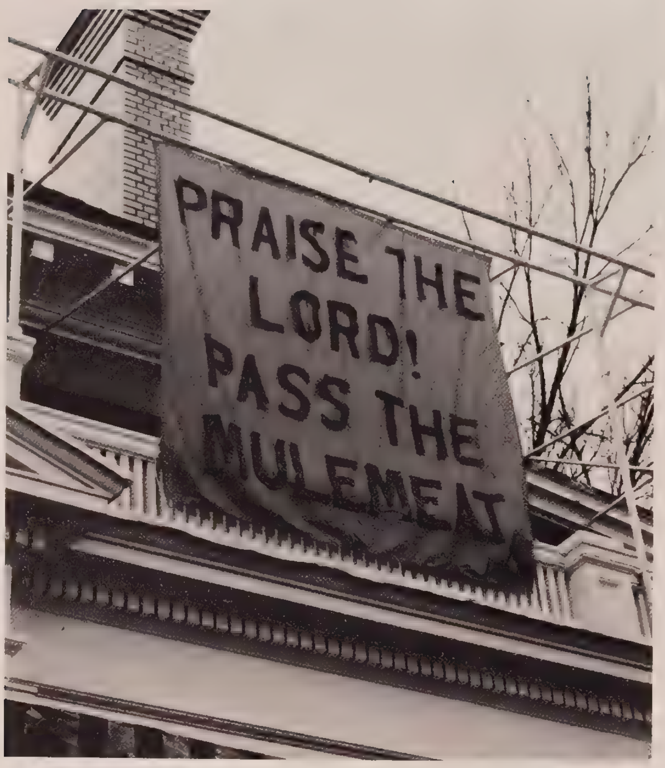
PHIL

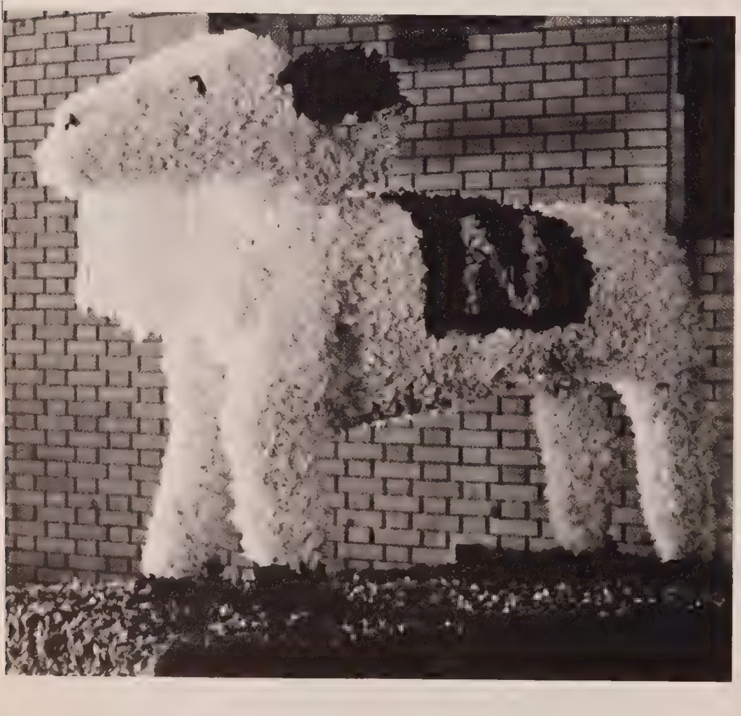
26


BEAT
AIR
FORCE






PRAISE THE
LORD!
PASS THE
MULEMEAT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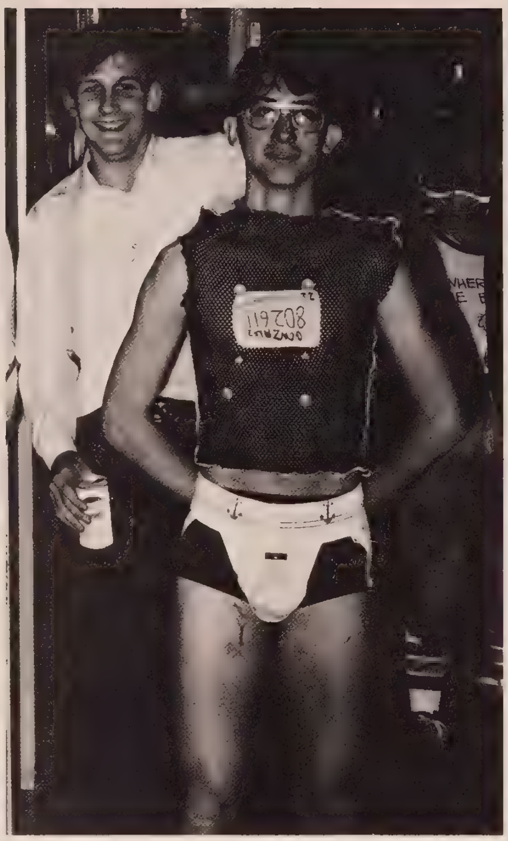
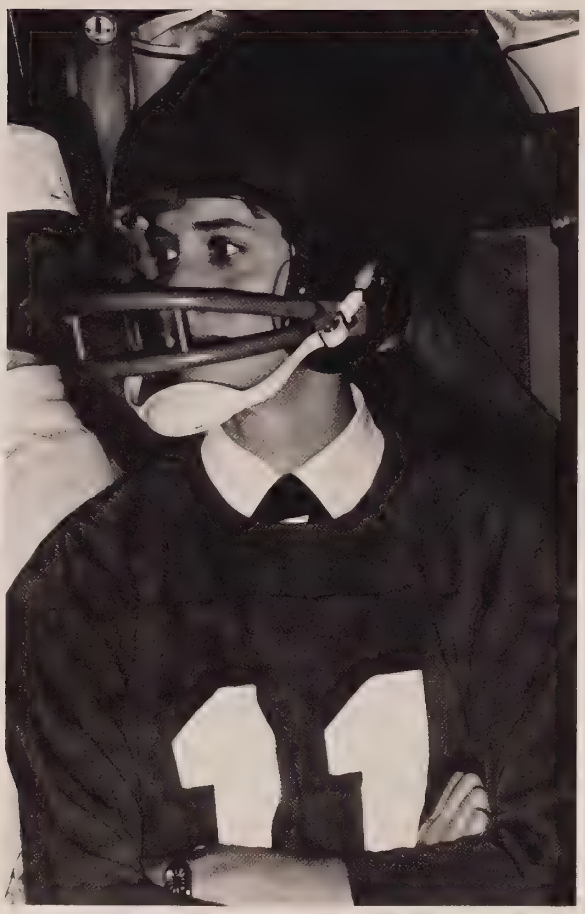


NAVY
MR.

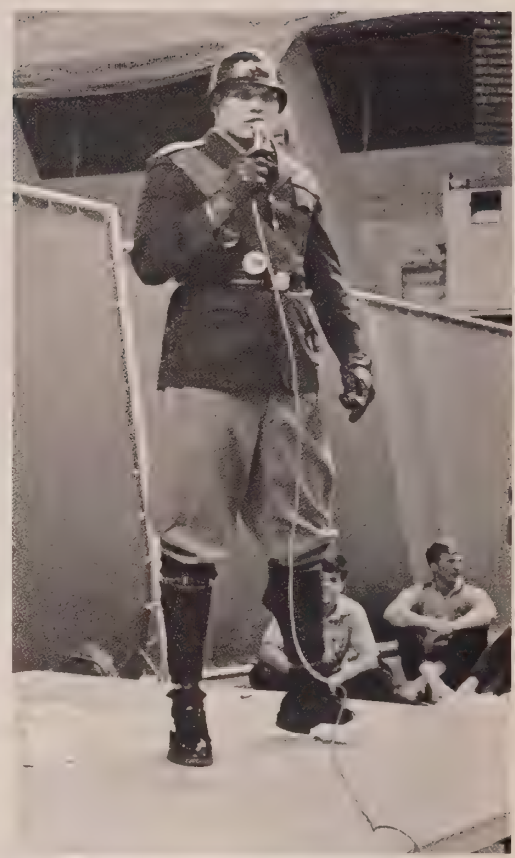


NAVY
NAVY

NAVY
NAV
SAI

NAVY
N

FOR RENT AT
MILTON HOTEL
MOPED CITY INC
2020 WEST ST
ANNAPOLIS MD

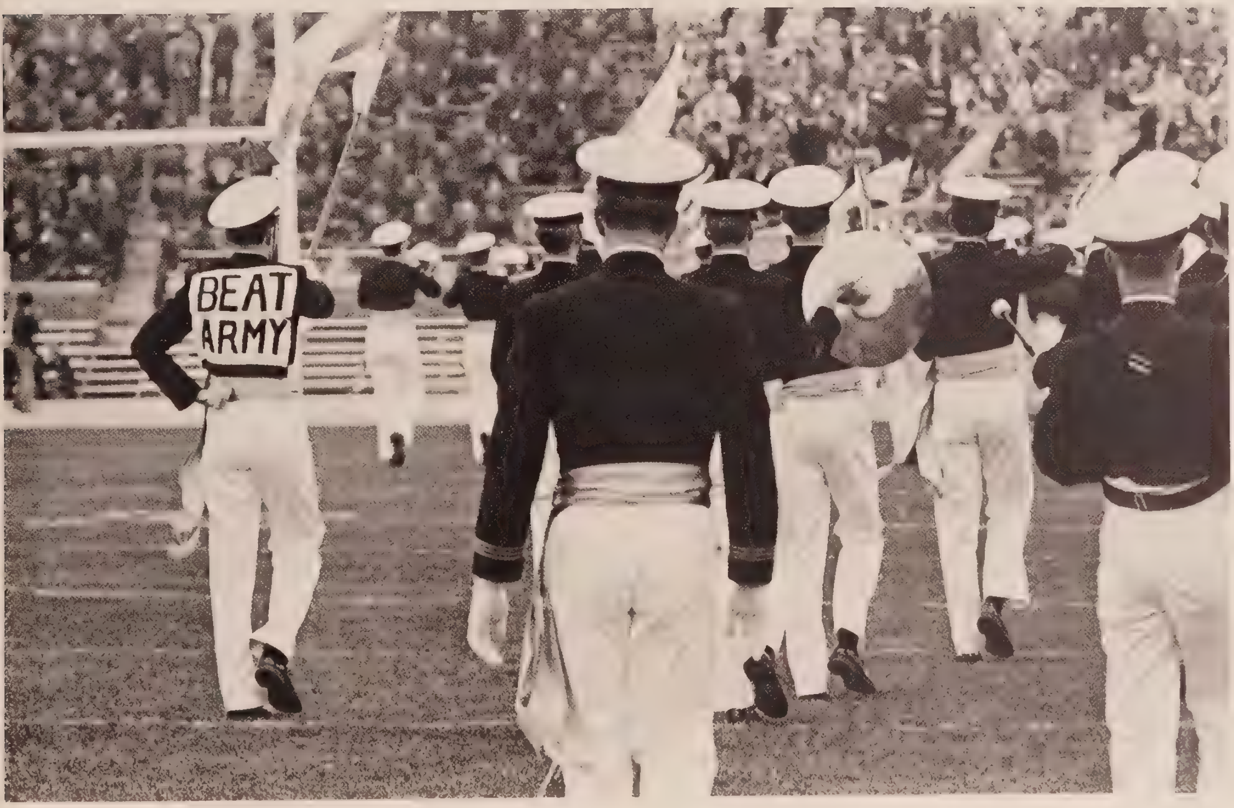


The GOUGE

ARMY

47
39
60
64
76

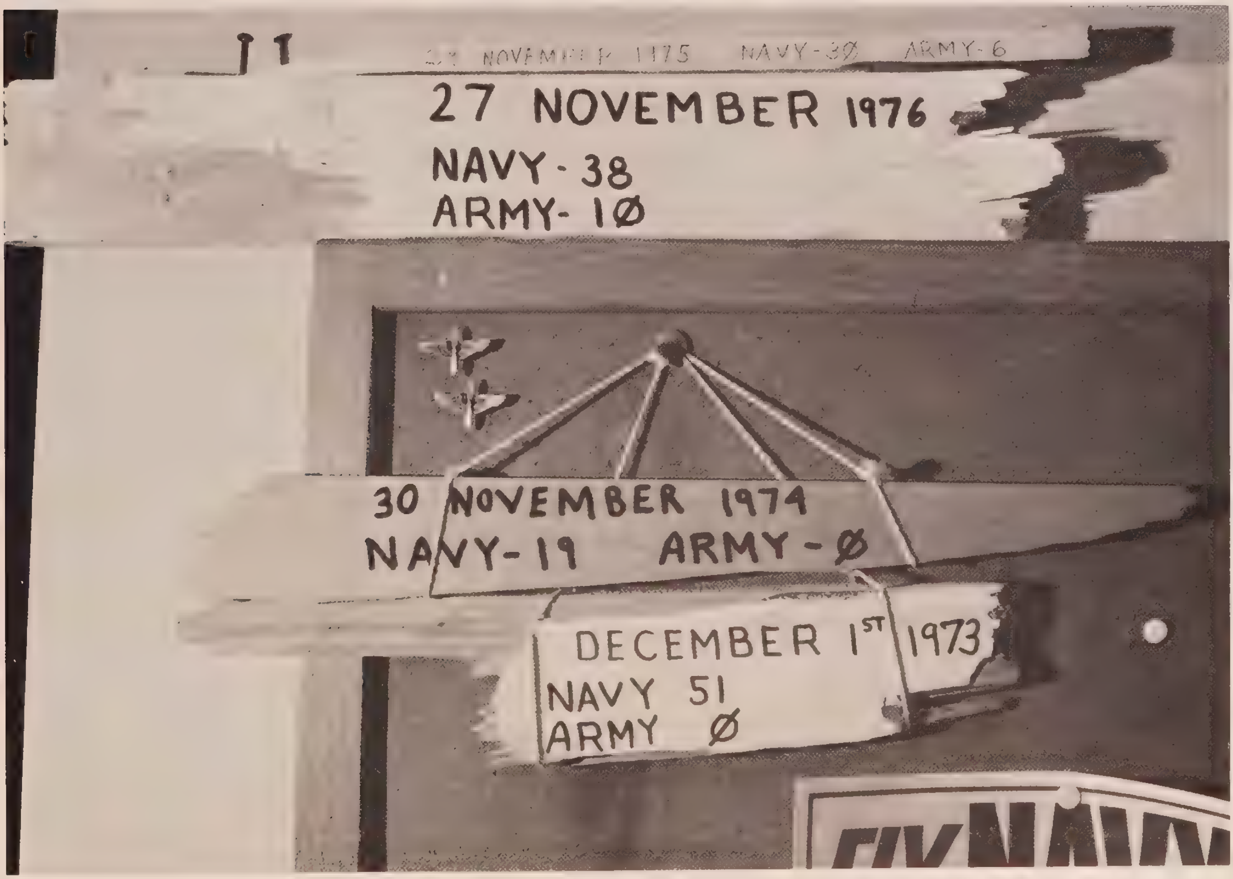
28
22
55


BEAT
ARMY

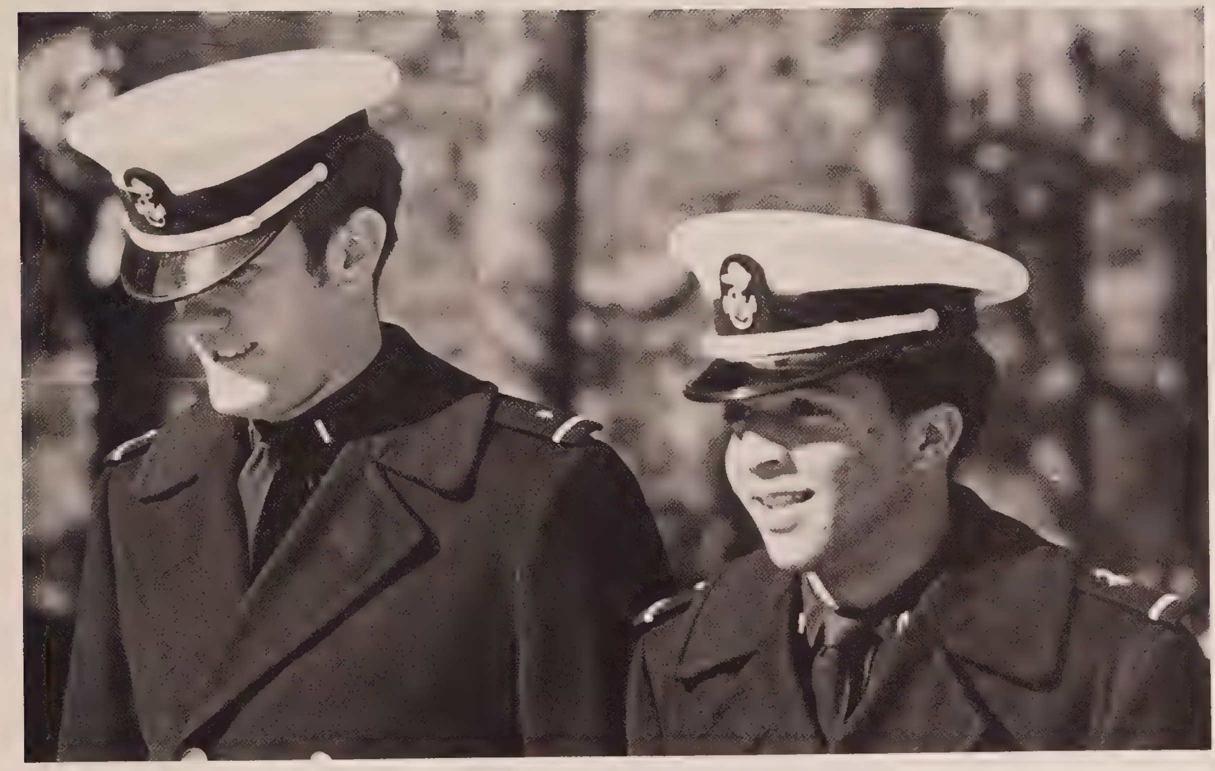
64

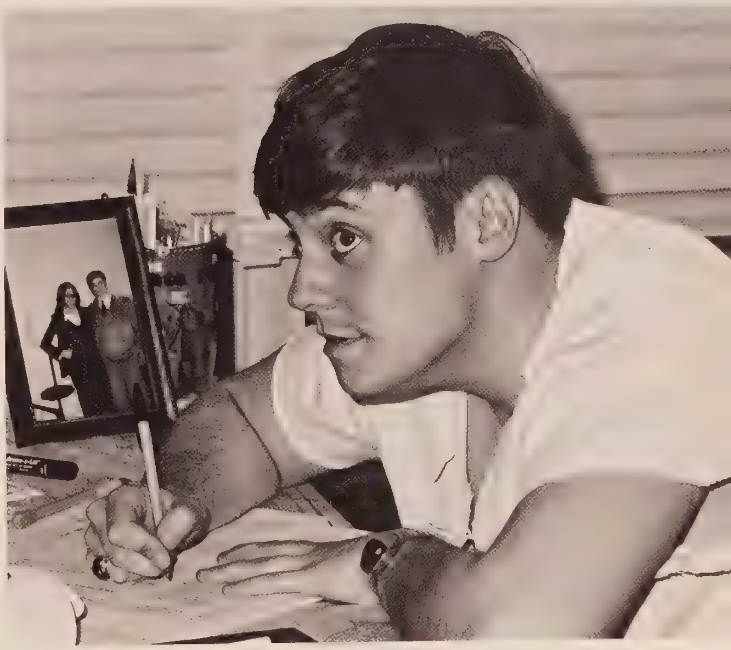
28
34

ARMY


NOVEMBER 1975 NAVY-30 ARMY-6
27 NOVEMBER 1976
NAVY-38
ARMY-10
30 NOVEMBER 1974
NAVY-19 ARMY-0
DECEMBER 1ST 1973
NAVY 51
ARMY 0

VIKES





wrnv
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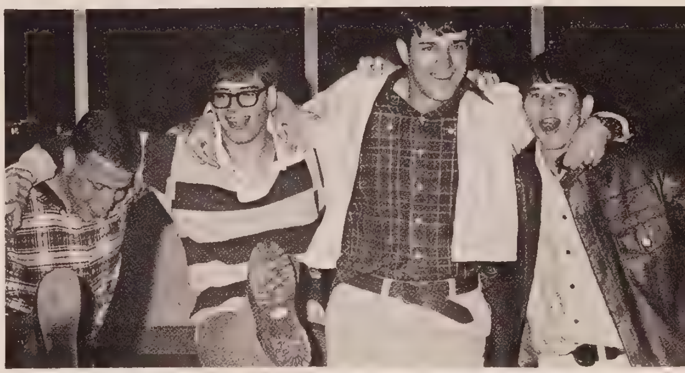

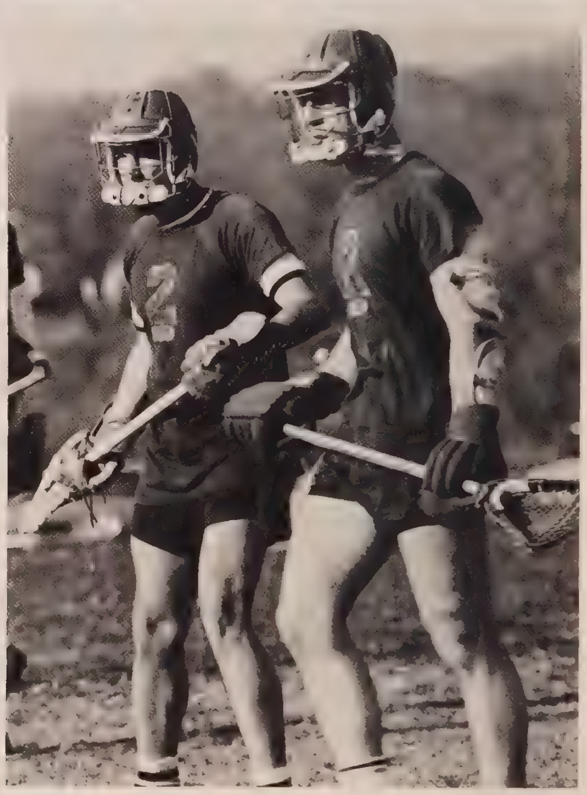

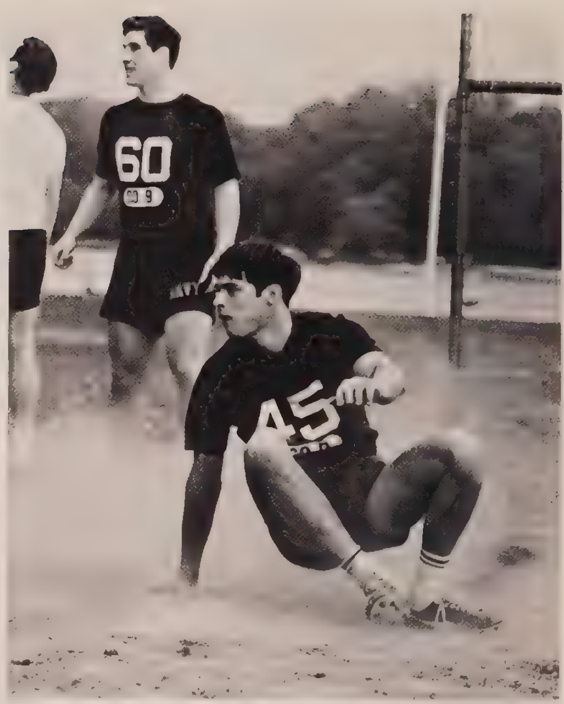
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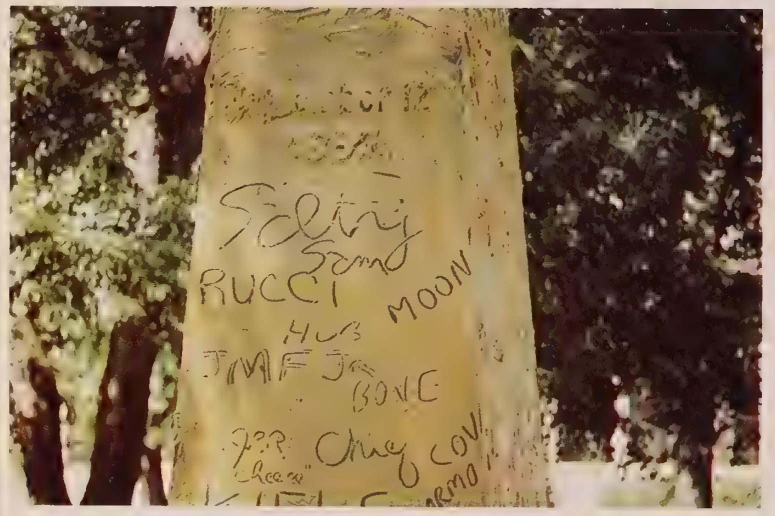
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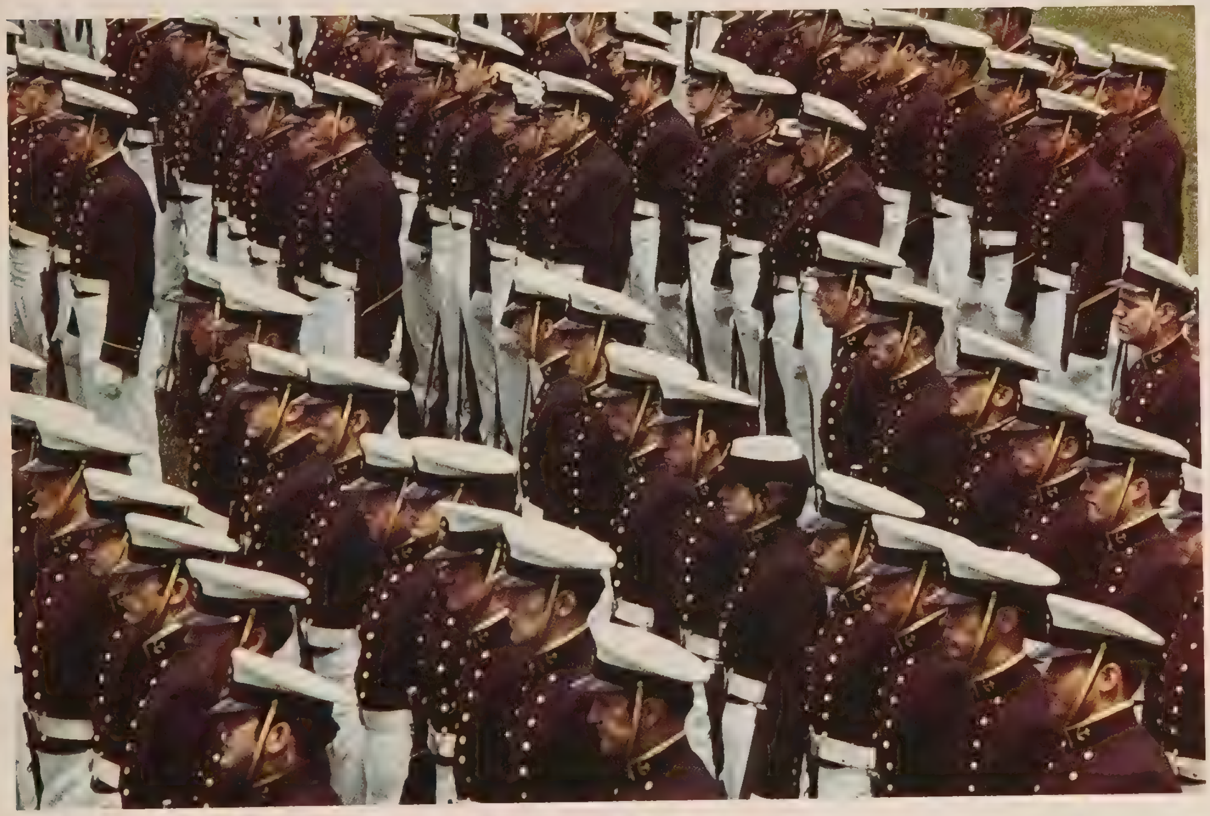

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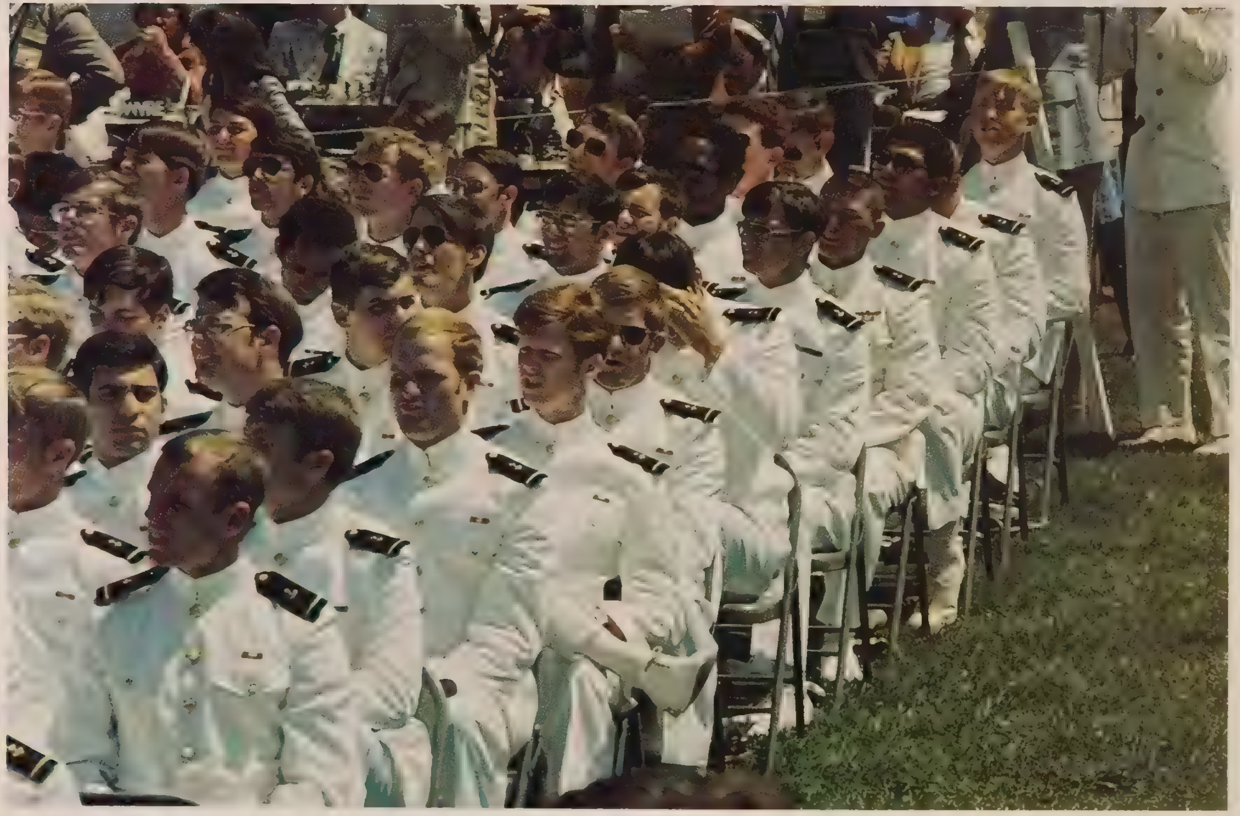

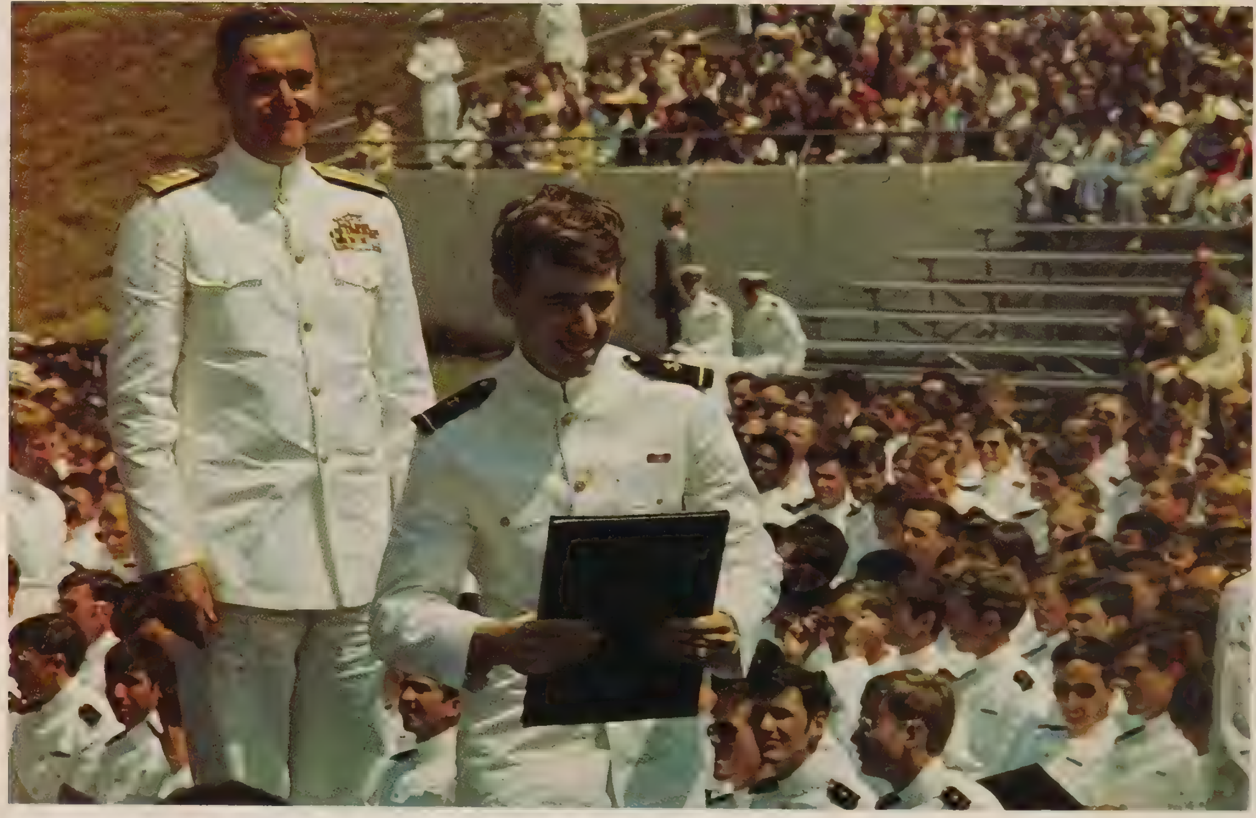

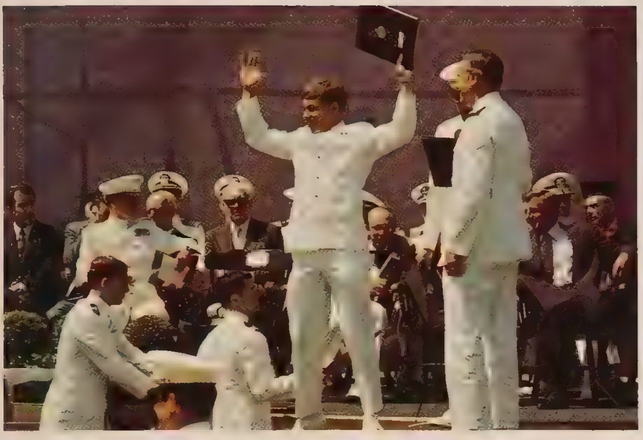

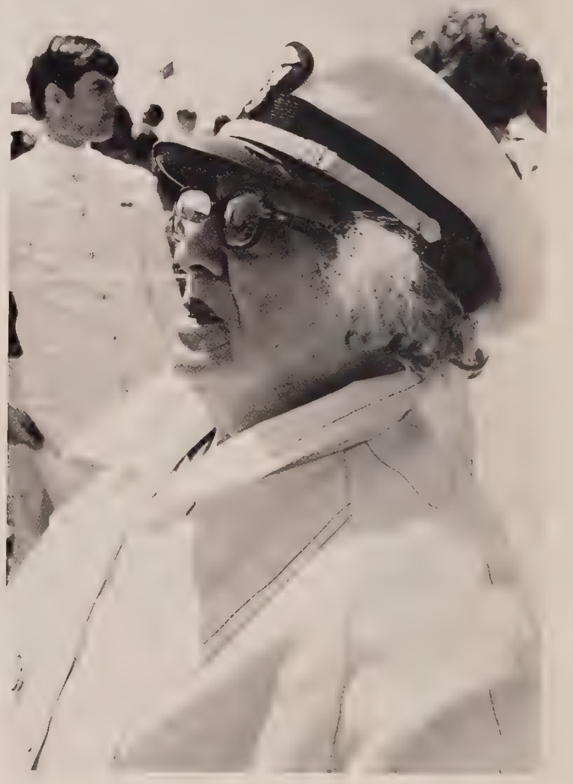

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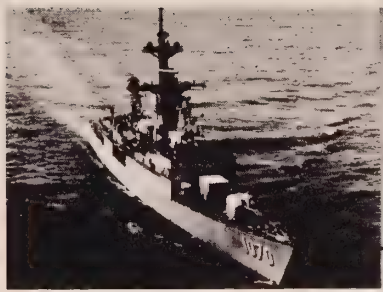

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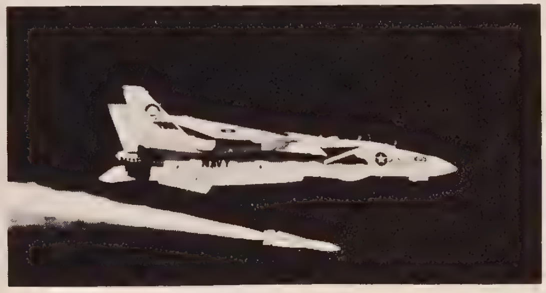

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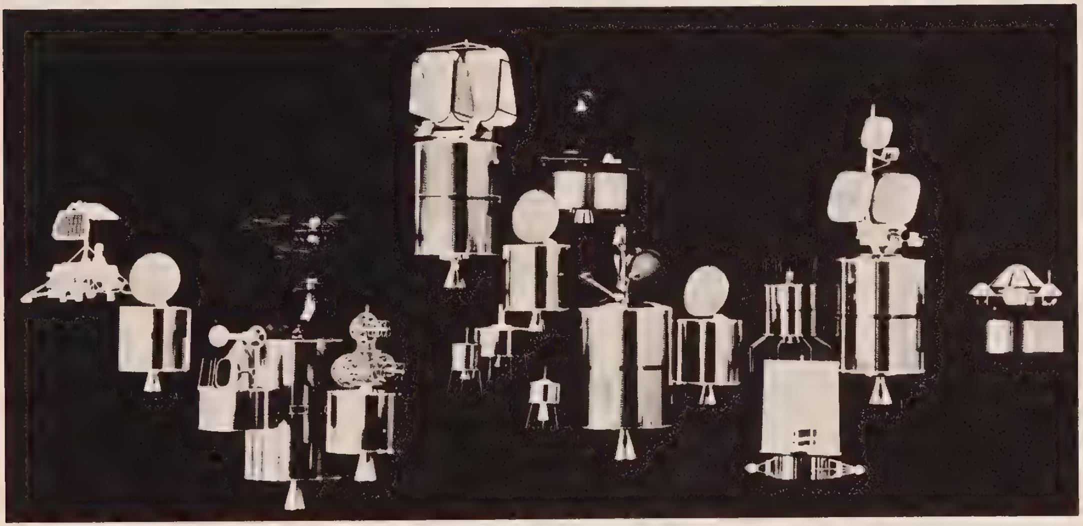

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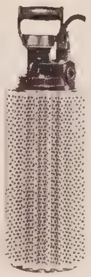

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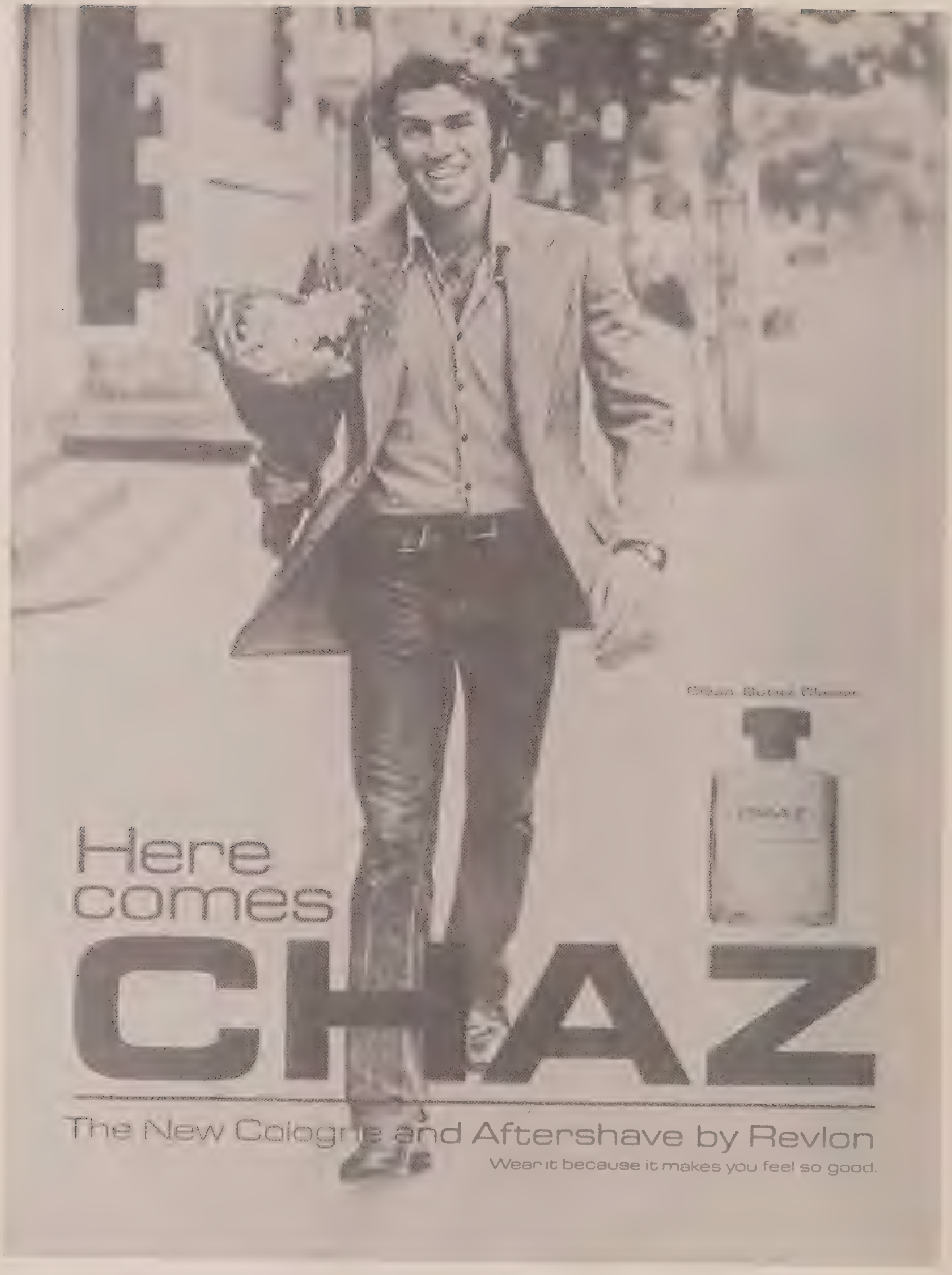

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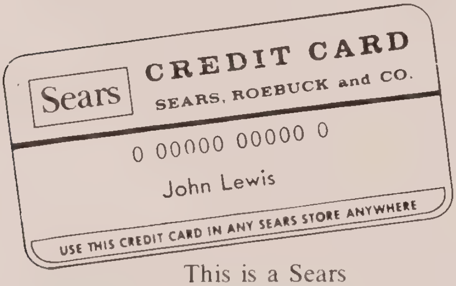

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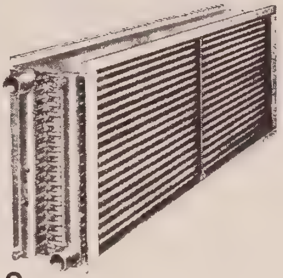

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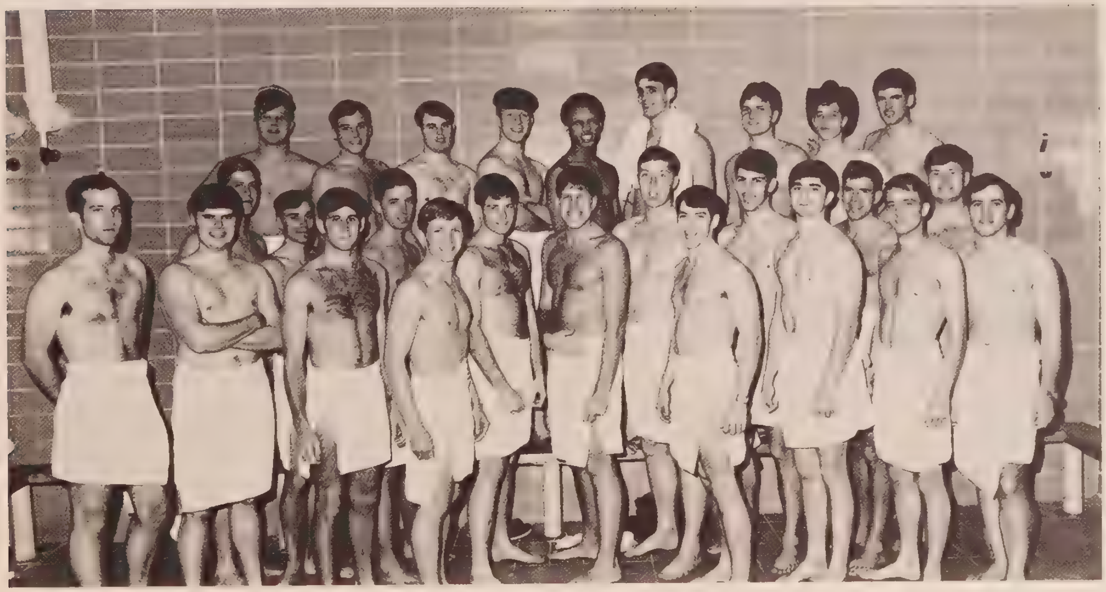

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Barton, George F.	182	08
Bauer, Thomas E.	390	27
Baysic, Domitito	324	21
Beach, Daniel S.	278	17
Beam, David Clyde	235	13
Beaver, Gary Lee	207	10
Beaver, James M.	102	01
Beck, Michael C.	446	32
Becker, Lawrence	212	11
Becker, Mark E.	398	28
Behrle, Thomas J.	247	14
Bender, Robert D.	381	26
Bennett, Jerry F.	148	05
Bentley, David L.	235	13
Bereck, Daniel M.	441	31
Berg, Jeffrey F.	185	08
Berger, James R.	236	13
Bergman, Bruce W.	412	29
Bernard, John L.	415	29
Berner, Joseph M.	116	02
Besco, Steven M.	278	17
Bethmann, James M.	458	33
Biery, Thomas L.	378	26
Bilotti, Anthony	180	08
Bird, John Miller	391	27
Blake, Joe C.	324	21
Blasko, James A.	399	28
Blazin, Michael J.	215	11
Blinde, Glen M.	118	02
Boatwright, B.O.	275	16
Boggs, Steven L.	424	30
Bogovich, Joseph	102	01
Boiler, Michael K.	165	06
Bojarski, Eugene	356	24
Boley, Charles C.	334	22
Bolich, Harry P.	103	01
Bonner, Derek R.	126	03
Booker, George W.	310	19
Booker, La Selle	478	35
Booker, Ronald L.	382	26
Borchers, Mark M.	268	16
Bosarge, Morris R.	279	17

Bozman, Raymond E.	457	33
Bracewell, H.W.	103	01
Bradley, Mark J.	460	33
Brady, David A.	381	26
Branson, John J.	320	20
Breen, Charles H.	246	14
Breyer, Thomas P.	202	10
Brezack, Dean P.	344	23
Bridges, Stephen	190	09
Briganti, Douglas	362	24
Brinkley, Ronald	230	12
Bristol, Patrick	459	33
Bristow, William	156	06
Brock, Kevin W.	202	10
Brock, Michael F.	129	03
Brooks, Forrest E.	224	12
Brown, Michael F.	472	34
Brown, Theodore H.	266	16
Bruce, Ples J.	212	11
Brundage, L.P.	398	28
Brunskill, M.	366	25
Brus, Henry H.	156	06
Brynestad, Mark A.	362	24
Buchanan, Gregory	103	01
Buck, Bruce James	208	10
Buck, Kevin Paul	168	07
Buddenbohn, K.M.	181	08
Bukauskas, John A.	424	30
Bullard, David W.	424	30
Burdine, David A.	382	26
Burkett, Bruce T.	425	30
Burley, Stephen J.	422	30
Burnett, C.T.	235	13
Burnette, Robert	248	14
Burns, Michael W.	212	11
Burton, John C.	430	30
Busch, Daniel F.	366	25
Butler, Daniel J.	446	32
Butler, Dempsey	489	36
Butler, William J.	126	03
Byrd, Gregory L.	344	23
Caesar, Julius S.	279	17
Cain, Chris C.	437	31
Caldwell, N.F.	321	20
Caldwell, Richard	266	16
Calfee, Michael F.	305	19
Callahan, Michael	266	16
Calleros, S.J.	148	05
Camacho, Joseph D.	247	14
Cameron, Peter W.	321	20
Campbell, Antoine	446	32
Campbell, Bruce A.	290	18
Campbell, Thomas	464	33
Canders, Michael	205	10
Cappelino, Paul J.	354	24
Capponi, Michael	148	05
Cardosi, James J.	290	18
Carey, Michael J.	388	27

Caron, Michael F.	300	19
Carpenter, Larry	104	01
Carr, Lester E.I.	344	23
Carroll, Sean J.	168	07
Casey, Harold H.	367	25
Casey, John Roger	489	36
Caulfield, James	257	15
Caulk, Peter M.	437	31
Cerabino, Frank T.	489	36
Chabal, Matthew	324	21
Chamberlain, J.B.	279	17
Chaum, Erik	390	27
Chesnut, Robert I	447	32
Childress, James	325	21
Christensen, H.O.	418	29
Christofferson, E.	136	04
Chrzanowski, F.P.	335	22
Cinciripino, J.R.	246	14
Cioni, Gene R.	157	06
Claridge, William	168	07
Clark, Kenneth E.	314	20
Clark, Mark Allan	303	19
Claussen, Mark D.	469	34
Clay, John Louis	439	31
Cleaver, C.M.	380	26
Clement, William	148	05
Clements, Joe D.	345	23
Cleaver, Alan R.	137	04
Clifford, L.E.	425	30
Cloward, John A.	335	22
Coan, Richard D.	478	35
Coburn, Robert A.	436	31
Cofield, Guy B.	478	35
Cohn, Michael D.	363	24
Cole, James O.	258	15
Colman, Paul T.	306	19
Colton, Gary L.	415	29
Comis, David L.	280	17
Condry, Robert A.	463	33
Connard, John M.	461	33
Conroy, Patrick J.	304	19
Conway, Wallace J.	423	30
Cook, Christopher	335	22
Cook, Douglas	190	09
Cook, Gerald V.	191	09
Cook, Raymond H.	475	34
Cook, Terrence P.	462	33
Cooksey, Clifton	345	23
Cooper, David R.	410	29
Cooper, Gregory H.	447	32
Corbett, Philip J.	248	14
Cornett, Hugh T.	461	33
Cornish, Gregory	182	08
Corpus, Jose R.	236	13
Coss, David D.	157	06
Coulbourne M.J.	462	33
Coulombe, Raymond	345	23
Coulson, James D.	224	12
Coverick, Timothy	126	03
Craig, Ricky D.	169	07
Creamer, Robert L.	290	18
Crevier, Raymond	157	06
Croisetiere, Paul	479	35
Crow, Michael L.	367	25
Crow, Winston K.	214	11
Crowe, Steven K.	169	07
Current, Richard	314	20
Daigle, Michael J.	304	19
Dalton, Dennis F.	104	01
Damico, William T.	325	21
Daniels, William	447	32
Davis, Jeffrey J.	125	03
Davis, Paul L.E.	206	10
Davis, Van Kearny	246	14
Dawson, Robert M.	423	30
Deane, Lawton E.	266	16
Debbink, Dirk J.	345	23
Dela, Cruz R.	393	27
Delape, Francis M.	137	04
Delmar, Shan Rory	149	05
Demelo, Jeremias	417	29
Dennis, William K.	388	27
Derby, Rex	158	06
Derose, Phillip A.	300	27
Diego, Paul E.	314	20
Diggs, Thomas E.	169	07
Diller, C.W.	105	01
Dimenna, Timothy	214	11
Diunizio, Mark	280	17
Dodsworth, Rodney	290	18
Dolan, James P.	137	04
Donaldson, Donald	384	26
Donigan, Henry J.	214	11
Dory, C.E.	184	08
Downer, Patrick E.	381	26
Dowsley, Brian W.	363	24
Dranchak, James J.	439	31
Droppa, Robert E.	191	09
Duchak, George D.	169	07
Duncan, James D.	266	16
Duplessis, Ronald	158	06
Durbin, William S.	479	35
Eason, Timothy D.	304	19
Eberle, James S.	354	24
Eckrich, James E.	426	30
Eckstrom, Rustin	236	13
Edwards, Thomas D.	473	34
Eischen, Charles	132	03

Eliot, Frederick	326	21
Ellinwood, Thomas	310	19
Elliott, David S.	308	19
Elliott, Glenn D.	415	29
Ellison, Walter L.	170	07
Elmore, Thomas L.	345	23
Elwing, Stuart F.	258	15
Endacott, L.A.	159	06
Engel, Peter W.	315	20
Enochs, Edgar R.	326	21
Episcopo, N.J.	267	16
Ericson, Glen F.	480	35
Eshman, Stephen J.	198	09
Estes, Warren B.	170	07
Evensen, David A.	290	18
Eves, Robert C.	128	03
Fairbank, James F.	460	33
Fallon, Patrick J.	462	33
Falzetta, Gregory	307	19
Faulkner, Richard	171	07
Favila, Federico	414	29
Feeney, C.E.	214	11
Feiler, John F.	267	16
Felker, William H.	346	23
Fenn, Dan Edward	159	06
Filippini, David	105	01
Filkins, Peter C.	399	28
Finlayson, Stuart	230	12
Finley, David C.	105	01
Finley, Mark T.	171	07
Finley, Peter J.	490	36
Fisher, Carl B.	480	35
Fisher, Mark A.	459	33
Fleischer, Roger	138	04
Floyd, Mose Levon	192	09
Fogarty, Francis	457	33
Fogleman, Irby D.	346	23
Fontaine, Scott A.	224	12
Foster, Andre P.	208	10
Foster, Gregory A.	291	18
Fox, Samuel M.	448	32
Fox, Stephen Cruz	268	15
Franich, Dennis	468	34
Frank, Richard F.	326	21
Franke, Randal C.	149	05
Franklin, Donald	425	30
Frederick, David	214	11
Freeman, David W.	281	17
Freeman, John M.	315	07
Frentz, Gerald T.	383	26
Frey, Thomas J.	281	17
Frick, Michael S.	131	03

Frost, William D.	159	06
Fujii, Leith Y.	138	04
Fullerton, George	464	33
Gaillard, John D.	104	01
Gallagher, Dirk M.	248	14
Galvan, Jose L.	236	13
Galvin, Richard E.	138	04
Gambarani, Gary P.	354	24
Garcia, Benjamin	354	24
Garcia, Edward L.	335	22
Garcia, Stephen A.	267	16
Gardner, John S.	480	35
Gardner, Mark P.	160	06
Gardner, Victor M.	292	18
Garland, William	346	23
Garmon, Jeffrey D.	481	35
Garrigues, Hal E.	448	32
Gary, Bret C.	116	02
Gassaway, James C.	132	03
Gates, David H.	130	03
Gavin, John C.	160	06
Geanuleas, Lee	215	11
Gearing, Daniel	225	12
Geary, John Welch	452	32
George, James R.	222	12
Gerhard, Harry J.	315	20
Gianelloni, Max A.	192	09
Giesen, Stephen A.	226	12
Gillespie, Neil T.	268	16
Gilman, Robert J.	400	28
Girard, Robert R.	150	05
Glab, Corey J.	292	18
Golda, Eugene M.	449	32
Gonzales, Henry	259	15
Goodrum, Robert A.	305	19
Goodwin, William	150	05
Goolsby, Douglas	114	02
Gooner, Richard A.	184	08
Gorman, Jeffrey A.	393	27
Gorman, Thomas M.	431	30
Gould, James W.	292	18
Govan, Dale R.	388	27
Graaff, Paul D.	182	08
Graber, Kenneth A.	438	31
Grace, John C.	171	07
Graham, John S.	172	07
Graham, Kelvin F.	481	35
Gray, Brendan L.	400	28
Gray, Gregory C.	315	20
Gray, Stanley G.	222	12
Greco, Francis J.	127	03
Green, Peter D.	281	17
Greene, Thomas G.	181	08
Gretzky, Harold D.	268	16

Grice, Gary Lyle	107	01
Grieve, Peter	160	06
Griffin, Allen E.	326	21
Grimes, Dennis R.	316	20
Groh, Robert E.	449	32
Gullette, Greg R.	359	24
Gunderson, C.	193	09
Guthmuller, Harry	193	09
Haines, Dennis	138	04
Hall, David L.	107	01
Hall, John Alan	390	27
Hallman, Clinton	184	08
Hamblin, Robert N	293	18
Hamel, Michael R.	282	17
Hamilton, Terry	475	34
Hammonds, Ricky T.	107	01
Hamner, Michael S.	380	26
Handy, Clark D.	490	36
Haney, Keith D.	269	16
Hannum, Douglas E.	186	08
Hansen, Daniel L.	378	26
Hansen, Richard R.	393	27
Hansen, Robert	347	23
Hanson, Stephen R.	468	34
Harden, Stephen W.	389	27
Harding, David P.	347	23
Harding, Scott H.	430	30
Hardy, June T.	426	30
Harper, Russell S.	326	21

Harper, Scott F.	130	03
Harrington, J.	215	11
Hartigan, James D.	316	20
Hartman, William	473	34
Hawkins, Thomas A.	107	01
Hayes, David T.	150	05
Hazlewood, Isaias	401	28
Heely, Jeffrey H.	161	06
Hegeman, Andrew J.	307	19
Hejl, Thomas A.	367	25
Helleberg, Eric A.	115	02
Henning, George W.	207	10
Henry, Zachary A.	193	09
Herberger, W.J.	197	09
Herning, George F.	450	32
Herr, John S.	435	31
Hertwig, Ronald W.	237	13
Heughan, Charles	293	18
Hew, Gerald M.	401	28
Hicky, John S.	481	35
Higgins, Raymond	108	01
Hill, Michael L.	427	30
Hill, Thomas S.	108	01
Hirko, William G.	316	20
Hithon, Cary J.	327	21
Hochevar, Albert	336	22
Holl, Brian F.	401	28
Hollich, Paul J.	490	36
Holloway, Jeffrey	172	07
Holman, Robert	336	22
Holst, Gary M.	204	10
Hoobler, Jeffrey	411	29
Hopkins, Terry S.	438	31
Horbiak, Stephen	469	34
Horn, Arthur W.	282	17
Householder D.A.	336	22
Houston, Floyd D.	491	36
Hovland, Douglas	173	07
Hugel, Mark A.	259	15
Huisman, Thomas K.	150	05
Hunt, Daniel Todd	363	24
Hutchinson, T.H.	269	16
Hyers, Peter M.	269	16
Indiviglia, L.J.	215	11
Irvin, Stephen R.	347	23
Isleib, Douglas R.	293	18
Ittner, William H.	114	02
Ivey, Charles G.	316	20
Jackson, Leon Jr.	108	01
Jackson, Steven C.	461	33
Jackson, William	206	10
Jameson, David S.	226	12
Jamison, Charles	491	36
Janikowsky, Ralph	173	07
Jee, Mark Thomas	216	11
Jenkins, James S.	162	06
Jenks, Robert P.	109	01
Jenks, Timothy S.	379	26
Jensen, David W.	410	29
Jerabek, Daniel J.	197	09
Johnson, Michael	327	21
Johnson, Richard	173	07
Johnson, Ricky L.	150	05
Johnson, Thomas W.	450	32
Johnson, Wesley H.	216	11
Johnston, James P.	184	08
Jones, David Lane	138	04
Jones, Donald D.	474	34
Jones, Jeffrey N.	222	12
Jones, Michael P.	435	31
Jones, William P.	307	19
Jorgenson, Gene P.	237	13
Julian, Robert G.	180	08
Kaluzny, Daniel F.	249	14
Kamen, John S.	117	02
Kaniut, Keith M.	470	34
Karaffa, Corwin J.	356	24
Karels, John A.	259	15
Kast, Christian	282	17
Kautter, Robert J.	451	32
Kear, William J.	383	26
Kearney, John J.	402	28
Keefe, Mark C.	260	15
Keeley, Thomas F.	203	10
Keeney, William M.	368	25
Keibel, Donald O	439	31
Kellogg, John S.	470	34
Kelly, James M.	276	11
Kennedy, Robert C.	491	36
Kenny, Mark W.	356	24
Keough, Steven J.	316	20
Kernan, Joseph D.	302	19
Kerr, John Samuel	355	24
Kessler, Rande M.	204	10
Kiely, Thomas P.	431	30
King, Edward F.	226	12
King, Ronald L.	129	03
Kingsman, Kilton	139	04
Kinkin, Frederic	222	12
Kinports, Kevin J.	182	08
Kirk, Mark Andrew	492	36
Kirkman, David M.	292	18
Kirsten, Richard	161	06
Klijn, Martinus M.	360	24
Knoetgen, Peter M.	238	13
Knoizen, Kerry K.	474	34
Knowski, Richard	336	22
Knox, John T.	139	04

Kollmorgen, Gary	151	05
Kolp, Jonathan A.	402	28
Korchowsky, G.W.	109	01
Kovalchik, Joseph	109	01
Kozicz, Mark S.	294	18
Kranz, Michael A.	117	02
Krcha, Clifford W.	308	19
Kroszner, Konrad	115	02
Kuehne, Richard F.	317	20
Kuhn, Michael F.	237	13
Labossiere, Paul	226	12
Lagerstrom, T.J.	174	07
Lamb, Mark E.	238	13
Lamb, Robert C.	162	06
Lambert, Daniel M.	194	09
Langer, Scott R.	402	28
Langman, Craig E.	402	28
Lare, James E.	482	35
Latonick, Leo W.	384	26
Laughlin, Larry M.	162	06
Laviano, Michael	317	20
Lawlor, George P.	355	24
Leblanc, Patrick	383	26
Lee, Jeffrey W.	260	15
Lee, Shelton, Jr.	109	01
Lessard, Steven M.	441	31
Lester, William J.	119	02
Lewis, Bradford F.	417	29
Liming, James K.	128	03
Lindner, Thomas E.	282	17
Linenger, Jerry M.	303	19
Link, Donald J.	427	30
Litty, Frederick	361	24
Lizama, Gregory T.	482	35
Lochry, James C.	492	36
Lockett, Keith V.	301	19
Locklear, Samuel	174	07
Lockley, James	460	33
Lohman, Alan L.	419	29
Long, Aaron, IV	475	34
Long, Jeffrey J.	438	13
Long, Ronald R.	451	32
Longmeier, M.S.	492	05
Lopes, Alexander	260	15
Lorentz, Timothy	282	17
Lovan, Gary James	434	31
Luehman, James G.	384	26
Mabrey, Burlin D.	216	11
Mabry, James A.	270	16
Mackenzie, Colin	184	08
Mackercher, John	271	16
Madaio, John	249	14
Magee, Robert H.	294	18
Magnotti, Michael	464	33
Mahoney, Terence	249	14
Mair, Michael J.	336	22
Maloche, Gary A.	207	10
Manaskie, George	427	30

Marcantonio, R.L.	337	22
Marques, Joseph P.	304	19
Martin, Steven J.	378	26
Mathre, Jerome K.	294	18
Matranga, Eugene	294	18
Maugans, Harry G.	132	03
Maurer, Richard L.	271	16
Mazich, Paul J.	361	24
McArthur, Heinz, M.	124	03
McCarthy, C.M.	310	19
McCarthy, Eugene	294	18
McCarthy, J.D.	348	23
McCord, Michael C.	368	25
McCormick, Glenn	369	25
McCoy, Robert C.	283	17
McCulloch, W.C.	139	04
McDonald, B.N.	402	28
McDonald, James C.	140	04
McElroy, Gordon K.	238	13
McGowan, John F.	369	25
McGraw, Richard J.	337	22
McIlravy, Thomas	482	35
McIsaac, James F.	116	02
McKee, Thomas B.	483	35
McKenzie, George	195	09
McKinlay A.	492	36
McKinney, Jerry B.	462	33
McMahon, Paul G.	194	09
McNair, Everett R.	474	34
McNamara, Michael	403	28
McNamara, Thomas	140	04
McNeil, Richard A.	470	34
McQuiston, Morgan	428	30
McVay, Michael K.	283	17
McVey, Samuel D.	412	29
McVicker, Daniel	403	28
McWhorter, R.D.	284	17
Meanor, Richard W.	391	27
Meints, Douglas L.	380	26
Meister, Douglas	303	19
Melear, John W.	131	03
Merchant, Stephen	417	29
Meres, Norman G.	317	20
Merriam, Bret C.	216	11
Meyers, Harry F.	337	22
Mickle, David R.	348	23
Mickler, William	175	07
Milhoan, Kenneth	181	08
Miller, Forrest A.	451	32
Miller, James R.	271	16
Miller, Jerrold	300	19
Miller, Ronald L.	152	05
Miller, Samuel C.	271	16
Millward, William	284	17
Misiewicz, Peter	369	25
Mitchell, Gary W.	227	12
Mitchell, Roger V.	203	10
Momany, Paul M.	470	34
Moon, Randall K.	129	03
Moore, Carl R.	152	05
Moore, Michael A.	469	06
Morin, Robert J.	348	23
Morrison, Gregory	140	04
Morrissey, Shawn	295	18
Morse, Jeffrey A.	417	29
Moylan, Michael F.	358	24
Mulloy, Robert W.	357	24
Munson, Keith D.	175	07
Murphy, David J.	403	28
Murphy, Kevin P.	360	24
Murphy, Scott F.	483	35
Murray, C.C.	238	13
Musser, Michael N.	483	35
Nacoste, Phillip	434	31
Nadolski, Allan R.	175	07
Nagelin, Michael	261	15
Navarrete, C.C.	370	25
Neidhold, Scott T.	354	24
Nelson, John S.	203	10
Nelson, Philip B.	140	04
Nichols, Robert F.	380	26
Nickerson, James	428	30
Nosky, Jerome T.	176	07

Nowicki, Donald J.	176	07
OBrien, Patrick S.	296	18
OCallaghan, Brian	252	14
OConnor, C.M.	207	10
OConor, Joseph J.	300	19
Ohler, Michael J.	162	06
Oleary, Stephen J.	370	25
Olivier, Daniel P.	250	14
Olmstead, Stephen	456	33
Olone, Daniel J.	305	19
Olsen, Peter R.	227	12
Ospeck, Mark C.	428	30
Osseck, Thomas A.	338	22
OSullivan, R.W.	239	13
Ozimek, Peter H.	186	08
Paddock, David G.	217	11
Padula, Nicholas	271	16
Pagano, Clinton L.	338	22
Pagano, Frank E.	349	23
Paist, David I.	272	16
Paramore, Charles	492	36
Parker, Joel M.	140	04
Pashos, Chris L.	217	11
Patterson, J.J.	222	12
Patterson, W.E.	338	22
Perris, Stephen J.	493	36
Perry, C.R.	404	28
Peruffo, Lawrence	338	22
Pickles, Thomas R.	379	26
Pierce, Francis S.	370	25

Piscioneri, Mark	413	29
Platz, George G.	349	23
Plisco, Loren R.	141	04
Plyler, Carl D.	442	31
Podracky, Dean R.	230	12
Polcari, John J.	461	33
Porter, Daniel L.	370	25
Potts, Jeffrey H.	202	10
Powell, David L.	239	13
Powell, Robert D.	217	11
Prodoehl, Robert	338	22
Propheter, James	370	25
Przyborski, Paul	483	35
Puz, Michael John	132	03
Pyle, David C.	482	35
Quigley, Keith J.	423	30
Quinn, Kevin M.	272	16
Racoosin, Charles	302	19
Ragusky, Raymond	405	28
Raunig, David L.	261	15
Ray, Danny D.	418	29
Read, John A.	452	32
Read, Oliver M.	218	11
Readman, William	410	29
Reed, Michael E.	493	36
Reidy, David John	162	06
Reinhart, Jeffrey	371	25
Reinhart, Joseph	371	25
Reinhart, Paul E.	371	25
Rennie, Steven M.	133	03

Repeta, Wayne R.	318	20
Reuss, Gregory C.	132	03
Ribera, James E.	434	31
Rice, Gregory S.	126	03
Rice, Robert K.	428	30
Richards, William	153	05
Richardson, Alan	125	03
Ring, Paul Duane	357	24
Robinson, Raimond	358	24
Rodgers, Ronald L.	153	05
Rogers, Edward B.	128	03
Rogers, Marvin	153	05
Rosenberg, M.A.	327	21
Rosende, Carlos A.	412	29
Ross, Mickey V.	394	27
Rossi, Charles V.	261	15
Rotz, Robert D.	194	09
Rourke, Edward J.	328	21
Rouse, Harry V.	473	34
Rouse, Keith A.	484	35
Rowan, James R.	457	33
Rowley, James L.	110	01
Royalty, Larry B.	202	10
Rucci, Peter John	210	10
Russell, Thomas A.	308	19
Ryan, Christopher	301	19
Ryan, Daniel F.	272	16
Sadd, Vincent S.	218	11
Salacka, Thomas F.	484	35
Samuels, Mark B.	272	16
Sanders, David W.	359	24
Sanders, Steven D.	405	28
Sanderson, Robert	440	31
Sapp, Jeffrey K.	110	01
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Sattison, Martin	308	19
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Sayner, Daniel K.	163	06
Schenke, Daniel J.	219	11
Schlaepfer, W.P.	141	04
Schlientz, Steven	272	16
Schmit, Michael L.	264	10
Schoolfield, D.J.	252	14
Schrum, Jesse B.	111	01
Schubert, David M.	251	14
Schuler, Mark A.	240	13
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Scott, Donald B.	241	13
Scott, Frank H.	196	09
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Scott, Stephen D.	493	36
Scullin, Michael	318	20
Seaberg, Richard	422	30
Seal, Steve Allen	176	07
Seither, Albert G.	273	16
Seldon, Roger W.	484	35
Self, Richard E.	251	14
Sharp, John M.	241	13
Shaw, Thomas P.	273	16
Shearer, Kenneth	473	34
Sheldon, James E.	198	09
Sheldon, Robert K.	372	25
Shephard, Scott S.	372	25
Sheppard, Robert	309	19
Sheppard, Roger C.	458	33
Sherman, Barry S.	328	21
Shewbridge, Eric	494	36
Shinego, Daniel R.	357	24
Shmorhun, John M.	372	25
Sigg, Daniel R.	389	27
Sihrer, Dale S.	392	27
Sill, John Alan	228	12
Simmelink, L.T., Jr.	111	01
Simmons, Ray C.	328	21
Simon, Dennis L.	228	12
Simpson, Lawrence	241	13
Sinibaldi, Robert	195	09
Sisa, Peter J.	247	14
Sitler, Benjamin	328	21
Skinner, Walter M.	357	24
Skjei, Kevin R.	413	29
Skocik, David J.	223	12
Slaughter, Lee T.	242	13
Slivka, Mark A.	262	15
Smith, Bruce E.	141	04
Smith, Bruce H.	319	20
Smith, Bruce S.	223	11
Smith, Charles S.	252	14
Smith, Colin York	350	23
Smith, Daniel M.	284	17
Smith, Douglas M.	309	19
Smith, Eric C.	328	21
Smith, Gregory F.	462	33
Smith, John	350	23
Smith, John W.	284	17
Smith, Michael J.	405	28
Smith, William O.	262	15
Snead, Richard L.	176	07
Snow, Mark S.	339	22
Snyder, Richard F.	249	14
Sobczak, Mark L.	484	35
Sobotka, William	115	02
Sooter, Monty S.	319	20
Souders, Robert M.	437	31
Spada, C.J.	223	12
Spangenberg, K.N.	163	06

Spence, Frank W.	142	04
Spencer, John W.	329	21
Spiker, John S.	405	28
Sprecher, S.W.	273	16
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Station, George V.	251	14
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Stevenson, Thomas	284	17
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Stiles, William M.	125	03
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Stone, Richard H.	319	20
Storto, Joseph M.	406	28
Streeter, Matthew	394	27
Stride, John L.J.	111	01
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Stulb, William K.	459	33
Sturm, Michael R.	373	25
Stuver, William A.	373	25
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Sullivan, Kevin J.	246	14
Sullivan, Thomas	320	20
Surch, James F.	330	21
Sutter, Robert	142	04
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Swinton, Charles	143	04
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Taylor, Reeves R.	263	15
Taylor, Richard L.	250	14
Teater, William M.	177	07
Thayer, Richard L.	181	08
Thomas, Scott M.	229	12
Thomas, Thomas W.	296	18
Thompson, Daniel	330	21
Thompson, George	473	34
Thompson, R.	418	29
Thompson, Richard	330	21
Thompson, Robert	128	03
Thomson, Timothy	274	16
Thorp, John Ervin	181	08
Thorp, Michael L.	164	06
Thorp, Owen G.	340	22
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Trass, Kenneth R.	121	02
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Tripodi, James	206	10
Troiani, Marc L.	143	04
Trueblood, M.S.	494	36
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Tryon, Michael P.	124	03
Tsai, William V.	195	09
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Tuozzolo, Charles	119	02
Turley, Craig W.	494	36
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Viotto, John E.	144	04
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Vogt, Frederick N.	495	36
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Vuolo, John F.	227	12
Wade, David S.	459	33
Wagner, David C.	437	31
Wagner, Frank W.	355	24
Wagner, Paul D.	374	25
Wainright, Dale W.	442	31
Walborn, Daniel M.	121	02
Waldron, Gary L.	341	22
Wall, Richard A.	374	25
Walsh, Joseph A.	204	10
Walsh, Patrick M.	226	12
Walters, David T.	213	11
Warmington, J.A.	392	27
Warren, James L.	495	36

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Watkins, James D.	416	29
Watson, Marc Alan	411	29
Wdowiarz, Peter	414	29
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Weingart, Stephen	225	12
Weiss, Bruce R.	428	30
Wendel, Jeffrey W.	114	02
Wertz, Michael R.	453	32
White, Elbert D.	213	11
White, Kent D.	384	26
White, Richard W.	181	08
White, Thomas C.	495	36
White, William L.	453	32
Whited, Timothy L.	361	24
Whitehurst, R.M.	164	06
Whitescarver, C.	436	31
Whitsett, Daniel	213	11
Wilbur, Barry N.	320	20
Wilde, Robert L.	120	02
Wilkinson, David	406	28
Willcox, Bary C.	144	04
Williams, Bernard	359	24
Williams, David T.	297	18
Williams, Kent A.	378	26
Wilson, Andrew H.	297	18
Wilson, Douglas H.	389	27
Wilson, Joel Leon	341	22
Wilson, John R.	453	32
Wilson, Lyle S.	120	02
Wilson, Rober G.	126	03
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Wischmeyer, Henry	391	27
Wisecup, James P.	286	17
Withers, Horace S.	286	17
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Wood, Winston D.	379	26
Wood, Winston D.S.	320	20
Worrilow, Mark D.	394	27
Wright, Eric J.	121	02
Wright, Garland P.	131	03
Wright, Kenneth F.	429	30
Yetsko, Edward P.	374	25
Young, Stephen A.	359	24
Young, Stephen L.	390	27
Yourstone, Walter	263	15
Ziemba, David	304	19
Zingarelli, L.A.	412	29

Done at last. As this last shipment wings its way to the publisher, the four year saga of our stay at the Academy comes to an end. Here we have experienced the camaraderie and laughter of friends and sometimes the bitterness of frustration. Four years is a long time (and sometimes seemed an eternity!). We have tried to capture some of the experiences of being a midshipman and bring them to you again so that you will always remember what it was *really* like "back in my day."

We had much help, and a word of appreciation is warranted here. Thanks to all the Lucky Bag photographers; Jim Lare, Tom Biery, Dave Hall, Dirk Gallagher, Dave Harding, Tom Lidner, Bob Meyers and Chris Slack for an excellent job. Our special thanks go to Rob Cloutier, Mike Loo, Lon Yeary, and Ken Clark for lifesaving performances. Brad McGee, computer wizard, is credited with a ninth inning save. Carol Fairchild, local artist, photographer and all around good person did the painting that became the sports intro. Johnny Esparza did the cover.

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This is beginning to sound like an Academy Award acceptance speech, but at the risk of being maudlin, we extend our final thanks to the Class of '77 for just being themselves and being with us on this four year merry-go-round. Smooth sailing!

The Editors
Jim McIsaac and Rich Taylor